This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

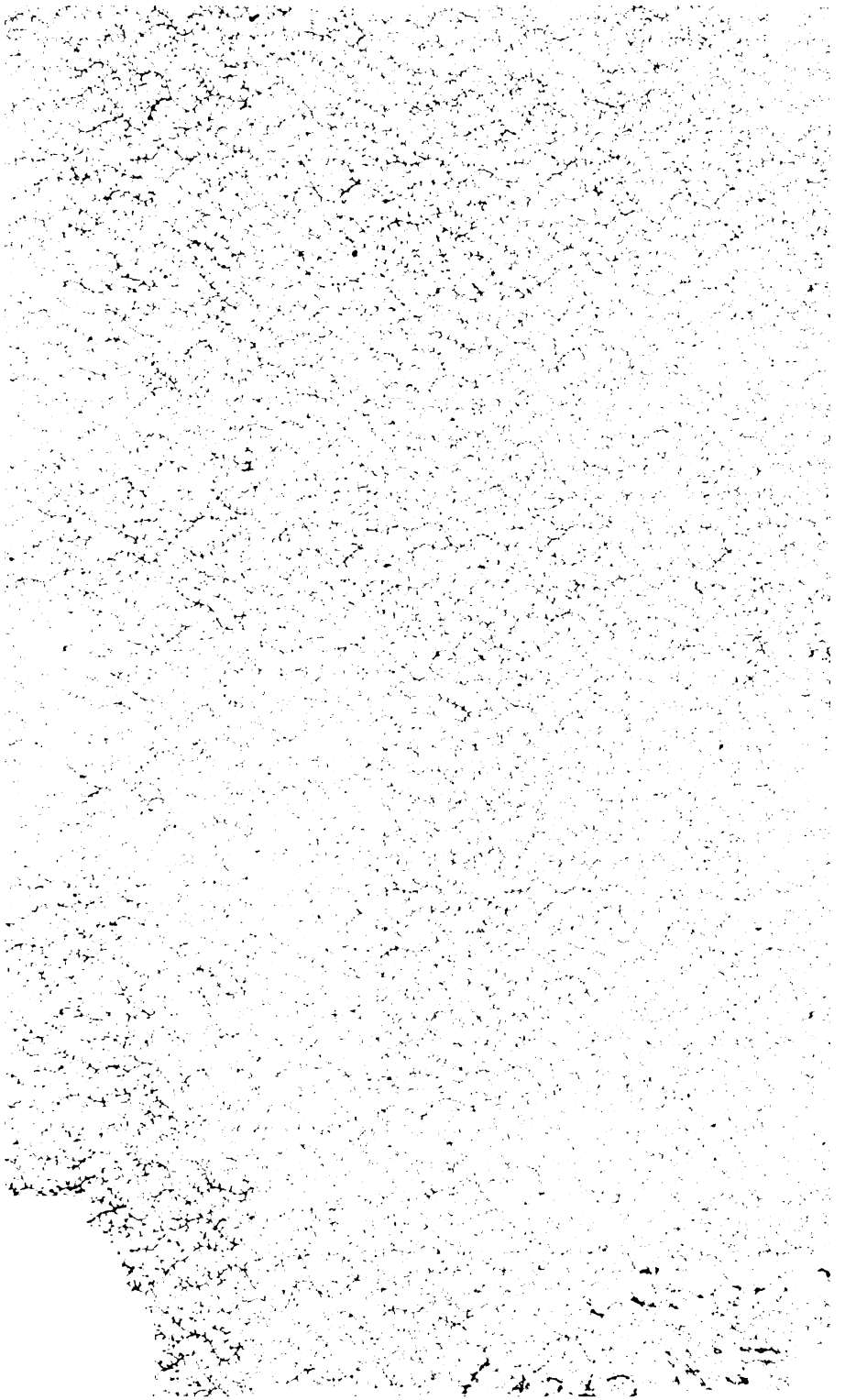
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

3 3433 07490831 4

147

Robert Walters



THE

WORKS

OF

BEN JONSON,

IN NINE VOLUMES.

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

BY W. GIFFORD, ESQ.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CONTAINING

THE MAGNETIC LADY.
A TALE OF A TUB.
THE SAD SHEPHERD.
THE CASE IS ALTERED.
ENTERTAINMENTS, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. NICOL; F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON; CADELL AND DAVIES; LONGMAN AND CO.; LACKINGTON AND CO.; R. H. EVANS; J. MURRAY; J. MAWMAN; J. CUTHELL; J. BLACK; BALDWIN AND CO.; RODWELL AND MARTIN; AND R. SAUNDERS;

By W. Bulmer and Co. Cleveland-row, St. James's.

1816.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

THE

MAGNETIC LADY;

OR,

HUMOURS RECONCILED.

THE MAGNETIC LADY.] This comedy was brought out at the Black Friars in 1632, the license for performing it bearing date the 12th October of that year. "It was generally accounted (Langbaine says) an excellent play, though, in the poet's days, it found some enemies." So indeed did every thing written by Jonson; for "the envious Ben," (who was nevertheless more liberal, not to say lavish, of his praise than any writer before or since his time,) was unremittingly pursued by a hostile party who sickened at his triumphs, and insulted over his calamities.

Among Howell's Letters there is one to our author, which notices this play.

"Father *Ben*. *Nullum fit magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*, there's no great wit without some mixture of madness, so saith the philosopher, nor was he a fool who answered, *nec parvum sine mixtura stultitiæ*, nor small wit without some allay of foolishness. Touching the first it is verified in you, for I find that you have been oftentimes mad: you were mad when you writ your *Fox*, and madder when you writ your *Alchemist*; you were mad when you writ *Catiline*, and stark mad when you writ *Sejanus;* but when you writ your *Epigrams*, and the *Magnetic Lady*, you were not so mad. Insomuch that I perceive there be degrees of madness in you. Excuse me that I am so free with you. The madness I mean is that divine fury, that heating and heightening spirit which *Ovid* speaks of."

This letter, which is dated *West*. 27*th Jan*. 1629, nearly two years previous to the date already assigned to the *Magnetic Lady*, might contribute to weaken our confidence in the official documents of sir H. Herbert, were not the discrepancy satisfactorily accounted for by Oldys. He tells us, in his manuscript notes to Langbaine, that Howell first published his letters without any dates, and that when he attempted to subjoin them, in his subsequent editions, he confounded the time: "hence," says he, "so many errors in their dates."

There is yet another circumstance to be mentioned respecting this play. On its first appearance it gave great offence by its oaths. For these, the actors were called before the High Commission Court, and severely censured. As the author was sick in bed, they boldly laid the fault on him; Jonson, however, completely justified himself from this atrocious charge, as did the Master of the Revels, on whom they had next the audacity to lay it; and the players then "humbly confessed, that they had themselves interpolated the offensive passages." For this curious

circumstance, which is important on many accounts, we are indebted to the Office-book of sir Henry Herbert. See *Shak.* Vol. II. p. 380.

The *Magnetic Lady* was first published in the second fol. and bears date 1640, three years, at least, after Jonson's death: when the editor, as I should have remarked of all the plays collected in that volume, had forgotten how the author spelt his name. It had originally this motto subjoined to the title, to which it is not ill adapted,

Jam lapides suus ardor agit, ferrumque tenetur
Illecebris —— Claud. de Magnet.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Compass, *a scholar mathematic.*
Captain Ironside, *his brother, a soldier.*
Parson Palate, *prelate of the parish.*
Rut, *physician to Lady Loadstone.*
Tim. Item, *his apothecary.*
Sir Diaphanous Silkworm, *a courtier.*
Practice, *a lawyer.*
Sir Moth Interest, *an usurer, or money-bawd.*
Bias, *a vi-politic, or sub-secretary.*
Needle, *the lady's steward and tailor.*

Lady Loadstone, *the Magnetic Lady.*
Polish, *her gossip and she-parasite.*
Placentia, *her niece.*
Pleasance, *her waiting-woman.*
Keep, *the niece's nurse.*
Chair, *the midwife.*

Servant to sir Moth, Serjeants, &c.

The Chorus (Probee, Damplay, *and* Boy *of the house*) *by way of* Induction.

SCENE, London.

THE

INDUCTION,

OR

CHORUS.

The Stage.

Enter Master *Probee* and Master *Damplay*, met by a Boy of the house.

Boy. *What do you lack,*[1] *gentlemen, what is't you lack? any fine fancies, figures, humours, characters, ideas, definitions of lords and ladies? Waiting-women, parasites, knights, captains, courtiers, lawyers? what do you lack?*

Pro. *A pretty prompt boy for the poetic shop!*

Dam. *And a bold! Where's one of your masters, sirrah, the poet?*

Boy. *Which of them, sir? we have divers that drive that trade, now; poets, poetaccios, poetasters, poetitos——*

Dam. *And all haberdashers of small wit, I presume; we would speak with the poet of the day, boy.*

Boy. *Sir, he is not here.*[2] *But I have the domi-*

[1] *What* do you lack?] The boy uses the language of the petty traders of the time, and the others continue the allusion.

[2] *Sir, he is not here.*] Jonson always attended the first presentation of his pieces, when it was in his power. He was now bed-ridden: his last appearance in the theatre seems to have been in 1625, when the *Staple of News* was brought forward.

nion of the shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the stage will afford for the present.

Pro. *Therein you will express your own good parts, boy.*

Dam. *And tie us two to you for the gentle office.*

Pro. *We are a pair of public persons (this gentleman and myself) that are sent thus coupled unto you, upon state-business.*

Boy. *It concerns but the state of the stage, I hope.*

Dam. *O, you shall know that by degrees, boy. No man leaps into a business of state, without fording first the state of the business.*

Pro. *We are sent unto you, indeed, from the people.*

Boy. *The people! which side of the people?*

Dam. *The venison side, if you know it, boy.*

Boy. *That's the left side. I had rather they had been the right.*

Pro. *So they are. Not the fæces, or grounds of your people, that sit in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinful six-penny mechanics——*

Dam. *But the better and braver sort of your people, plush and velvet outsides! that stick your house round like so many eminences——*

Boy. *Of clothes, not understandings! they are at pawn. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?*

Dam. *You have heard, boy, the ancient poets had it in their purpose, still to please this people.*

Pro. *Ay, their chief aim was——*

Dam. Populo ut placerent:—*if he understan so much.—*

Boy. Quas fecissent fabulas.—*I understand th since I learn'd Terence, in the third form at Wes minster: go on, sir.*

Pro. *Now, these people have employed us to yov all their names, to entreat an excellent play from*

Dam. *For they have had very mean ones from this shop of late, the stage as you call it.*

Boy. *Troth, gentlemen, I have no wares which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venture with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, again, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good play when they hear it; and will have the conscience and ingenuity beside to confess it.*

Pro. *We'll pass our words for that; you shall have a brace of us to engage ourselves.*

Boy. *You'll tender your names, gentlemen, to our book then?*

Dam. *Yes; here's master Probee, a man of most powerful speech, and parts to persuade.*

Pro. *And master Damplay will make good all he undertakes.*

Boy. *Good master Probee, and master Damplay! I like your securities: whence do you write yourselves?*

Pro. *Of London, gentlemen; but knights' brothers, and knights' friends, I assure you.*

Dam. *And knights' fellows too: every poet writes squire now.*

Boy. *You are good names! very good men, both of you; I accept you.*

Dam. *And what is the title of your play here,* The Magnetic Lady?

Boy. *Yes, sir, an attractive title the author has given it.*

Pro. A magnete, *I warrant you.*

Dam. *O no, from* magnus, magna, magnum.

Boy. *This gentleman hath found the true magnitude——*

Dam. *Of his portal or entry to the work, according to Vitruvius.*

Boy. *Sir, all our work is done without a portal,*[3] *or Vitruvius.* In foro, *as a true comedy should be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made present by report.*

Dam. *We see not that always observed by your authors of these times; or scarce any other.*

Boy. *Where it is not at all known, how should it be observed? The most of those your people call authors, never dreamt of any decorum, or what was proper in the scene; but grope at it in the dark, and feel or fumble for it: I speak it, both with their leave, and the leave of your people.*

Dam. *But, why* Humours Reconciled, *I would fain know?*

Boy. *I can satisfy you there too, if you will. But perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.*

Dam. *No! why should you conceive so, boy?*

Boy. *My conceit is not ripe yet; I'll tell you that anon. The author beginning his studies of this kind, with* Every Man in his Humour;[4] *and after,*

[3] *Without a portal, or Vitruvius.*] This simple passage, in which the boy merely repeats the terms of the preceding speech, affords a curious specimen of the spirit in which our author is read. After *portal*, an accidental break occurs in the folio, just sufficient to contain one letter; this, Dr. Farmer (the most liberal of critics,) seriously proposes to fill up with the name of *Inigo Jones*, "because Jonson seems to have levelled a *sneer* at him in this place"!

[4] *The author beginning his studies of this kind, with Every Man in his Humour.*] We must except those pieces which were offered to the stage before that play, and which did not succeed so well. *The Case is altered* has, I think, plain marks of being one of his earlier compositions. WHAL.

Had Whalley already forgotten that the second title of this play is HUMOURS RECONCILED! To this Jonson alludes. Mr. Malone, who probably never read more of the *Magnetic Lady* than this quotation, makes a notable use of it. Jonson, he says, admits that *Every Man in his Humour* was his *first play*, and as this was brought out by Shakspeare, to whose kind intervention

Every Man out of his Humour; *and since, continuing in all his plays, especially those of the comic thread, whereof the* New Inn *was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times; finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of his circle, hath fancied to himself, in idea, this Magnetic Mistress: a lady, a brave bountiful house-keeper, and a virtuous widow; who having a young niece, ripe for a man, and marriageable, he makes that his centre attractive, to draw thither a diversity of guests, all persons of different humours to make up his perimeter. And this he hath called* Humours Reconciled.

Pro. *A bold undertaking, and far greater than the reconciliation of both churches; the quarrel between humours having been much the ancienter; and, in my poor opinion, the root of all schism and faction both in church and commonwealth.*

Boy. *Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how he will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself, it seems, less cares: for he will not be entreated by us, to give it a prologue. He has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not woo the gentle ignorance so much.*[5]

alone Old Ben owed his introduction to the stage, it furnishes a manifest proof of his ingratitude to his benefactor, whom "he persecuted during his life with much clumsy sarcasm, and malevolent reflection." This would be very well had it contained one syllable of truth, and had not Mr. Malone himself produced the titles of several pieces written either wholly, or in part by Jonson, previously to the Comedy which he here asserts to be the first of his dramatic efforts.

[5] *He will not woo*, &c.] It has been already observed that our poet was a great admirer and imitator of Aristophanes. Under the shelter of his undisputed authority, he probably indulged in many sarcasms on the public taste, which he would not so freely have hazarded on his own. In his comedies, the *prægrandis senex* frequently drops the mask, and comes forward (in what the ancients called the parabasis of the piece) *in propria persona*, to

But careless of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, he is confident it shall superplease judicious spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by example or otherwise.

Dam. *He may be deceived in that, boy: few follow examples now, especially if they be good.*

Boy. *The play is ready to begin, gentlemen; I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are delegates: please you take a couple of seats, and plant yourselves, here, as near my standing as you can: fly every thing you see to the mark, and censure it freely; so you interrupt not the series or thread of the argument, to break or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine own dictamen, but the author's,) a good play is like a skein of silk; which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off at pleasure, on the bottom or card of your discourse, in a tale or so; how you will: but if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot or elf-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle, will undo or separate.*

assert his own claims to favour, and question the impartiality or the judgment of his hearers. The passage in the text is a pretty close imitation of what Aristophanes urges in *the Clouds*.

> Ὁστις ȣν τȣτοισι γελᾳ, τοις εμοις μη χαιρετω·
> Ην δ' εμοι και τοισιν εμοις ευφραινησθ' εὑρημασιν,
> Ες τας ὡρας τας ἑτερας ευ φρονειν δοκησετε. v. 560.

There is more to the same purpose in this speech; in the *Pax*, and several others of his plays, he addresses the audience with yet greater freedom.—The English stage was not perhaps at this time greatly behind that of Athens, in refinement, and propriety of conduct; yet it may be questioned whether Aristophanes was not heard with far more complacency than Jonson, who suffered continually from those reflections, which no consideration could deter him from renewing.

The allusion to what he had *lost by his prologues* is easily understood.

Dam. *Stay! who be these, I pray you?*

Boy. *Because it is your first question, and these be the prime persons, it would in civility require an answer: but I have heard the poet affirm, that to be the most unlucky scene in a play, which needs an interpreter; especially, when the auditory are awake: and such are you, he presumes;* ergo———

THE

MAGNETIC LADY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street before lady Loadstone's *House.*

Enter COMPASS, *and captain* IRONSIDE, *meeting.*

Com. Welcome, good captain Ironside, and brother;
You shall along with me. I am lodged hard by,
Here, at a noble lady's house in the street,
The lady Loadstone's, one will bid us welcome;
Where there are gentlewomen and male guests,
Of several humours, carriage, constitution,
Profession too; but so diametral
One to another, and so much opposed,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw them to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the dissolution of the dinner,
I shall have just occasion to believe
My wit is magisterial; and ourselves
Take infinite delight in the success.

Iron. Troth, brother Compass, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meal's cost; 'twill take off o' my freedom
So much; or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why, Ironside, you know I am a scholar,
And part a soldier; I have been employ'd
By some the greatest statesmen of the kingdom,
These many years; and in my time convers'd
With sundry humours, suiting so myself
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellows, hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage
And handling of me, which hath been fair too.
Iron. Sir, I confess you to be one well read
In men, and manners; and that usually,
The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
Than give you least occasion of distaste,
By making you the subject of their mirth.
But, to deal plainly with you, as a brother,
Whenever I distrust in my own valour,
I'll never bear me on another's wit,
Or offer to bring off, or save myself,
On the opinion of your judgment, gravity,
Discretion, or what else. But, being away,
You are sure to have less wit-work, gentle brother,
My humour being as stubborn as the rest,
And as unmanageable.
Com. You do mistake
My caract of your friendship all this while,
Or at what rate I reckon your assistance;
Knowing by long experience, to such animals,
Half-hearted creatures, as these are, your fox there,[1]
Unkennell'd with a choleric, ghastly aspect,
On two or three comminatory terms,
Would run their fears to any hole of shelter,

[1] *Your* fox *there,*] i. e. your sword. See vol. iv. 429.

Worth a day's laughter! I am for the sport;
For nothing else.

Iron. But, brother, I have seen
A coward meeting with a man as valiant
As our St. George, not knowing him to be such,
Or having least opinion that he was so,
Set to him roundly, ay, and swinge him soundly:
And in the virtue of that error, having
Once overcome, resolv'd forever after
To err; and think no person, nor no creature
More valiant than himself.

Com. I think that too:
But, brother, could I over entreat you,
I have some little plot upon the rest,
If you would be contented to endure
A sliding reprehension at my hands,
To hear yourself or your profession glanced at
In a few slighting terms; it would beget
Me such a main authority, on the bye,
And do yourself no disrepute at all.

Iron. Compass, I know that universal causes
In nature produce nothing, but as meeting
Particular causes to determine those,
And specify their acts. This is a piece
Of Oxford science, stays with me e'er since
I left that place; and I have often found
The truth thereof, in my [own] private passions:
For I do never feel myself perturb'd
With any general words 'gainst my profession,
Unless by some smart stroke upon myself
They do awake, and stir me: else, to wise
And well experienced men, words do not signify;[2]

[2] ——— *words do* not *signify;*] The folio reads *but* signify, which Whalley properly corrected in his copy. There are scarcely any two words so frequently mistaken for each other by the old printers, as *not* and *but*.

They have no power, save with dull grammarians,
Whose souls are nought but a syntaxis of them.
Com. Here comes our parson, parson Palate here,
A venerable youth, (I must salute him,)
And a great clerk! he's going to the ladies:
And though you see him thus, without his cope,
I do assure you he's our parish pope.—

Enter PALATE.

God save my reverend clergy, parson Palate!
Pal. The witty master Compass! how is't with you?
Com. My lady stays for you, and for your counsel,
Touching her niece, mistress Placentia Steel,
Who strikes the fire of full fourteen to-day,
Ripe for a husband!
Pal. Ay, she chimes, she chimes.
Saw you the doctor Rut, the house physician?
He's sent for too.
Com. To council! time you were there:
Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch,
That we may go to dinner betimes, parson;
And drink a health or two more to the business.
[*Exit Palate.*
Iron. This is a strange put-off: *a reverend youth!*
You use him most surreverently methinks.
What call you him? Palate Please, or Parson Palate?
Com. All's one, but shorter. I can give you his character.

He is the prelate of the parish here,
And governs all the dames, appoints the cheer,
Writes down the bills of fare, pricks all the guests,
Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts

Within the ward; draws all the parish wills,
Designs the legacies, and strokes the gills
Of the chief mourners: and, whoever lacks,
Of all the kindred, he hath first his blacks.
Thus holds he weddings up, and burials,
As his main tithing; with the gossips stalls,
Their pews; he's top still, at the public mess:
Comforts the widow, and the fatherless,
In funeral sack; sits 'bove the alderman;
For of the wardmote quest, he better can
The mystery,[3] *than the Levitic law:*
That piece of clerkship doth his vestry awe.
He is as he conceives himself, a fine
Well furnish'd, and apparelled divine.

Iron. Who made this epigram, you?
Com. No, a great clerk
As any is of his bulk, Ben Jonson,[4] made it.
Iron. But what's the other character, doctor Rut?
Com. The same man made them both; but his is shorter,
And not in rhyme, but blanks: I'll tell you that, too.

Rut is a young physician to the family:

[3] *For of the wardmote quest, he better* can
The mystery, &c.] This is not the potential of some verb, but the present of the Saxon term for *know*, or comprehend, used by our old writers (whom the poet here imitates) in all its inflections. Jonson seems to have had Chaucer's *Monk* in his thoughts.

[4] *A great clerk*
As any is of his bulk, Ben Jonson,] There is a similar allusion to the poet's extraordinary corpulency in one of his Masques. It was, in some measure, the effect of disease; for he was of a dropsical habit of body. In the Chorus to the third act of this play, he is called "an *overgrown*, and superannuated poet."

That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
More than her share ;[9] *licentious in discourse,*
And in his life a profest voluptuary ;
The slave of money, a buffoon in manners ;
Obscene in language, which he vents for wit ;
Is saucy in his logics, and disputing,
Is any thing but civil, or a man——

Re-enter PALATE *with* RUT *and lady* LOADSTONE, *in discourse.*

See here they are! and walking with my lady,
In consultation, afore the door;
We will slip in, as if we saw them not.
[*Iron. and Com. go into the house.*
Lady L. Ay, 'tis his fault she's not bestow'd,
My brother Interest's.
Pal. Who, old sir Moth?
Lady L. He keeps off all her suitors, keeps the portion
Still in his hands; and will not part withal,
On any terms.
Pal. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ:*
Thence flows the cause of the main grievance.
Rut. That!—
It is a main one: how much is the portion?
Lady L. No petty sum.
Pal. But sixteen thousand pound.
Rut. He should be forced, madam, to lay it down:
When is it payable?

[9] *That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature*
More than her share ;] Something of the same kind is observed of physicians, by lord Bacon; and our old bard too tells us of his "doctour of phisike," that

"His studie was but litel on the Bible." WHAL.

Lady L. When she is married.
Pal. Marry her, marry her, madam.
Rut. Get her married.
Lose not a day, an hour——
Pal. Not a minute.
Pursue your project real, master Compass
Advised you to: he is the perfect instrument
Your ladyship should sail by.
Rut. Master Compass
Is a fine witty man; I saw him go in, now.
Lady L. Is he gone in?
Pal. Yes, and a feather with him;
He seems a soldier.
Rut. Some new suitor, madam.
Lady L. I am beholding to him; he brings ever
Variety of good persons to my table,
And I must thank him, though my brother Interest
Dislike of it a little.
Pal. He likes nothing
That runs your way.
Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.
He'll go his own way, if he think it right.
Lady L. He's a true friend: and there is master Practice,
The fine young man of law, comes to the house:
My brother brooks him not, because he thinks
He is by me assigned for my niece:
He will not hear of it.
Rut. Not of that ear;
But yet your ladyship doth wisely in it.
Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the portion sooner,
If he but dream you'll match her with a lawyer.
Lady L. So master Compass says. It is between
The lawyer, and the courtier, which shall have her.
Pal. Who, sir Diaphanous Silkworm?

Rut. A fine gentleman,
Old master Silkworm's heir.
Pal. And a neat courtier,
Of a most elegant thread.
Lady L. And so my gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes.—

Enter mistress POLISH.

Good Polish,
Welcome in troth! how dost thou, gentle Polish?
Rut. Who's this? [*Aside to Palate.*
Pal. Dame Polish, her she-parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing gossip.
Pol. Your ladyship is still the lady Loadstone,
That draws, and draws unto you, guests of all sorts;
The courtiers, and the soldiers, and the scholars,
The travellers, physicians, and divines,
As doctor Ridley wrote, and doctor Barlow:
They both have writ of you and master Compass.[6]
Lady L. We mean they shall write more ere it be long.
Pol. Alas, they are both dead, an't please you! but
Your ladyship means well, and shall mean well,
So long as I live. How does your fine niece,
My charge, mistress Placentia Steel?
Lady L. She is not well.

[6] *As doctor* Ridley *wrote, and doctor* Barlow,
They both have writ of you, and master Compass.] Doctor *Barlow* discovered many uses of the magnet, or loadstone, which were unknown before his time, and was the first inventor of the *compass-box*, as it is now used at sea: in 1616 he published a book called *Magnetical Advertisement*, &c. which was soon after animadverted upon by Dr. *Mark Ridley*, a physician. To this dispute our author makes an allusion in these lines. Dr. *Barlow* died in 1625. WHAL.

Pol. Not well?
Lady L. Her doctor says so.
Rut. Not very well; she cannot shoot at butts,
Or manage a great horse; but she can cranch
A sack of small-coal, eat you lime, and hair,
Soap-ashes, loam, and has a dainty spice
Of the green-sickness—
Pol. 'Od shield!
Rut. Or the dropsy:
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my lady, here,
Her noble aunt—
Pol. She is a noble aunt;
And a right worshipful lady, and a virtuous;
I know it well!
Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.
Pal. Good sister Polish, hear your betters speak.
Pol. Sir, I will speak, with my good lady's leave,
And speak, and speak again; I did bring up
My lady's niece, mistress Placentia Steel,
With my own daughter, who's Placentia too,
And waits upon my lady, is her woman:—
Her ladyship well knows, mistress Placentia
Steel, as I said, her curious niece, was left
A legacy to me, by father and mother,
With the nurse Keep that tended her: her mother
She died in child-bed of her, and her father
Lived not long after; for he loved her mother!
They were a godly couple; yet both died,
As we must all.—No creature is immortal,
I have heard our pastor say; no, not the faithful!
And they did die, as I said, both in one month—
Rut. Sure, she is not long-lived if she spend breath thus.
Pol. And did bequeath her to my care and hand,
To polish and bring up. I moulded her,

And fashion'd her, and form'd her; she had the sweat
Both of my brows and brains, my lady knows it,
Since she could write a quarter old.
Lady L. I know not
That she could write so early, my good gossip;
But I do know she was so long your care,
Till she was twelve year old; that I call'd for her,
And took her home; for which I thank you, Polish,
And am beholden to you.
Rut. I sure thought
She had a lease of talking for nine lives——
Pal. It may be she has.
Pol. Sir, sixteen thousand pound
Was then her portion, for she was, indeed,
Their only child: and this was to be paid
Upon her marriage, so she married still
With my good lady's liking here, her aunt:
I heard the will read. Master Steel, her father,
The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard; and he did stand condemn'd
With that vain world, till, as 'twas proved after,
He left almost as much more to good uses
In sir Moth Interest's hands, my lady's brother,
Whose sister he had married: he holds all
In his close gripe. But master Steel was liberal,
And a fine man; and she a dainty dame,
And a religious, and a bountiful——

Enter COMPASS *and* IRONSIDE *from the house.*

You knew her, master Compass—
Com. Spare the torture,
I do confess without it.
Pol. And her husband,
What a fine couple they were, and how they lived—

Com. Yes.
Pol. And loved together like a pair of turtles—
Com. Yes.
Pol. And feasted all the neighbours?
Com. Take her off,
Somebody that hath mercy—
Rut. O he knows her,
It seems.
Com. Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the soul, the other for the body.
Pol. She would dispute with the doctors of divinity,
At her own table; and the Spittle preachers:
And find out the Armenians.
Rut. The Arminians.
Pol. I say, the Armenians.
Com. Nay, I say so too.
Pol. So master Polish call'd them, the Armenians.
Com. And Medes and Persians, did he not?
Pol. Yes, he knew them,
And so did mistress Steel; she was his pupil.
The Armenians, he would say, were worse than papists:
And then the Persians were our Puritans,[7]
Had the fine piercing wits.
Com. And who, the Medes?
Pol. The middle men, the luke-warm protestants.
Rut. Out, out!
Pol. Sir, she would find them by their branching:
Their branching sleeves, branch'd cassocks, and branch'd doctrine,
Beside their texts.

[7] *And then the Persians were*, &c.] Gossip Polish means perhaps to say, the Precisians.

Rut. Stint, carline; I'll not hear.
Confute her, parson.
Pol. I respect no parsons,
Chaplains, or doctors, I will speak.
Lady L. Yes, so it be reason,
Let her.
Rut. Death, she cannot speak reason.
Com. Nor sense, if we be master of our senses.
Iron. What mad woman have they got here to bait?
Pol. Sir, I am mad in truth, and to the purpose;
And cannot but be mad, to hear my lady's
Dead sister slighted, witty mistress Steel.
Iron. If she had a wit, death has gone near to spoil it,
Assure yourself.
Pol. She was both witty and zealous,
And lighted all the tinder of the truth
(As one said) of religion, in our parish;
She was too learned to live long with us!
She could the Bible in the holy tongue,
And read it without pricks;[8] had all her Masoreth,
Knew Burton and his Bull, and scribe Prynne gent.
Præsto-be-gone, and all the Pharisees.[9]

[8] *She* could *the Bible in the holy tongue,*
And read it without pricks;] She *understood* it in the original language, which she read without the *vowel points:* but the good lady seems not to be quite at home in the next hemistich, unless she means to say, that Mrs. Steele read the Bible also with pricks.

[9] *Knew* Burton *and his* Bull, *and* scribe Prynne, *gent.*
Præsto-be-gone, *and all the Pharisees.*] *Henry Burton* published a tract in the year 1627, entitled, *The baiting of the Pope's Bull.* This was the person who lost his ears with *Prynne* and *Bastwick.*

Prynne is rightly characterised by the title of *scribe;* If our author means any particular person by the term *Præsto-be-*

Lady L. Dear gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your charge, my niece.
Pol. I shall obey
If your wise ladyship think fit: I know
To yield to my superiors. [*Exit.*
Lady L. A good woman!
But when she is impertinent, grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of season:
Her love and zeal transport her.
Com. I am glad
That any thing could port her hence: we now
Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.
I have brought your ladyship an hungry guest here,
A soldier, and my brother, captain Ironside;
Who being by custom grown a sanguinary,
The solemn and adopted son of slaughter,
Is more delighted in the chase of an enemy,
An execution of three days and nights,
Than all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happiness of issue could bring to him.
Rut. He is no suitor then! [*Aside to Pal.*
Pal. So it should seem.
Com. And if he can get pardon at heaven's hand
For all his murthers, is in as good case
As a new christen'd infant: his employments
Continued to him, without interruption,
And not allowing him or time or place

gone, one may imagine he alludes to the famous Dr. *Preston*, at that time the head of the presbyterian party. WHAL.

A reflection on Prynne seems to be intended by the introduction of the word *gent*. I am not much acquainted with the title-pages of his multifarious works; but some exception appears to have been taken at this designation of his quality, since the same circumstance is ridiculed by Cowley:

"Written by William Prynne, *Esquire*, the
Yeare of our Lord, six hundred, thirty three.

To commit any other sin, but those.—
Please you to make him welcome for a meal, madam?
Lady L. The nobleness of his profession makes
His welcome perfect; though your coarse description
Would seem to sully it.
Iron. Never, where a beam
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing lady.
Pal. She hath cured all well.
Rut. And he hath fitted well the compliment.

Enter sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM *and* PRACTICE.

Com. No, here they come; the prime magnetic guests
Our lady Loadstone so respects: the Arctic,
And the Antarctic! sir Diaphanous Silkworm,
A courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meats and drinks, his temperate exercise,
Choice music, frequent baths, his horary shifts
Of shirts and waistcoats, means to immortalize
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of court.
Sir Dia. I thank you, master Compass, for your short
Encomiastic.
Rut. It is much in little, sir.
Pal. Concise and quick; the true style of an orator.
Com. But master Practice here, my lady's lawyer,
Or man of law, (for that is the true writing,)
A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments go along with it,
As scarce the thundering bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty-eight, threatening his country

With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than Syracusa's sack on Archimede;
So much he loves that night-cap! the bench-gown,
With the broad gard on the back! these shew a man
Betroth'd unto the study of our laws.
Prac. Which you but think the crafty impositions
Of subtile clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse clots and clowns with, master Compass;
Having no ground in nature to sustain it,
Or light, from those clear causes, to the inquiry
And search of which, your mathematical head
Hath so devow'd itself.
Com. Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within
Sir Interest, as able a philosopher,
In buying and selling! has reduced his thrift
To certain principles, and in that method,
As he will tell you instantly, by logarithms,
The utmost profit of a stock employed;
Be the commodity what it will: the place,
Or time, but causing very very little,
Or, I may say, no parallax at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your niece's portion with him, madam;
At least, the man that must receive it: here
They come negociating the affair;
You may perceive the contract in their faces,
And read the indenture. If you'll sign them, so!

Enter sir MOTH INTEREST *and* BIAS.

Pal. What is he, master Compass?
Com. A vi-politic,

Or a sub-aiding instrument of state:
A kind of a laborious secretary
To a great man, and likely to come on;
Full of attendance, and of such a stride
In business politic or economic,
As well his lord may stoop to advise with him,
And be prescribed by him in affairs
Of highest consequence, when he is dull'd,
Or wearied with the less.
Sir Dia. 'Tis master Bias,
Lord Whach'um's politic.
Com. You know the man.
Sir Dia. I have seen him wait at court, there, with his maniples[1]
Of papers and petitions.
Prac. He is one
That over-rules though, by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no man else:
Neglects the sacred letter of the law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heap
Of civil institutions: the rest only
Of common men, and their causes, a farrago,
Or a made dish in court; a thing of nothing.
Com. And that's your quarrel at him! a just plea.
Sir Moth. I tell you, sister Loadstone——
Com. Hang your ears
This way, and hear his praises: now Moth opens.
[*Aside.*
Sir Moth. I have brought you here the very man, the jewel
Of all the court, close master Bias, sister!
Apply him to your side: or you may wear him
Here on your breast, or hang him in your ear,
He's a fit pendant for a lady's tip!
A chrysolite, a gem, the very agate

[1] *With his maniples*, &c.] i. e. bundles, handfulls.

Of state and policy, cut from the quar
Of Machiavel; a true Cornelian
As Tacitus himself, and to be made
The brooch to any true state-cap in Europe!

Lady L. You praise him, brother, as you had hope to sell him.

Com. No, madam, as he had hope to sell your niece
Unto him.

Lady L. 'Ware your true jests, master Compass;
They will not relish.

Sir Moth. I will tell you, sister,
I cannot cry his caract up enough;
He is unvaluable: all the lords
Have him in that esteem for his relations,
Corants, avisos, correspondences
With this ambassador, and that agent! he
Will screw you out a secret from a statist——

Com. So easy, as some cobler worms a dog.

Sir Moth. And lock it in the cabinet of his memory——

Com. Till it turn a politic insect or a fly,
Thus long!

Sir Moth. You may be merry, master Compass;
But though you have the reversion of an office,
You are not in it, sir.

[a] ——————— *Cut from the* quar
Of Machiavel;] *Quarry*, says Mr. Theobald, is the true reading. But *quar* is an abbreviation; and *quar-pits* is in some places the usual word for stone-pits, or quarries. WHAL.

Mr. Theobald knew not what he was saying. Nor, with Whalley's leave, is *quar* an abbreviation. It is the old and regular word, and occurs continually in our ancient writers. One instance of its use may suffice.

"Aston, a stone cut from the noble *quar*,
Framed to outlive the flames of civil war."
Poems by Ben Jonson, jun. p. 79.

Bias. Remember that.
Com. Why should that fright me, master Bi—, from telling
Whose—ass you are?
Sir Moth. Sir, he is one can do
His turns there, and deliver too his letters
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As e'er a secretary can in court.
Iron. Why, is it any matter in what fashion
A man deliver his letters, so he not open them?
Bias. Yes, we have certain precedents in court,
From which we never swerve once in an age:
And (whatsoe'er he thinks) I know the arts
And sciences do not directlier make
A graduate in our universities,
Than an habitual gravity prefers
A man in court.
Com. Which, by the truer style,
Some call a formal flat servility.
Bias. Sir, you may call it what you please; but we
That tread the path of public businesses,
Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink;
The wearing the callot,[3] the politic hood,
And twenty other parerga, on the bye,
You seculars understand not: I shall trick him,
If his reversion come in my lord's way.
Sir Dia. What is that, master Practice? you sure know;
Master Compasses reversion?
Prac. A fine place,
Surveyor of the projects general,
I would I had it.
Pal. What is't worth?

[3] *The wearing the callot.*] i. e. the coif worn on the wigs of our judges, or serjeants at law. *Parerga*, (παρεργα) in the next line, are unimportant matters, things done by the bye.

Prac. O sir,
A *nemo scit.*
Lady L. We'll think on't afore dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Boy. *Now, gentlemen, what censure you of our protasis, or first act?*

Pro. *Well, boy; it is a fair presentment of your actors; and a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.*

Dam. *But there is nothing done in it, or concluded: therefore I say, no act.*

Boy. *A fine piece of logic! do you look, master Damplay, for conclusions in a protasis? I thought the law of comedy had reserved* [*them*] *to the catastrophe; and that the epitasis, as we are taught, and the catastasis, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together, it seems: the clock should strike five at once, with the acts.*

Dam. *Why, if it could do so, it were well, boy.*

Boy. *Yes, if the nature of a clock were to speak, not strike. So, if a child*[4] *could be born in a play, and*

[4] *So if a child*, &c.] It appears from sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesy* that such absurd plots were actually on the old stage. The *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is evidently written in ridicule of them; and, as well as the passage in the text, bears a further reference to the *Four Prentices of London*, by Thomas Heywood.

I cannot conceive why the commentators on Shakspeare, (running blindly after one another,) with Warton at their head, maintain this last piece "to be intended to ridicule the reigning fashion of reading romances." Nothing is clearer than that Heywood was quite serious. He lived indeed to redeem his absurdities, and to write in a nobler strain: but when he drew up this strange piece, which yet was long a favourite with the people, he was, as he tells us himself, "in the infancy of his judgment," and "in his first practice," and he adds, as his best "excuse" for his play, that "as plays were then some fifteen or sixteen years ago" (i. e. about the time that Jonson began to

grow up to a man, in the first scene, before he went off the stage: and then after to come forth a squire, and be made a knight: and that knight to travel between the acts, and do wonders in the Holy Land or elsewhere; kill Paynims, wild boars, dun cows, and other monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an emperor's daughter for his mistress: convert her father's country; and at last come home lame, and all-to-be-laden with miracles.

Dam. *These miracles would please, I assure you, and take the people: for there be of the people, that will expect miracles, and more than miracles from this pen.*

Boy. *Do they think this pen can juggle? I would we had Hokos-pokos for 'em then, your people; or Travitanto Tudesco.*[5]

Dam. *Who's that, boy?*

Boy. *Another juggler, with a long name. Or that your expecters would be gone hence now, at the first act; or expect no more hereafter than they understand.*

Dam. *Why so, my peremptory Jack?*

Boy. *My name is John, indeed——Because, who expect what is impossible or beyond nature, defraud themselves.*

Pro. *Nay, there the boy said well; they do defraud themselves, indeed.*

Boy. *And therefore, master Damplay, unless, like a solemn justice of wit, you will damn our play unheard or unexamined, I shall entreat your mistress,*

write for the stage) "both the plot and stile of it were in fashion." This is another proof of the ignorance or malice of Jonson's enemies, who accuse him of *sneering* at Shakspeare in all such passages as this before us.

[5] *Travitanto Tudesco.*] This Italian juggler is mentioned in the *Epig.* He was in London in the early part of the reign of James.

madam Expectation, if she be among these ladies, to have patience but a pissing while: give our springs leave to open a little, by degrees; a source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that shall steep their temples, and bathe their brains in laughter, to the fomenting of stupidity itself, and the awaking any velvet lethargy in the house.

Pro. *Why do you maintain your poet's quarrel so with velvet and good clothes, boy? we have seen him in indifferent good clothes ere now.*

Boy. *And may do in better, if it please the king his master to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; he will have somewhat beside, either of human letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man, though he went naked.*

Pro. *He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, boy.*

Boy. *Himself hath done that already, against envy.*

Dam. *What is your name, sir, or your country?*

Boy. *John Try-gust my name; a Cornish youth, and the poet's servant.*

Dam. *West country breed I thought, you were so bold.*

Boy. *Or rather saucy; to find out your palate, master Damplay. 'Faith we do call a spade a spade, in Cornwall. If you dare damn our play in the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so!*

Pro. *Good boy.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in lady LOADSTONE'S *House.*

Enter Nurse KEEP, PLACENTIA, *and* PLEASANCE.

Keep. Sweet mistress, pray you be merry; you are sure
To have a husband now.
Pla. Ay, if the store
Hurt not the choice.
Plea. *Store is no sore,* young mistress,
My mother is wont to say.
Keep. And she'll say wisely
As any mouth in the parish. Fix on one,
Fix upon one, good mistress.
Pla. At this call too,
Here's master Practice who is call'd to the bench
Of purpose.
Keep. Yes, and by my lady's means.
Plea. 'Tis thought to be the man.
Keep. A lawyer's wife.
Plea. And a fine lawyer's wife.
Keep. Is a brave calling.
Plea. Sweet mistress Practice!
Keep. Gentle mistress Practice!
Plea. Fair, open mistress Practice!
Keep. Ay, and close,
And cunning mistress Practice!
Pla. I not like that;
The courtier's is the neater calling.
Plea. Yes,
My lady Silkworm.

Keep. And to shine in plush.
Plea. Like a young night-crow, a Diaphanous Silkworm.
Keep. Lady Diaphanous sounds most delicate.
Plea. Which would you choose now, mistress?
Pla. 'Cannot tell.
The copy does confound one.
Plea. Here's my mother.

Enter POLISH.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent nurse!
What were you chanting on? [*Pleasance kneels.*] God bless you, maiden.
Keep. We were inchanting all; wishing a husband
For my young mistress here: a man to please her.
Pol. She shall have a man, good nurse, and must have a man,
A man and a half, if we can choose him out;
We are all in council within, and sit about it:
The doctors and the scholars, and my lady,
Who's wiser than all us.—Where's master Needle?
Her ladyship so lacks him to prick out
The man! [*Exit Pleasance.*] How does my sweet young mistress?
You look not well, methinks; how do you, dear charge?
You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband,
There's two put out to making for you; a third
Your uncle promises: but you must still
Be ruled by your aunt, according to the will

Of your dead father and mother, who are in heaven.
Your lady-aunt has choice in the house for you:
We do not trust your uncle; he would keep you
A batchelor still, by keeping of your portion;
And keep you not alone without a husband,
But in a sickness; ay, and the green sickness,
The maiden's malady; which is a sickness:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the fish our mariners call *remora*——
Keep. A remora, mistress!
Pol. How now, goody nurse,
Dame Keep of Katerns? what! have you an oar
In the cock-boat, 'cause you are a sailor's wife,
And come from Shadwell?

Enter NEEDLE.

I say a remora,
For it will stay a ship that's under sail;
And stays are long and tedious things to maids!
And maidens are young ships that would be sailing
When they be rigg'd; wherefore is all their trim else?
Nee. True; and for them to be staid——
Pol. The stay is dangerous:
You know it, master Needle.
Nee. I know somewhat;
And can assure you from the doctor's mouth,
She has a dropsy, and must change the air,
Before she can recover.
Pol. Say you so, sir?
Nee. The doctor says so.
Pol. Says his worship so?
I warrant them he says true then; they sometimes

Are soothsayers, and always cunning men.
Which doctor was it?
Nee. E'en my lady's doctor,
The neat house-doctor; but a true stone doctor.
Pol. Why, hear you, nurse? how comes this geer to pass?
This is your fault in truth; it shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your mistress sick?
She had her health the while she was with me.
Keep. Alas, good mistress Polish, I am no saint,
Much less my lady, to be urged give health,
Or sickness, at my will: but to await
The stars' good pleasure, and to do my duty.
Pol. You must do more than your duty, foolish nurse:
You must do all you can, and more than you can,
More than is possible; when folks are sick,
Especially a mistress, a young mistress.
Keep. Here's master doctor himself cannot do that. [*Exit.*

Enter lady LOADSTONE *and* RUT.

Pol. Doctor Do-all can do it; thence he's call'd so.
Rut. Whence? what is he call'd?
Pol. Doctor, do all you can,
I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge here.
Lady L. She is my tendering gossip, loves my niece.
Pol. I know you can do all things, what you please, sir,
For a young damsel, my good lady's niece, here;
You can do what you list.
Rut. Peace, Tiffany.

Pol. Especially in this new case of the dropsy.
The gentlewoman, I do fear, is leaven'd.
Rut. Leaven'd! what's that?
Pol. Puft, blown, an't please your worship.
Rut. What! dark by darker? what is blown, puft? speak
English—
Pol. Tainted, an't please you, some do call it.
She swells, and so swells with it——
Rut. Give her vent,
If she do swell. A gimblet must be had;
It is a tympanites she is troubled with.
There are three kinds: the first is anasarca,
Under the flesh a tumour; that's not her's.
The second is ascites, or aquosus,
A watery humour; that is not hers neither.
But tympanites, which we call the drum,
A wind-bombs in her belly, must be unbraced,
And with a faucet or a peg, let out,
And she'll do well: get her a husband.
Pol. Yes,
I say so, master doctor, and betimes too.
Lady L. As soon as we can: let her bear up to-day;
Laugh and keep company at gleek or crimp.
Pol. Your ladyship says right, crimp sure will cure her.
Rut. Yes, and gleek too; peace, gossip Tittle-tattle.
She must to-morrow down into the country,
Some twenty miles; a coach and six brave horses:
Take the fresh air a month there, or five weeks;
And then return a bride up to the town,
For any husband in the hemisphere
To chuck at, when she has dropt her tympany.
Pol. Must she then drop it?
Rut. Thence 'tis call'd a dropsy.

The tympanites is one spice of it:
A toy, a thing of nothing, a mere vapour;
I'll blow't away.
Lady L. Needle, get you the coach
Ready, against to-morrow morning.
Nee. Yes, madam. [*Exit.*
Lady L. I'll down with her myself, and thank the doctor.
Pol. We all shall thank him: but, dear madam, think,
Resolve upon a man this day.
Lady L. I have done it.
To tell you true, sweet gossip—here is none
But master doctor, he shall be of the council.—
The man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is master Practice; he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up in a profession:
Like to be somebody, if the Hall stand,
And pleading hold! A prime young lawyer's wife,
Is a right happy fortune.
Rut. And she bringing
So plentiful a portion, they may live
Like king and queen at common law together:
Sway judges, guide the courts, command the clerks,
And fright the evidence; rule at their pleasures,
Like petty sovereigns in all cases.
Pol. O, that
Will be a work of time; she may be old
Before her husband rise to a chief judge,
And all her flower be gone. No, no, a lady
Of the first head I would have her, and in court,
The lady Silkworm, a Diaphanous lady:
And be a vicountess, to carry all
Before her, as we say, her gentleman-usher,
And cast-off pages, bare, to bid her aunt
Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.

Rut. You say well, lady's gossip; if my lady
Could admit that, to have her niece precede her.
Lady L. For that, I must consult mine own ambition,
My zealous gossip.
Pol. O, you shall precede her:
You shall be a countess, sir Diaphanous
Shall get you made a countess! here he comes
Has my voice, certain.

Enter behind sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM *and* PALATE, *in discourse.*

O fine courtier!
O blessed man! the bravery pick'd out,
To make my dainty charge a vicountess,
And my good lady, her aunt, countess at large!
Sir Dia. I tell thee, parson, if I get her, reckon
Thou hast a friend in court; and shalt command
A thousand pound, to go on any errand,
For any church-preferment thou hast a mind to.
Pal. I thank your worship; I will so work for you,
As you shall study all the ways to thank me:
I'll work my lady, and my lady's friends;
Her gossip, and this doctor, and squire Needle,
And master Compass, who is all in all;
The very fly she moves by: he is one
That went to sea with her husband, sir John Loadstone,
And brought home the rich prizes; all that wealth
Is left her; for which service she respects him:
A dainty scholar in the mathematics;
And one she wholly employs. Now dominus Practice
Is yet the man, appointed by her ladyship;
But there's a trick to set his cap awry,

If I know any thing: he hath confest
To me in private that he loves another,
My lady's woman, mistress Pleasance; therefore
Secure you of rivalship.[6]
Sir Dia. I thank thee,
My noble parson; there's five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that.
Pal. Accost the niece,
Yonder she walks alone; I'll move the aunt:
But here's the gossip; she expects a morsel.
Have you ne'er a ring or toy to throw away?
Sir Dia. Yes, here's a diamond of some three-score pound,
I pray you give her that.
Pal. If she will take it.
Sir Dia. And there's an emerald for the doctor too:
Thou parson, thou shalt coin me; I am thine.
Pal. Here master Compass comes.

Enter COMPASS.

Do you see my lady,
And all the rest, how they do flutter about him?
He is the oracle of the house and family.
Now is your time; go nick it with the niece:
[*Exit Sir Dia.*
I will walk by, and hearken how the chimes go.
[*Walks aside.*
Com. Nay, parson, stand not off; you may approach;
This is no such hid point of state we handle,
But you may hear it; for we are all of counsel.
The gentle master Practice hath dealt clearly,
And nobly with you, madam.

[6] Secure *you of rivalship.*] i. e. be in no concern, take no thought about it. WHAL.

Lady L. Have you talk'd with him,
And made the overture?
Com. Yes, first I moved
The business trusted to me by your ladyship,
In your own words, almost your very syllables,
Save where my memory trespass'd 'gainst their elegance,
For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarged,
In my own homely style, the special goodness
And greatness of your bounty in your choice,
And free conferring of a benefit
So without ends, conditions, any tie
But his mere virtue, and the value of it,
To call him to your kindred, to your veins,
Insert him in your family, and to make him
A nephew by the offer of a niece,
With such a portion; which when he had heard,
And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
A thanks as ample as the courtesy,
In my opinion; said it was a grace
Too great to be rejected or accepted
By him: but as the terms stood with his fortune,
He was not to prevaricate with your ladyship,
But rather to require ingenuous leave,
He might with the same love that it was offer'd
Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
(Being he was engaged before,) receive it.
Pal. The same he said to me.
Com. And named the party?
Pal. He did and he did not.
Com. Come, leave your schemes,
And fine amphibolies, parson.
Pal. You'll hear more.
Pol. Why, now your ladyship is free to choose
The courtier sir Diaphanous: he shall do it,
I'll move it to him myself.

Lady L. What will you move to him?
Pol. The making you a countess.
Lady L. Stint, fond woman.
Know you the party master Practice means?
Com. No, but your parson says he knows, madam.
Lady L. I fear he fables; parson, do you know
Where master Practice is engaged?
Pal. I'll tell you,
But under seal; her mother must not know:
'Tis with your ladyship's woman, mistress Pleasance.
Com. How!
Lady L. He is not mad?
Pal. O hide the hideous secret
From her; she'll trouble all else. You do hold
A cricket by the wing.[7]
Com. Did he name Pleasance?
Are you sure, parson?
Lady L. O 'tis true, your mistress!
I find where your shoe wrings you, master Compass:
But you'll look to him there.
Com. Yes; here's sir Moth,
Your brother, with his Bias, and the party
Deep in discourse; 'twill be a bargain and sale,
I see, by their close working of their heads,
And running them together so in counsel.

Enter at a distance, in discourse, sir MOTH INTEREST, PRACTICE, *and* BIAS.

Lady L. Will master Practice be of counsel against us?
Com. He is a lawyer, and must speak for his fee,

[7] ——— *You do hold*
A cricket by the wing.] i. e. increase the clamour which you wish to silence. See Vol. III. p. 239.

Against his father and mother, all his kindred,
His brothers or his sisters; no exception
Lies at the common law. He must not alter
Nature for form, but go on in his path:
It may be, he'll be for us. Do not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their course.
Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay down the portion, though he geld it,
It will maintain the suit against him, somewhat;
Something in hand is better than no birds;
He shall at last accompt for the utmost farthing,
If you can keep your hand from a discharge.
[*Exit Lady L.*

Pol. [*to Diaphanous.*] Sir, do but make her worshipful aunt a countess,
And she is yours, her aunt has worlds to leave you:
The wealth of six East-Indian fleets at least.
Her husband, sir John Loadstone, was the governor
Of the company seven years.

Sir Dia. And came there home
Six fleets in seven years?

Pol. I cannot tell,
I must attend my gossip her good ladyship.
[*Exit.*

Pla. And will you make me a vicountess too, sir?
How do they make a countess? in a chair,
Or on a bed?

Sir Dia. Both ways, sweet bird; I'll shew you.
[*Exeunt sir Diaphanous and Placentia.*

Sir Moth. [*coming forward.*] The truth is, master Practice, now we are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder;
The portion left was sixteen thousand pound,

I do confess it, as a just man should.
And call here master Compass, with these gentlemen,
To the relation; I will still be just.
Now for the profits every way arising,
It was the donor's wisdom, those should pay
Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleeps;
It is no petty charge, you know, that sum,
To keep a man awake for fourteen year.
Prac. But, as you knew to use it in that time,
It would reward your waking.
Sir Moth. That's my industry,
As it might be your reading, study, and counsel,
And now your pleading; who denies it you?
I have my calling too. Well, sir, the contract
Is with this gentleman, ten thousand pound.
An ample portion for a younger brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate rib of man's flesh,
That he may work like wax, and print upon.—
He expects no more than that sum to be tender'd,
And he receive it; these are the conditions.
Prac. A direct bargain, and sale in open market.
Sir Moth. And what I have furnish'd him withal o' the by,
To appear or so; a matter of four hundred,
To be deduced upon the payment——
Bia. Right:
You deal like a just man still.
Sir Moth. Draw up this,
Good master Practice, for us, and be speedy.
Prac. But here's a mighty gain, sir, you have made
Of this one stock: the principal first doubled,
In the first seven year; and that redoubled
In the next seven! beside six thousand pound,
There's threescore thousand got in fourteen year,

After the usual rate of ten in the hundred,
And the ten thousand paid.
Sir Moth. I think it be.
Prac. How will you 'scape the clamour and the envy?
Sir Moth. Let them exclaim and envy, what care I?
Their murmurs raise no blisters in my flesh.
My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred;
And he that loves not these, he is unnatural.
I am persuaded that the love of money
Is not a virtue only in a subject,
But might befit a prince: and were there need,
I find me able to make good the assertion,
To any reasonable man's understanding,
And make him to confess it.
Com. Gentlemen,
Doctors, and scholars, you'll hear this, and look for
As much true secular wit, and deep lay-sense,
As can be shown on such a common place.
Sir Moth. First, we all know the soul of man is infinite
In what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely; who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely: It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,
Or to confess, he aims at infinite wealth.
Com. His soul lying that way.
Sir Moth. Next, every man
Is in the hope or possibility
Of a whole world; this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of [the] first one.
And therefore I not see, but a just man
May, with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himself——

Com. An infinite wealth!
I'll bear the burden; go you on, sir Moth.
Sir Moth. Thirdly, if we consider man a member
But of the body politic, we know,
By just experience, that the prince hath need
More of one wealthy, than ten fighting men.
Com. There you went out of the road, a little from us.
Sir Moth. And therefore, if the prince's aims be infinite,
It must be in that which makes all.
Com. Infinite wealth!
Sir Moth. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good subjects,
To set a price on money, more than fools
Ought on their mistress' picture; every piece,
From the penny to the twelve-pence, being the hieroglyphic,
And sacred sculpture of the sovereign.
Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one!
Sir Moth. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With general allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of virtue,
And the mere issue of a shop right honourable.
Sixthly, it doth enable him that hath it,
To the performance of all real actions,
Referring him to himself still, and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him.
It gives him precise knowledge of himself;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knows
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto virtue, or no;
Where the poor knave erroneously believes,
If he were rich, he would build churches, or

Do such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poor men
Have ever been contented to observe
Rich fools, and so to serve their turns upon them;
Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth,
And become gentlemen parasites, squire bawds,
To feed their patron's honourable humours.
Eighthly, 'tis certain that a man may leave
His wealth, or to his children, or his friends;
His wit he cannot so dispose by legacy,
As they shall be a Harrington * the better for't.

Enter captain IRONSIDE.

Com. He may entail a jest upon his house,
Or leave a tale to his posterity,
To be told after him.

Iron. As you have done here?
To invite your friend and brother to a feast,
Where all the guests are so mere heterogene,
And strangers, no man knows another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahometans,
That here are met.

Com. Is't any thing to you, brother,
To know religions more than those you fight for?

Iron. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
And how shall I hold argument with such,
I neither know their humours, nor their heresies,
Which are religions now, and so received?
Here's no man among these that keeps a servant,
To inquire his master of; yet in the house
I hear it buzz'd there are a brace of doctors,
A fool, and a physician; with a courtier,
That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true silk-worm:
A lawyer, and a mighty money-bawd,
Sir Moth, has brought his politic Bias with him,

* *A Harrington.*] See vol. v. p. 44.

A man of a most animadverting humour;
Who, to endear himself unto his lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
And men of pestilent purpose, meanly affected
Unto the state we live in; and beget
Himself a thanks with the great men of the time,
By breeding jealousies in them of us,
Shall cross our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
Twice seven years after: and this trick be call'd
Cutting of throats[8] with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
I must cut his throat now: I am bound in honour,
And by the law of arms, to see it done;
I dare to do it, and I dare profess
The doing of it; being to such a rascal,
Who is the common offence grown of mankind,
And worthy to be torn up from society.

Com. You shall not do it here, sir.

Iron. Why, will you
Entreat yourself into a beating for him,
My courteous brother? If you will, have at you.
No man deserves it better, now I think on't,
Than you, that will keep consort with such fidlers,
Pragmatic flies, fools, publicans, and moths,
And leave your honest and adopted brother.

Sir Moth. Best raise the house upon him to secure us;
He'll kill us all! [*Exit.*

Pal. I love no blades in belts. [*Exit.*

[8] *Cutting of throats with a whispering*, &c.] From Juvenal:

——— *sævior illo*
Pompeius tenui jugulos aperire susurro.

Which Dryden translates after Jonson:

———"Pompey, skill'd in the court game,
Of cutting throats with a soft whisper, came."

Rut. Nor I. [*Exit.*

Bia. Would I were at my shop again,
In court, safe stow'd up with my politic bundles.
[*Exit.*

Com. How they are scatter'd!

Iron. Run away like *cimici*,[9]
Into the crannies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you, such a passage would disperse them,
Although the house were their fee-simple in law,
And they possest of all the blessings in it.

Iron. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomachs,
That so my lady's table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions!

Com. No, the parson's calling,
By this time, all the covey again together.
Here comes good tidings—

Enter PLEASANCE.

Dinner's on the board.—[*Exit Ironside.*
Stay, mistress Pleasance, I must ask you a question:
Have you any suits in law?

Plea. I, master Compass!

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner-time.
They say you have retain'd brisk master Practice,
Here, of your counsel; and are to be join'd
A patentee with him.

[9] *Run away like* cimici.] i. e. bugs. Our naturalists, who are much too wise to seek for information in old plays, and "such baggage books," very gravely inform us, that "bugs were first brought into this country, after the fire of London, in the fir timber imported for the rebuilding of the city." Unfortunately for them however, they were amongst the greatest sufferers by the fire, having been denizened in vast numbers, long before that calamitous event took place.

Plea. In what? who says so?
You are disposed to jest.
Com. No, I am in earnest.
It is given out in the house so, I assure you;
But keep your right to yourself, and not acquaint
A common lawyer with your case: if he
Once find the gap, a thousand will leap after.
I'll tell you more anon. [*Exit.*
Plea. This riddle shews
A little like a love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will study it. [*Exit.*

Dam. *But whom doth your poet mean now by this master Bias? what lord's secretary doth he purpose to personate or perstringe?*

Boy. *You might as well ask me, what alderman, or alderman's mate, he meant by sir Moth Interest, or what eminent lawyer, by the ridiculous master Practice? who hath rather his name invented for laughter, than any offence or injury it can stick on the reverend professors of the law: and so the wise ones will think.*

Pro *It is an insidious question, brother Damplay: iniquity itself would not have urged it. It is picking the lock of the scene, not opening it the fair way with a key. A play, though it apparel and present vices in general, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you ask of Plautus, and Terence, if they both lived now, who were Davus or Pseudolus in the scene, who Pyrgopolinices or Thraso? who Euclio or Menedemus?*

Boy. *Yes, he would: and enquire of Martial, or any other epigrammatist, whom he meant by Titius or Seius, (the common John a Noke, or John a Stile,) under whom they note all vices and errors taxable to the times? as if there could not be a name for a folly fitted to the stage, but there must be a person in nature found out to own it.*

Dam. *Why, I can fancy a person to myself, boy, who shall hinder me?*

Boy. *And in not publishing him, you do no man an injury. But if you will utter your own ill meaning on that person, under the author's words, you make a libel of his comedy.*

Dam. *O, he told us that in a prologue, long since.*[1]

Boy. *If you do the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: they are his own words, I can invent no better, nor he.*

Pro. *It is the solemn vice of interpretation that deforms the figure of many a fair scene, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil murder of most good plays: if I see a thing vively presented on the stage, that the glass of custom, which is comedy, is so held up to me by the poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of men's lives, and images of truth, in their manners, so drawn for my delight or profit, as I may, either way, use them: and will I, rather than make that true use, hunt out the persons to defame by my malice of misapplying, and imperil the innocence and candour of the author by this calumny!*[2] *It is an unjust way of hearing and beholding plays, this, and most unbecoming a gentleman to appear malignantly witty in another's work.*

Boy. *They are no other but narrow and shrunk natures, shrivell'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That signature is upon them, and it will last. A half-*

[1] *O, he told us that in a prologue, long since.*] In that to the *Silent Woman:*

"If any yet will with particular sleight
Of application, wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant or him, or her, will say,
They make a libel, which he meant a play."

[2] *By* this *calumny.*] The folio reads *his.* Corrected by Whalley.

witted barbarism, which no barber's art, or his balls will ever expunge or take out!

Dam. *Why, boy, this were a strange empire, or rather a tyranny, you would entitle your poet to, over gentlemen, that they should come to hear and see plays, and say nothing for their money!*

Boy. *O, yes, say what you will; so it be to purpose, and in place.*

Dam. *Can any thing be out of purpose at a play? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteen pence or two shillings for my seat, but I should take it out in censure on the stage.*

Boy. *Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more; and teach others about you to do the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up and down every scene by confederacy, be it right or wrong.*

Dam. *Who should teach us the right or wrong at a play?*

Boy. *If your own science cannot do it, or the love of modesty and truth; all other entreaties or attempts are vain. You are fitter spectators for the bears, than us, or the puppets. This is a popular ignorance indeed, somewhat better apparelled in you, than the people; but a hard-handed and stiff ignorance worthy a trowel or a hammerman; and not only fit to be scorned, but to be triumphed over.*

Dam. *By whom, boy?*

Boy. *No particular, but the general neglect, and silence. Good master Damplay, be yourself still, without a second: few here are of your opinion to-day, I hope; to-morrow, I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.*

Pro. *Let us mind what you come for, the play, which will draw on to the epitasis now.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in lady Loadstone's *House.*

Enter TIMOTHY ITEM, NEEDLE, *and Nurse* KEEP.

Item. Where's master doctor?
Nee. O, master Timothy Item,
His learned pothecary, you are welcome!
He is within at dinner.
Item. Dinner! death,
That he will eat now, having such a business,
That so concerns him!
Nee. Why, can any business
Concern a man like his meat?
Item. O, twenty millions,
To a physician that's in practice: I
Do bring him news from all the points o' the compass,
That's all the parts of the sublunary globe,
Of times, and double times.
Nee. In, in, sweet Item,
And furnish forth the table with your news:
Deserve your dinner, sow out your whole bag full;
The guests will hear it.
Item. I heard they were out.
Nee. But they are pieced, and put together again;
You may go in, you'll find them at high eating:
The parson has an edifying stomach,
And a persuading palate, like his name;

He hath begun three draughts of sack in doctrines,
And four in uses.[3]

Item. And they follow him?

Nee. No, sir Diaphanous is a recusant
In sack; he only takes it in French wine,
With an allay of water. In, in, Item,
And leave your peeping. [*Exit Item.*

Keep. I have a month's mind[4]
To peep a little too. Sweet master Needle,
How are they set?

Nee. At the board's end my lady——

Keep. And my young mistress by her?

Nee. Yes, the parson
On the right hand (as he'll not lose his place
For thrusting) and against him mistress Polish;
Next, sir Diaphanous against sir Moth;
Knights, one again another: then the soldier,
The man of war; and man of peace, the lawyer;

[3] *He hath begun three draughts of sack in* doctrines,
And four in uses.] Needle adopts the language of the puritans in this place. In preaching, they divided their discourses into *doctrine* and *use*, meaning by the former the subject under explanation, and by the latter the practical inference to be derived from it. Hudibras has the words frequently in his mouth:

"Thou canst, in conscience, not refuse,
From thy own *doctrine* to raise *use*."

Again:

"———— in a town
There lived a cobler, and but one,
Who out of *doctrine* could cut *use*,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes."

[4] *I have a* month's mind.] i. e. a *strong inclination*. It is perfectly nauseating to look at the trash which always accompanies the mention of this word, in the notes on our old dramatists. One laborious blunderer follows another; and when they have heaped up a mass of irrelevant quotations, which none of them understand, they proudly count themselves among the benefactors of literature, and affect to feel great indignation at being told, that they would have been as profitably employed for themselves and the world, in *milking he-goats in a sieve*.

Then the pert doctor, and the politic Bias,
And master Compass circumscribeth all.
[*A noise within.*

Plea. [*within.*] Nurse Keep, nurse Keep!

Nee. What noise is that within?

Plea. [*within.*] Come to my mistress, all their weapons are out.

Nee. Mischief of men, what day, what hour is this!

Keep. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter IRONSIDE, *followed by* COMPASS.

Com. Were you a madman to do this at table,
And trouble all the guests, to affright the ladies,
And gentlewomen?

Iron. Pox upon your women,
And your half-man there, court sir Ambergris,
A perfumed braggart! he must drink his wine
With three parts water; and have amber in that too!

Com. And you must therefore break his face with a glass,
And wash his nose in wine?

Iron. Cannot he drink
In orthodox, but he must have his gums,
And paynim drugs?

Com. You should have used the glass
Rather as balance, than the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your sanctuary with me;

The whole house will be up in arms against you else,
Within this half hour: this way to my lodging.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter RUT, *lady* LOADSTONE, POLISH, *and* KEEP *carrying* PLACENTIA; PLEASANCE *and* ITEM *following.*

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to her bed;
And use the fricace to her with those oils.
Keep your news, Item, now, and tend this business.
Lady L. Good gossip, look to her.
Pol. How do you, sweet charge?
Keep. She's in a sweat.
Pol. Ay, and a faint sweat, marry.
Rut. Let her alone to Tim; he has directions:
I'll hear your news, Tim Item, when you have done.
[*Exeunt Item, Polish, Keep and Pleasance, with Placentia.*
Lady L. Was ever such a guest brought to my table?
Rut. These boisterous soldiers have no better breeding.
Here master Compass comes:

Enter COMPASS.

Where is your captain,
Rudhudibrass de Ironside?
Com. Gone out of doors.

Lady L. Would he had ne'er come in them, I may wish!
He has discredited my house and board,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My niece's health, by drawing of his weapon,
God knows how far; for master Doctor does not.
Com. The doctor is an ass then, if he say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, Hippocrates,
Galen or Rasis, Avicen, Averroes,
Cure a poor wench's falling in a swoon;
Which a poor farthing changed in rosa solis,
Or cinnamon water would.

Re-enter KEEP *and* POLISH.

Lady L. How now! how does she?
Keep. She's somewhat better: master Item has brought her
A little about.
Pol. But there's sir Moth, your brother,
Is fallen into a fit o' the happyplex;—
It were a happy place for him and us,
If he could steal to heaven thus! all the house
Are calling master Doctor, master Doctor.
[*Exit Rut.*
The parson he has given him gone, this half hour;
He's pale in the mouth already for the fear
Of the fierce captain.
Lady L. Help me to my chamber,
Nurse Keep: would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some dark cloud;
That, buried with this loss of my good name,
I and my house might perish thus forgotten!
[*Exeunt Lady L. Keep, and Polish.*
Com. Her taking it to heart thus more afflicts me
Than all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

Enter PRACTICE *and sir* DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM.

Prac. It was a barbarous injury, I confess:
But if you will be counsell'd, sir, by me,
The reverend law lies open to repair
Your reputation. That will give you damages:
Five thousand pound for a finger, I have known
Given in court; and let me pack your jury.
Sir Dia. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stain'd
My new white satin doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span silk-stockings on the day
They were drawn on; and here's a spot in my hose too!
Com. Shrewd maims! your clothes are wounded desperately;
And that, I think, troubles a courtier more,
An exact courtier, than a gash in his flesh.
Sir Dia. My flesh! I swear had he given me twice so much,
I never should have reckon'd it: but my clothes
To be defaced and stigmatized so foully!
I take it as a contumely done me,
Above the wisdom of our laws to right.
Com. Why, then you'll challenge him?
Sir Dia. I will advise;
Though master Practice here doth urge the law,
And reparation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages—let him pack my jury.
Com. He speaks like master Practice, one that is
The child of a profession he is vow'd to,
And servant to the study he hath taken,
A pure apprentice at law![5] but you must have

[5] *A pure* apprentice at law!] An ancient term for a barrister at law, as distinguished from a serjeant.

The counsel of the sword, and square your action
Unto their canons, and that brotherhood,
If you do right.
Prac. I tell you, master Compass,
You speak not like a friend unto the laws,
Nor scarce a subject, to persuade him thus
Unto the breach of the peace: sir, you forget
There is a court above, of the Star-chamber,
To punish routs and riots.
Com. No, young master,
Although your name be Practice there in term-time,
I do remember it. But you'll not hear
What I was bound to say; but like a wild
Young haggard justice, fly at breach of the peace,
Before you know whether the amorous knight
Dares break the peace of conscience in a duel.
Sir Dia. Troth, master Compass, I take you my friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so we may meet fair,
On even terms.
Com. I shall persuade no other;
And take your learned counsel to advise you,
I'll run along with him. You say you'll meet him
On even terms. I do not see indeed
How that can be 'twixt Ironside and you,
Now I consider it: he is my brother,
I do confess we have call'd so twenty year:
But you are, sir, a knight in court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst success: he a known, noted, bold
Boy of the sword, hath all men's eyes upon him;
And there's no London jury,[6] but are led

[6] *And there's no London jury*, &c.] The prejudice, partiality, and even perjury of the jurors of the city had been a subject of serious complaint long before Jonson was born. See Ch. 21,

In evidence, as far by common fame,
As they are by present deposition.
Then you have many brethren, and near kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting quarrel
'Twixt them and him: whereas Rud Ironside,
Although he have got his head into a beaver,
With a huge feather, is but a currier's son,
And has not two old cordovan skins to leave
In leather caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Again; you are generally beloved, he hated
So much, that all the hearts and votes of men
Go with you, in the wishing all prosperity
Unto your purpose: he is a fat, corpulent,
Unwieldy fellow; you, a dieted spark,
Fit for the combat. He has kill'd so many,
As it is ten to one his turn is next:
You never fought with any, less, slew any;
And therefore have the [better] hopes before you.[7]
I hope these things, thus specified unto you,
Are fair advantages; you cannot encounter
Him upon equal terms. Beside, sir Silkworm,
He hath done you wrong in a most high degree;
And sense of such an injury received

§ 2. Henry VII. Grafton observes in his *Chronicle*, in the reign of Hen. VIII, that it was bruited, that London juries were so prejudiced, that "they would find Abel guilty of the murder of Cain!" *Observations on the Antient Statutes*, 1769, p. 410.

London juries did not much belie the character here given of them, in the times immediately subsequent to those of the poet: but it was reserved for our monster-breeding days to witness a jury combining the most daring assurance with perjury, and voting honorary medals to themselves, for having acquitted a manifest traitor.

7 *And therefore have the hopes before you.*] A word appears to be lost at the press; what stood originally in the poet's manuscript, is difficult to say. Some epithet, as *fairer*, *better*, or any other equivalent term, must be added to complete the sense and measure. WHAL.

Should so exacuate, and whet your choler,
As you should count yourself an host of men,
Compared to him: and therefore you, brave sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him than the huge great porter[8] has to try
His strength upon an infant.

Sir Dia. Master Compass,
You rather spur me on, than any way
Abate my courage to the enterprize.

Com. All counsel's as 'tis taken: if you stand
On point of honour, not to have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, than otherwise:
If upon terms of humour and revenge,
I have encouraged you. So that I think,
I have done the part of a friend on either side;
In furnishing your fear with matter first,
If you have any; or, if you dare fight,
To heighten and confirm your resolution.

Prac. I now do crave your pardon, master Compass:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true perimeter of it: you have circles,
And such fine draughts about!

Sir Dia. Sir, I do thank you,

[8] *Than the* huge great porter.] It may mean any great overgrown porter; but seems, as Dr. Grey observes, particularly to allude to Parsons, the king's porter, who was very big and tall, near seven feet high. WHAL.

Parsons, who had been porter to James, died before this was written: the allusion is to his successor, William Evans. He was seven feet and an half in height, "exceeding (Fuller says) Parsons two inches in stature, but far beneath him in proportion of body: for he was not only what the Latines call *compernis*, knocking his knees together, and going out squalling with his feet, but also haulted a little, yet made he a shift to dance in an Antimasque at court, where he drew little Jeffrey (Hudson) out of his pocket, first to the wonder, and then to the laughter of the beholders."

I thank you, master Compass, heartily.
I must confess, I never fought before,
And I'd be glad to do things orderly,
In the right place; I pray you instruct me, sir:
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?
Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not yourself too much.
Sir Dia. Why? I assure you,
I am very angry.
Com. Do not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choler of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Upon the place.
Sir Dia. O yes, I have imagined
Him treble arm'd, provoked too, and as furious
As Homer makes Achilles; and I find
Myself not frighted with his fame one jot.
Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are less than skirmishes; the fight of shadows:
For shadows have their figure, motion,
And their umbratil action, from the real
Posture and motion of the body's act:
Whereas imaginarily, many times.
Those men may fight dare scarce eye one another,
And much less meet. But if there be no help,
Faith I would wish you send him a fair challenge.
Sir Dia. I will go pen it presently.
Com. But word it
In the most generous terms.
Sir Dia. Let me alone.
Prac. And silken phrase; the courtliest kind of quarrel.

Com. He'll make it a petition for his peace.
Prac. O, yes, of right, and he may do't by law.'
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter RUT, PALATE *and* BIAS *bringing out sir* MOTH INTEREST *in a chair:* ITEM *and* POLISH *following.*

Rut. Come, bring him out into the air a little:
There, set him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same glass of water in his face;
Now tweak him by the nose—hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I ask no more. See, what a fear can do!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.
Item. He feels; there's life in him.
Pal. He groans, and stirs.
Rut. Tell him the captain's gone.
Sir Moth. Ha!
Pal. He's gone, sir.
Rut. Give him a box, hard, hard, on his left ear.
Sir Moth. O!
Rut. How do you feel yourself?
Sir Moth. Sore, sore.

' Com. *He'll make it a* petition *for his peace.*
Prac. *O, yes,* of right, *and he may do't by law.*] Jonson alludes to the famous *Petition of Right*, which was long in agitation, and which, after being eagerly debated in both houses of parliament, received the royal assent in June 1628.

Rut. But where?
Sir Moth. In my neck.
Rut. I nipt him there.
Sir Moth. And in my head.
Rut. I box'd him twice or thrice, to move those sinews.
Bias I swear you did.
Pol. What a brave man's a doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blows
Would e'en have kill'd him; he did feel no more
Than a great horse.
Sir Moth. Is the wild captain gone,
That man of murder?
Bias. All is calm and quiet.
Sir Moth. Say you so, cousin Bias, then all's well.
Pal. How quickly a man is lost!
Bias. And soon recover'd!
Pol. Where there are means, and doctors, learned men,
And their apothecaries,[1] who are not now,
As Chaucer says, their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
In their swath bands——
Rut. Leave your poetry, good gossip,
Your Chaucer's clouts, and wash your dishes with them;
We must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.
Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace.

[1] ——————— *doctors, learned men,*
And their apothecaries, &c.] Jonson seems to have had Chaucer at his finger's end:

"Full redy had he his pothecaries,
To send him druggis and lectuaries,
For eche of them made other for to winne;
Their friendship n'as not new, now to beginne."
Doct. of Phisike.

Rut. Then do it.—
Give me your hand, sir Moth. Let's feel your pulse;
It is a pursiness, a kind of stoppage,
Or tumour of the purse, for want of exercise,
That you are troubled with: some ligatures
In the neck of your *vesica*, or *marsupium*,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive grown,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket to discharge a reckoning,
And this we sons of physic do call *chiragra*,
A kind of cramp, or hand-gout. You shall purge for't.
Item. Indeed your worship should do well to advise him
To cleanse his body, all the three high-ways;
That is, by sweat, purge, and phlebotomy.
Rut. You say well, learned Tim; I'll first prescribe him
To give his purse a purge, once, twice a week
At dice, or cards; and when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling-alley; or be let blood
In the lending vein, and bleed a matter of fifty
Or threescore ounces at a time: then put your thumbs
Under your girdle, and have somebody else
Pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can do it yourself.
And then be sure always to keep good diet,
And have your table furnish'd from one end
Unto the t'other; it is good for the eyes:
But feed you on one dish still, have your diet-drink
Ever in bottles ready, which must come

From the King's-head:[a] I will prescribe you nothing,
But what I'll take before you mine ownself;
That is my course with all my patients.

Pal. Very methodical, *secundùm artem.*

Bias. And very safe *pro captu recipientis.*

Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latin!

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great rabbi,
Who every morning cast his cup of white-wine
With sugar, and by the residence in the bottom,
Would make report of any chronic malady,
Such as sir Moth's is, being an oppilation
In that you call the neck of the money-bladder,
Most anatomical, and by dissection——

Enter Nurse KEEP *hastily.*

Keep. O, master doctor, and his 'pothecary,
Good master Item, and my mistress Polish,
We need you all above! she's fallen again
In a worse fit than ever.

Pol. Who?

Keep. Your charge.

Pol. Come away, gentlemen.

Sir Moth. This fit with the doctor
Hath mended me past expectation.

[*Exeunt all but Bias.*

Enter COMPASS, *sir* DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, *and* PRACTICE.

Com. O sir Diaphanous! have you done?

[a] *From the King's-Head:*] The reader will be pleased to learn that this tavern stood in New Fish-street; it was, as our old writers affirm, "haunted by roysters," so that the wine drank there was unquestionably of the very first quality.

Sir Dia. I have brought it.
Prac. That's well.
Com. But who shall carry it now?
Sir Dia. A friend:
I'll find a friend to carry it; master Bias here
Will not deny me that.
Bias. What is't?
Sir Dia. To carry
A challenge I have writ unto the captain.
Bias. Faith, but I will, sir; you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of state: I'll bear no challenges;
I will not hazard my lord's favour so;
Or forfeit mine own judgment with his honour,
To turn a ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his lordship's good opinion;
And to it my kalligraphy, a fair hand,
Fit for a secretary: now you know, a man's hand
Being his executing part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common peril.
Sir Dia. You shall not fight, sir, you shall only search
My antagonist; commit us fairly there
Upon the ground on equal terms.
Bias. O, sir,
But if my lord should hear I stood at end
Of any quarrel, 'twere an end of me
In a state-course! I have read the politics;
And heard the opinions of our best divines.
Com. The gentleman has reason. Where was first
The birth of your acquaintance, or the cradle
Of your strict friendship made?
Sir Dia. We met in France, sir.
Com. In France! that garden of humanity,
The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,

The milk of France ; and see this sour effect
It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travel.
There, every gentleman professing arms,
Thinks he is bound in honour to embrace
The bearing of a challenge for another,
Without or questioning the cause, or asking
Least colour of a reason. There's no cowardice,
No poltronery, like urging why? wherefore?
But carry a challenge, do the thing, and die.

Bias. Why, hear you, master Compass, I but crave
Your ear in private: [*takes him aside.*] I would carry his challenge,
If I but hoped your captain angry enough
To kill him; for, to tell you truth, this knight
Is an impertinent in court, we think him,
And troubles my lord's lodgings, and his table
With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
Which we, the better sort of servants, like not:
Being his fellows in all other places,
But at our master's board; and we disdain
To do those servile offices, oft-times,
His foolish pride and empire will exact,
Against the heart, or humour of a gentleman.

Com. Truth, master Bias, I would not have you think
I speak to flatter you; but you are one
Of the deepest politics I ever met,
And the most subtly rational. I admire you.
But do not you conceive in such a case,
That you are accessary to his death,
From whom you carry a challenge with such purpose?

Bias. Sir, the corruption of one thing in nature,[3]

[3] *Sir, the corruption of one generation,* &c.] There is nothing new under the sun. This is precisely the principle on which that

Is held the generation of another;
And therefore, I had as lief be accessary
Unto his death, as to his life.
Com. A new
Moral philosophy too! you'll carry it then?
Bias. If I were sure 'twould not incense his choler
To beat the messenger.
Com. O, I'll secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging, safely,
And do your friend a service worthy thanks.

Enter IRONSIDE.

Bias. I'll venture it upon so good induction,
To rid the court of an impediment,
This baggage knight.
Iron. Peace to you all, gentlemen,
Save to this mushroom, who I hear is menacing
Me with a challenge; which I come to anticipate,
And save the law a labour.—Will you fight, sir?
Sir Dia. Yes, in my shirt. [*Throws off his doublet.*
Iron. O, that's to save your doublet;
I know it a court-trick; you had rather have
An ulcer in your body, than a pink
More in your clothes.

great philosopher, doctor Darwin, and those humane admirers of the French Revolution *up to a certain point*, Price, Priestly, &c. justified their exultation at the wholesale murder of princes and peers by a *regenerating cry* of hell-hounds. The corruption of one dead king would produce a thousand worms, whose happiness, taken in the aggregate, would surpass that of the individual, and consequently prove a clear gain on the score of humanity; while the summary extermination of a perverse generation of priests and nobles, though not quite agreeable to the victims themselves, would be more than compensated to the universe in a few centuries, by prodigious advances towards perfectability, in a more tractable and philosophic race of atheists and murderers.

Sir Dia. Captain, you are a coward,
If you'll not fight in your shirt.
Iron. Sir, I do not mean
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
You have cause to call me coward, that more fear
The stroke of the common and life-giving air,
Than all your fury, and the panoply—
Prac. Which is at best, but a thin linen armour.
I think a cup of generous wine were better,
Than fighting in your shirts.
Sir Dia. Sir, sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Than to be mended by a cup of wine.
Com. I should be glad to hear of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have known hitherto,
Only one virtue they call fortitude,
Worthy the name of valour.
Iron. Which who hath not,
Is justly thought a coward; and he is such.
Sir Dia. O, you have read the play there, the *New Inn*,
Of Jonson's, that decries all other valour,
But what is for the public.
Iron. I do that too.
But did not learn it there; I think no valour
Lies for a private cause.
Sir Dia. Sir, I'll redargue you
By disputation.
Com. O, let's hear this:
I long to hear a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawn in his hand!
Prac. His valour will take cold, put on your doublet.
Com. His valour will keep cold, you are deceived;
And relish much the sweeter in our ears:
It may be too, in the ordinance of nature,

Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly antagonistic, as to fight,
But may admit to hear of some divisions
Of fortitude, may put them off their quarrel.
Sir Dia. I would have no man think me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Read him a lecture 'twixt my undertakings
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the business, which the town calls valour.
Com. Yes, he has read the town, Town-top's his author!
Your first?
Sir Dia. Is a rash headlong unexperience.
Com. Which is in children, fools, or your street-gallants
Of the first head.
Prac. A pretty kind of valour!
Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's shirt,
Fine as that thread.
Sir Dia. The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.
Com. Or the insufficiency of adversaries:
And this is in your common fighting brothers,
Your old Perdue's, who, after time, do think,
The one, that they are shot-free, the other sword-free.
Your third?
Sir Dia. Is nought but an excess of choler,
That reigns in testy old men——
Com. Noblemen's porters,
And self-conceited poets.
Sir Dia. And is rather
A peevishness, than any part of valour.
Prac. He but rehearses, he concludes no valour.

Com. A history of distempers as they are practised,
His harangue undertaketh, and no more.
Your next?
Sir Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving.
Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief.
Prac. Narrowness of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.
Sir Dia. Which you shall find in gamesters quite blown up.
Com. In bankrupt merchants, and discovered traitors.
Prac. Or your exemplified malefactors,
That have survived their infamy and punishment.
Com. One that hath lost his ears by a just sentence[4]
Of the Star-chamber, a right valiant knave——
And is a histrionical contempt
Of what a man fears most; it being a mischief
In his own apprehension unavoidable.
Prac. Which is in cowards wounded mortally,
Or thieves adjudged to die.
Com. This is a valour
I should desire much to see encouraged;
As being a special entertainment
For our rogue people, and make oft good sport
Unto them, from the gallows to the ground.
Sir Dia. But mine is a judicial resolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger——

[4] *One that hath lost his ears*, &c.] This is evidently meant of *Scribe Prynne*, and may be considered as "the retort courteous" to the *histrionical contempt* with which he had assailed the dramatic writers in that interminable "Tragedie" which Mr. Weber, who had never read a word of it, and was even a stranger to its name, pronounces to be the undoubted work of the "ignorant, impudent, and malicious Ben Jonson."

Com. That might be avoided.
Sir Dia. Ay, and with assurance,
That it is found in noblemen and gentlemen
Of the best sheaf.
Com. Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour
And public reputation to defend.
Sir Dia. Which in the brave historified Greeks,
And Romans, you shall read of.
Com. And, no doubt,
May in our aldermen meet it, and their deputies,
The soldiers of the city, valiant blades,
Who, rather than their houses should be ransack'd,
Would fight it out, like so many wild beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with,
But the close manner of their fight and custom
Of joining head to head, and foot to foot.
Iron. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? for commonly,
Men that have so much choice before them, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.
Bias. There are three valours yet, which sir Diaphanous
Hath, with his leave, not touch'd.
Sir Dia. Yea! which are those?
Prac. He perks at that.
Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.
Bias. A philosophical contempt of death
Is one; then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our genii, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant ethnics had deep sense,
Who generally held that no great statesman,
Scholar, or soldier, e'er did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.
Prac. But there's a christian valour 'bove these two.

Bias. Which is a quiet patient toleration
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion more than action, sir Diaphanous.
Sir Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be christian valour.
Com. You may mistake though. Can you justify,
On any cause, this seeking to deface
The divine image in a man?
Bias. O, sir,
Let them alone: is not Diaphanous
As much a divine image, as is Ironside?
Let images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

Enter Nurse KEEP *hastily.*

Keep. Where's master Needle? saw you master Needle?
We are undone.
Com. What ails the frantic nurse?
Keep. My mistress is undone! she's crying out!
Where is this man trow, master Needle?

Enter NEEDLE.

Nee. Here. [*Takes her aside.*
Keep. Run for the party, mistress Chair, the midwife.
Nay, look how the man stands as he were gowk'd![5]
She's lost if you not haste away the party.
Nee. Where is the doctor?
Keep. Where a scoffing man is,

[5] *Look how the man stands, as he were* gowk'd !] i. e. stupified. *Gawkey*, (adj.) is in common use in the western provinces (and perhaps in others) for the extreme of awkwardness, a stupid stare of astonishment, &c. It is probably the same word as *gowk*, cuckow.

And his apothecary little better;
They laugh and jeer at all: will you dispatch,
And fetch the party quickly to our mistress?
We are all undone! the tympany will out else.
[*Exeunt Needle and Keep.*

Enter sir MOTH INTEREST.

Sir Moth. News, news, good news, better than butter'd news!
My niece is found with child, the doctor tells me,
And fallen in labour.
Com. How! [*Exit.*
Sir Moth. The portion's paid,
The portion——O the captain! is he here? [*Exit.*
Prac. He has spied your swords out: put them up, put up,
You have driven him hence, and yet your quarrel's ended.
Iron. In a most strange discovery.
Prac. Of light gold.
Sir Dia. And crack'd within the ring.[6] I take the omen
As a good omen.
Prac. Then put up your sword,
And on your doublet. Give the captain thanks.

[6] *And crack'd within the ring.*] This most trivial expression has had much written on it to very little purpose. The gold coin of our ancestors was very thin, and therefore liable to crack. It still however continued passable until the crack extended beyond the *ring*, i. e. beyond the inmost round which circumscribed the inscription; when it became *uncurrent*, and might be legally refused. This is the whole of the matter. The application of the expression to any thing seriously injured, debased, unserviceable, factitious, &c. is perfectly natural, and in one or other of these senses it is to be found in almost all the writers of Jonson's age.

Sir Dia. I had been slurr'd else. Thank you, noble captain!
Your quarrelling caused all this.
Iron. Where's Compass?
Prac. Gone,
Shrunk hence, contracted to his centre, I fear.
Iron. The slip is his then.[7]
Sir Dia. I had like t' have been
Abused in the business, had the slip slurr'd on me,
A counterfeit.
Bias. Sir, we are all abused,
As many as were brought on to be suitors;
And we will join in thanks all to the captain,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.
[*Exeunt*

Dam. *This was a pitiful poor shift of your poet, boy, to make his prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrel.*

Boy. *With whose borrowed ears have you heard, sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current of our scene so? The stream of the argument threatened her being with child from the very beginning; for it presented her in the first of the second act with some apparent note of infirmity or defect, from knowledge of which the auditory were rightly to be suspended*

[7] *The* slip *is his then*, &c.] Ironside concludes like squire Western, when Jones left the table upon Parson Supple's story. Sir Diaphanous plays on the double meaning of the word *slip*, which signified either a base-born child, or a piece of false money. In the latter sense it occurs in many of our old dramas, and generally, as here, in conjunction with *counterfeit*. Thus Shakspeare:

"What *counterfeit* did I give you?
The *slip*, the *slip*, sir." *Romeo and Juliet.*

Again: "If I could have remembered a gilt *counterfeit*, thou wouldst not have *slipped* out of my contemplation."
Troilus and Cressida.

See vol. i. p. 62.

by the author, till the quarrel, which was but the accidental cause, hastened on the discovery of it, in occasioning her affright, which made her fall into her throes presently, and within that compass of time allowed to the comedy: wherein the poet exprest his prime artifice, rather than any error, that the detection of her being with child should determine the quarrel, which had produced it.

Pro. *The boy is too hard for you, brother Damplay; best mark the play, and let him alone.*

Dam. *I care not for marking the play; I'll damn it, talk, and do that I come for. I will not have gentlemen lose their privilege, nor I myself my prerogative, for never an overgrown or superannuated poet of them all. He shall not give me the law: I will censure and be witty, and take my tobacco, and enjoy my Magna Charta of reprehension, as my predecessors have done before me.*

Boy. *Even to license and absurdity.*

Pro. *Not now, because the gentlewoman is in travail, and the midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our pain.*

Dam. *Well, look to your business afterward, boy, that all things be clear, and come properly forth, suited and set together; for I will search what follows severely, and to the nail.*[8]

Boy. *Let your nail run smooth then, and not scratch, lest the author be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as yourself.*

Dam. *A shrewd boy, and has me every where! The midwife is come, she has made haste.*

[8] *For I will search what follows to the nail.*] Jonson alludes to the practice of the ancient artists, who proved the polish of their works, by running their nails over the surface.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in lady Loadstone's *House.*

Enter mother CHAIR, *and* NEEDLE.

Chair. Stay, master Needle, you do prick too fast
Upon the business, I must take some breath;
Lend me my stool; you have drawn a stitch upon me,
In faith, son Needle, with your haste.
Nee. Good mother,
Piece up this breach; I'll give you a new gown,
A new silk grogoran gown: I'll do it, mother.

Enter Nurse KEEP.

Keep. What will you do! you have done too much already,
With your prick-seam and through-stitch, master Needle.
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good mother Chair, the midwife, but come up.
[*Exeunt Chair and Needle.*

Enter COMPASS *and* PRACTICE.

Com. How now, Nurse! where's my lady?
Keep. In her chamber,
Lock'd up, I think: she'll speak with no body.
Com. Knows she of this accident?
Keep. Alas, sir, no:
Would she might never know it! [*Exit.*
Prac. I think her ladyship

Too virtuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a business.
Com. Your thought, sir, is a brave thought, and a safe one:
The child now to be born is not more free
From the aspersion of all spot than she.
She have her hand in a plot 'gainst master Practice,
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves,
Cries up, and values! knows to be a man
Mark'd out for a chief justice in his cradle,
Or a lord paramount, the head of the hall,
The top, or the top-gallant of our law!
Assure yourself she could not so deprave
The rectitude of her judgment, to wish you
Unto a wife might prove your infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part of the commonwealth,
And had [raised] up for honour to her blood.[9]
Prac. I must confess a great beholdingness
Unto her ladyship's offer, and good wishes:
But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this niece of hers.
Com. You foresaw somewhat then?
Prac. I had my notes,
And my prognostics.
Com. You read almanacs,
And study them to some purpose, I believe.
Prac. I do confess I do believe, and pray too,
According to the planets, at some times.
Com. And do observe the sign in making love?
Prac. As in phlebotomy.
Com. And choose your mistress
By the good days, and leave her by the bad?
Prac. I do and I do not.

[9] *And had [raised] up, &c.]* A word has dropped out here. I have inserted one by guess merely to bolster up the line. This play is vilely printed in the old folio.

Com. A little more
Would fetch all his astronomy from Allestree.[1]
Prac. I tell you, master Compass, as my friend,
And under seal, I cast my eyes long since
Upon the other wench, my lady's woman,
Another manner of piece for handsomeness,
Than is the niece: but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you, in hope of your aid
And counsel in the business.
Com. You need counsel!
The only famous counsel of the kingdom,
And in all courts! That is a jeer in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharp master Practice.
Prac. No, upon my law,
As I am a bencher, and now double reader,[2]
I meant in mere simplicity of request.
Com. If you meant so, the affairs are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give them breath and settling,
I'll do my best. But in mean time do you
Prepare the parson.—I am glad to know
This; for myself liked the young maid before,
And loved her too. [*Aside.*]—Have you a license?
Prac. No;
But I can fetch one straight.
Com. Do, do, and mind

[1] ——————— *from* Allestree.] This was one *Richard Allestree* of Derby; who was about this time a compiler of almanacs. WHAL.

[2] ——————— *and now* double reader,] "In those days," says sir W. Dugdale, (i. e. when readings in the Inns of Court were kept up with some degree of solemnity,) In those days men came to be *single* readers at fifteen or sixteen years standing in the House and *read double* about seven years afterwards." *Orig. Jur.* p. 209. Again. "By the antient orders of the House, (Middle Temple,) now disused, he is in turn to read again, and then is called a *double reader*."

The parson's pint, to engage him [in] the business;
A knitting cup there must be.[3]
Prac. I shall do it. [*Exit.*

Enter BIAS, *and sir* MOTH INTEREST.

Bias. 'Tis an affront from you, sir; you here brought me
Unto my lady's, and to woo a wife,
Which since is proved a crack'd commodity:
She hath broke bulk too soon.
Sir Moth. No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my sister's fault that owns the house
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keep her portion safe, that is not scatter'd;
The monies rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a muss yet, mong the gamesome suitors.
Com. Can you endure that flout, close master Bias,
And have been so bred in the politics?
The injury is done you, and by him only:
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it;
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.
Bias. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I do.
Com. But do it home then.
Bias. Sir, my lord shall know it.
Com. And all the lords of the court too.
Bias. What a Moth
You are, sir Interest!

[3] *A* knitting-*cup there must be.*] Immediately after the performance of the marriage ceremony, a cup of wine was handed round to those who assisted at it. This, which is called by our author the knitting-cup, is termed by Middleton and others, the contracting-cup.

Sir Moth. Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet master Bias?
Com. To draw in young statesmen,
And heirs of policy into the noose
Of an infámous matrimony.
Bias. Yes,
Infámous, *quasi in communem famam:*
And matrimony, *quasi* matter of money.[4]
Com. Learnedly urged, my cunning master Bias.
Bias. With his lewd known and prostituted niece.
Sir Moth. My *known* and *prostitute!* how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, master Bias!
Your lords will do me right. Now she is prostitute,
And that I know it, please you understand me,
I mean to keep the portion in my hands,
And pay no monies.
Com. Mark you that, don Bias?
And you shall still remain in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.
Sir Moth. Good master Compass, for the sums he has had
Of me, I do acquit him; they are his own:
Here, before you, I do release him.
Com. Good!
Bias. O sir—
Com. 'Slid, take it; I do witness it:
He cannot hurl away his money better.

[4] *And matrimony, quasi matter of money.*] This is not one of the worst of those idle *conundrums*, which were once so much in vogue. Even the grave Camden did not disdain to unbend with them; first taking care, however, to sanction his practice by the laudable example of one Dionysius, like himself, perhaps, a schoolmaster, who "merrily" called *mice-holes mysteria*, μυστηρια, ὁτι τυς μῦς τηρει.

Sir Moth. He shall get so much, sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my friend; and now report to his lords
As I deserve, no otherwise.
Com. But well;
And I will witness it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in court. Take hands, you have bought him,
And bought him cheap.
Bias. I am his worship's servant.
Com. And you his slave, sir Moth, seal'd and deliver'd.
Have you not studied the court-compliment?—
[*Exeunt Sir Moth. and Bias.*
Here are a pair of HUMOURS RECONCILED NOW,
That money held at distance, or their thoughts,
Baser than money.

Enter POLISH *driving in Nurse* KEEP.

Pol. Out, thou caitiff witch,
Bawd, beggar, gipsey; any thing, indeed,
But honest woman!
Keep. What you please, dame Polish,
My lady's stroker.[5]
Com. What is here to do!
The gossips out! [*Aside.*
Pol. Thou art a traitor to me,
An Eve, the apple, and the serpent too;
A viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
Through mine own bowels, by thy rechlessness.
Com. What frantic fit is this? I'll step aside,
And hearken to it. [*Retires.*

[5] *My lady's* stroker.] i. e. *flatterer*: so the word is frequently used by Jonson. In the list of characters, goody Polish is called the lady's *she-parasite*.

Pol. Did I trust thee, wretch,
With such a secret, of that consequence,
Did so concern me, and my child, our livelihood,
And reputation! and hast thou undone us,
By thy connivance, nodding in a corner,
And suffering her be got with child so basely?
Sleepy, unlucky hag!—thou bird of night,
And all mischance to me!

Keep. Good lady empress,
Had I the keeping of your daughter's clicket
In charge, was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her daughter! [*Aside.*

Pol. Softly, devil, not so loud:
You'd have the house hear and be witness, would you?

Keep. Let all the world be witness: afore I'll
Endure the tyranny of such a tongue,
And such a pride——

Pol. What will you do?

Keep. Tell truth,
And shame the she-man-devil in puff'd sleeves;
Run any hazard, by revealing all
Unto my lady; how you changed the cradles,
And changed the children in them.

Pol. Not so high!

Keep. Calling your daughter Pleasance there Placentia,
And my true mistress by the name of Pleasance.

Com. A horrid secret this; worth the discovery.

Pol. And must you be thus loud?

Keep. I will be louder,
And cry it through the house, through every room,
And every office of the laundry-maids,
Till it be borne hot to my lady's ears:
Ere I will live in such a slavery,
I'll do away myself.

Pol. Didst thou not swear
To keep it secret! And upon what book?—
I do remember now, *The Practice of Piety.*
Keep. It was a practice of impiety,
Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
My conscience tells me: first, against the infants,
To rob them of their names and their true parents;
To abuse the neighbourhood, keep them in error;
But most my lady; she has the main wrong,
And I will let her know it instantly.
Repentance, if it be true, ne'er comes too late.
[*Exit.*
Pol. What have I done? conjured a spirit up,
I shall not lay again! drawn on a danger
And ruin on myself thus, by provoking
A peevish fool, whom nothing will pray off
Or satisfy, I fear! her patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to fury. I have run my bark
On a sweet rock, by mine own arts and trust;
And must get off again, or dash in pieces. [*Exit.*
Com. [*coming forward.*] This was a business worth the listening after.

Enter PLEASANCE.

Plea. O master Compass, did you see my mother?
Mistress Placentia, my lady's niece,
Is newly brought to bed of the bravest boy!
Will you go see it?
Com. First, I'll know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards.
Plea. Mistress midwife
Has promised to find out a father for it,
If there be need.
Com. She may the safelier do it,

By virtue of her place.—But, pretty Pleasance,
I have a news for you I think will please you.
Plea. What is it, master Compass?
Com. Stay, you must
Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my lady?
Plea. Retired unto her chamber, and shut up.
Com. She hears of none of this yet? Well, do you
Command the coach, and fit yourself to travel
A little way with me.
Plea. Whither, for God's sake?
Com. Where I'll entreat you not to your loss, believe it,
If you dare trust yourself.
Plea. With you the world o'er.
Com. The news will well requite the pains, I assure you,
And in this tumult you will not be miss'd.
Command the coach, it is an instant business,
Will not be done without you. [*Exit Pleasance.*

Enter PALATE.

Parson Palate!
Most opportunely met; step to my chamber;
I'll come to you presently: there is a friend
Or two will entertain you. [*Exit Palate.*

Enter PRACTICE.

Master Practice,
Have you the license?
Prac. Here it is.
Com. Let's see it:
Your name's not in it.
Prac. I'll fill that presently.

It has the seal, which is the main, and register'd;
The clerk knows me, and trusts me.

Com. Have you the parson?

Prac. They say he's here, he 'pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seen here for a world,
To breed suspicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your license with you,
And fill the blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; stay you for us at his church,
Behind the Old Exchange, we'll come in the coach,
And meet you there within this quarter at least.

Prac. I am much bound unto you, master Compass;
You have all the law and parts of squire Practice
For ever at your use. I'll tell you news too:
Sir, your reversion's fallen; Thinwit's dead,
Surveyor of the projects general.

Com. When died he?

Prac. Even this morning; I received it
From a right hand.

Com. Conceal it, master Practice
And mind the main affair you are in hand with.
[*Exit Practice.*

Re-enter PLEASANCE.

Plea. The coach is ready, sir.

Com. 'Tis well, fair Pleasance,
Though now we shall not use it; bid the coachman
Drive to the parish-church, and stay about there,
Till master Practice come to him, and employ him.
[*Exit Pleasance.*

I have a license now, which must have entry
Before my lawyer's.—

Re-enter PALATE.

Noble parson Palate,
Thou shalt be a mark advanced; here is a piece,[6]
[*Gives him money.*
And do a feat for me.

Pal. What, master Compass?

Com. But run the words of matrimony over
My head and mistress Pleasance's in my chamber;
There's captain Ironside to be a witness,
And here's a license to secure thee.—Parson,
What do you stick at?

Pal. It is afternoon, sir;
Directly against the canon of the church:
You know it, master Compass: and beside,
I am engaged unto your worshipful friend,
The learned master Practice, in that business.

Com. Come on, engage yourself: who shall be able
To say you married us but in the morning,
The most canonical minute of the day,
If you affirm it? That's a spiced excuse,
And shews you have set the canon law before
Any profession else, of love or friendship.

Re-enter PLEASANCE.

Come mistress Pleasance, we cannot prevail
With the rigid parson here; but, sir, I'll keep you

[6] Noble *parson Palate,*
Thou shalt be a mark *advanced; here is a* piece,] Here is a string of puns: the *mark* (13*s.* 4*d.*) added to the *noble* (6*s.* 8*d.*) made up the piece.

Lock'd in my lodging, till't be done elsewhere,
And under fear of Ironside.
Pal. Do you hear, sir?
Com. No, no, it matters not.
Pal. Can you think, sir,
I would deny you any thing, not to loss
Of both my livings? I will do it for you;
Have you a wedding-ring?
Com. Ay, and a posie:
Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterque, dabit.
Pal. Good!
This ring will give you what you both desire.
I'll make the whole house chant it, and the parish.
Com. Why, well said, parson. Now, to you my news,
That comprehend my reasons, mistress Pleasance.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter Mother CHAIR *with a child,* POLISH, KEEP, *and* NEEDLE.

Chair. Go, get a nurse, procure her at what rate
You can; and out of the house with it, son Needle;
It is a bad commodity.
Nee. Good mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.
[*Exit with the child.*
Chair. And shall. You should not fret so, mistress Polish,
Nor you, dame Keep; my daughter shall do well,
When she has ta'en my caudle. I have known
Twenty such breaches pieced up and made whole,

Without a bum of noise. You two fall out,
And tear up one another!
Pol. Blessed woman.
Blest be the peace-maker!
Keep. The pease-dresser![7]
I'll hear no peace from her. I have been wrong'd,
So has my lady, my good lady's worship,
And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.
Pol. Good gentle Keep, I pray thee mistress nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvised;
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the mother of matrons and great persons,
And knows the world.
Keep. I do confess, she knows
Something——and I know something——
Pol. Put your somethings
Together then.
Chair. Ay, here's a chance fallen out
You cannot help; less can this gentlewoman;
I can, and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.
Then by my caudle and my cullice, I set
My daughter on her feet, about the house here;
She's young, and must stir somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will bear it out. She shall pretend
To have had a fit o' the mother; there is all.
If you have but a secretary laundress,
To blanch the linen—Take the former counsels
Into you; keep them safe in your own breasts,
And make your market of them at the highest.
Will you go peach, and cry yourself a fool
At grannam's cross! be laugh'd at and despised!
Betray a purpose, which the deputy
Of a double ward, or scarce his alderman,
With twelve of the wisest questmen could find out,

[7] *The pease-dresser*!] See vol. ii. p. 133.

Employed by the authority of the city!
Come, come, be friends; and keep these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to ourselves, in our own verge:
We shall mar all, if once we ope the mysteries
Of the tiring-house, and tell what's done within.
No theatres are more cheated with appearances,
Or these shop-lights, than the ages, and folk in them,
That seem most curious.
Pol. Breath of an oracle!
You shall be my dear mother; wisest woman
That ever tipp'd her tongue with point of reasons,
To turn her hearers! Mistress Keep, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confess to penance,
And on my knees ask thee forgiveness. [*kneels.*
Chair. Rise,
She doth begin to melt, I see it.
Keep. Nothing
Grieved me so much as when you call'd me bawd:
Witch did not trouble me, nor gipsey; no,
Nor beggar: but a bawd was such a name!
Chair. No more rehearsals; repetitions
Make things the worse: the more we stir—you know
The proverb, and it signifies—a stink.
What's done and dead, let it be buried:
New hours will fit fresh handles to new thoughts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter sir MOTH INTEREST, *and Servant.*

Sir Moth. Run to the church, sirrah; get all the drunkards
To ring the bells, and jangle them for joy
My niece has brought an heir unto the house,
A lusty boy! [*Exit Servant.*] Where is my sister Loadstone?—

Enter lady LOADSTONE.

Asleep at afternoons! it is not wholesome;
Against all rules of physic, lady sister.
The little doctor will not like it. Our niece
Is new deliver'd of a chopping child,
Can call the father by the name already,
If it but ope the mouth round. Master Compass,
He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
Hath done that act of honour to our house,
And friendship, to pump out a son and heir
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
From me, at least.

Enter COMPASS.

I come to invite your ladyship
To be a witness;[8] I will be your partner,
And give it a horn-spoon, and a treen-dish,
Bastard, and beggar's badges, with a blanket
For dame the doxy to march round the circuit,
With bag and baggage.

[8] *To be a* witness;] i. e. a godmother. A puritanical term. Thus in *Bart. Fair:* "He (Rabbi Busy) was *witness* for Win here: they will not be called godfathers."

Com. Thou malicious knight,
Envious sir Moth, that eats on that which feeds thee,
And frets her goodness that sustains thy being!
What company of mankind would own thy brotherhood,
But as thou hast a title to her blood,
Whom thy ill-nature hath chose out t' insult on,
And vex thus, for an accident in her house,
As if it were her crime, good innocent lady!
Thou shew'st thyself a true corroding vermin,
Such as thou art.

Sir Moth. Why, gentle master Compass?
Because I wish you joy of your young son,
And heir to the house, you have sent us?

Com. I have sent you!
I know not what I shall do.—Come in, friends:

Enter IRONSIDE, *sir* DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, PALATE, *and* PLEASANCE.

Madam, I pray you be pleased to trust yourself
Unto our company.

Lady L. I did that too late;
Which brought on this calamity upon me,
With all the infamy I hear; your soldier,
That swaggering guest.

Com. Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend and servant; comes to sup with you,
(So we do all,) and will prove he hath deserv'd
That special respect and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with yourself to boot,
Cast on a feather-bed, and spread on the sheets
Under a brace of your best Persian carpets,
Were scarce a price to thank his happy merit.

Sir Moth. What impudence is this! can you endure
To hear it, sister?
Com. Yes, and you shall hear it,
Who will endure it worse. What deserves he,
In your opinion, madam, or weigh'd judgment,
That, things thus hanging as they do in doubt,
Suspended and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
Redintegrate the fame first of your house,
Restore your ladyship's quiet, render then
Your niece a virgin and unvitiated,
And make all plain and perfect, as it was,
A practice to betray you, and your name?
Sir Moth. He speaks impossibilities.
Com. Here he stands,
Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thank him.
To what you call his swaggering, we owe all this:
And that it may have credit with you, madam,
Here is your niece, whom I have married, witness
These gentlemen, the knight, captain, and parson,
And this grave politic tell-troth of the court.
Lady L. What's she that I call niece then?
Com. Polish's daughter:
Her mother, goody Polish, has confess'd it
To grannam Keep, the nurse, how they did change
The children in their cradles.
Lady L. To what purpose?
Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse entire to me, sir,
If I but gain her ladyship's consent.
Lady L. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.
Com. *As true it is, lady, lady,* in the song.[9]

[9] Lady, lady, *in the song.*] This song, which is noticed in many of our old plays, may be found in Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 204.

The portion's mine, with interest, sir Moth;
I will not bate you a single Harrington,
Of interest upon interest: In mean time,
I do commit you to the guard of Ironside,
My brother here, captain Rudhudibrass;
From whom I will expect you, or your ransom.

Sir Moth. Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I believe it.

Com For the possibility,
I leave to trial.

Enter PRACTICE.

Truth shall speak itself.
O, master Practice, did you meet the coach?

Prac. Yes, sir, but empty.

Com. Why, I sent it for you.
The business is dispatch'd here ere you come:
Come in, I'll tell you how; you are a man
Will look for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So we do all, and long to hear the right.
[*Exeunt.*

Dam. *Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost puckered, and pulled into that knot by your poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.*

Boy. *Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies itself, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.*

Pro. *He hath said sufficient, brother Damplay: our parts that are the spectators, or should hear a comedy, are to wait the process and events of things, as the poet presents them, not as we would corruptly*

fashion them. We come here to behold plays, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our own thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the poet's clay, as we were to mould every scene anew: that were a mere plastic or potter's ambition, most unbecoming the name of a gentleman. No, let us mark, and not lose the business on foot, by talking. Follow the right thread, or find it.

Dam. *Why, here his play might have ended, if he would have let it; and have spared us the vexation of a fifth act yet to come, which every one here knows the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.*

Boy. *That conjecture is a kind of figure-flinging, or throwing the dice, for a meaning was never in the poet's purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last act, his catastrophe, how he will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertain the spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected and new encounter break out to rectify all, and make good the conclusion.*

Pro. *Which, ending here, would have shown dull, flat, and unpointed; without any shape or sharpness, brother Damplay.*

Dam. *Well, let us expect then: and wit be with us, on the poet's part!*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in lady Loadstone's *House.*

Enter NEEDLE *and* ITEM.

Nee. Troth, master Item, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your doctor's ingine.
He has cast out such aspersions on my lady's
Niece here, of having had a child; as hardly
Will be wiped off, I doubt.
Item. Why, is't not true?
Nee True! did you think it?
Item. Was she not in labour,
The midwife sent for?
Nee. There's your error now!
You have drunk of the same water.
Item. I believed it,
And gave it out too.
Nee. More you wrong'd the party;
She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!
Item. What had she then?
Nee. Only a fit of the mother:
They burnt old shoes, goose-feathers, assafœtida,
A few horn-shavings, with a bone or two,
And she is well again, about the house.
Item. Is't possible?
Nee. See it, and then report it.
Item. Our doctor's urinal judgment is half-crack'd then.

Nee. Crack'd in the case most hugely with my lady,
And sad sir Moth, her brother; who is now
Under a cloud a little.
Item. Of what? disgrace?
Nee. He is committed to Rudhudibrass,
The captain Ironside, upon displeasure,
From master Compass; but it will blow off.
Item. The doctor shall reverse this instantly,
And set all right again; if you'll assist
But in a toy, squire Needle, comes in my noddle now.
Nee. Good! Needle and noddle! what may't be? I long for't.
Item. Why, but to go to bed, feign a distemper
Of walking in your sleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on it
The doctor may have ground to raise a cure
For his reputation.
Nee. Any thing, to serve
The worship of the man I love and honour.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter POLISH *and* PLEASANCE.

Pol. O! give you joy, mademoiselle Compass,
You are his whirlpool now: all-to-be-married,
Against your mother's leave, and without counsel!
He has fish'd fair, and caught a frog, I fear it.
What fortune have you to bring him in dower?
You can tell stories now; you know a world
Of secrets to discover.

Plea. I know nothing
But what is told me, nor can I discover
Any thing.
Pol. No, you shall not, I'll take order.
Go, get you in there: [*Exit Pleasance.*] It is Ember-week,
I'll keep you fasting from his flesh awhile.

Enter CHAIR *and* KEEP *with* PLACENTIA.

Chair. See who is here! she has been with my lady,
Who kist her, all-to-be-kist her, twice or thrice.
Keep. And call'd her niece again, and view'd her linen.
Pol. You have done a miracle, mother Chair.
Chair. Not I,
My caudle has done it: thank my caudle heartily.
Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest mother;
You shall have a new, brave, four-pound beaver-hat,
Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here;
And a right pair of crystal spectacles,
Crystal o' the rock, thou mighty mother of dames!
Hung in an ivory case, at a gold belt;
And silver bells to gingle, as you pace
Before your fifty daughters in procession
To church, or from the church.
Chair. Thanks, mistress Polish.
Keep. She does deserve as many pensions
As there be pieces in a——maiden-head,
Were I a prince to give them.
Pol. Come, sweet charge,
You shall present yourself about the house;
Be confident, and bear up; you shall be seen.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter COMPASS, IRONSIDE, *and* PRACTICE.

Com. What! I can make you amends, my learned counsel,
And satisfy a greater injury
To chafed master Practice. Who would think
That you could be thus testy?
Iron. A grave head,
Given over to the study of our laws.
Com. And the prime honours of the commonwealth.
Iron. And you to mind a wife!
Com. What should you do
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you in your course?
Iron. He shall not think on't.
Com. I will make over to you my possession
Of that same place is fall'n, you know, to satisfy;
Surveyor of the projects general.
Iron. And that's an office you know how to stir in.
Com. And make your profits of.
Iron. Which are indeed
The ends of a gown'd man: shew your activity,
And how you are built for business.
Prac. I accept it
As a possession, be it but a reversion.
Com. You first told me 'twas a possession.
Prac. Ay,
I told you that I heard so.

Iron. All is one,
He'll make a reversion a possession quickly.
Com. But I must have a general release from you.
Prac. Do one, I'll do the other.
Com. It 's a match,
Before my brother Ironside.
Prac. 'Tis done.
Com. We two are RECONCILED then.
Iron. To a lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any half title
Is better than a wife.
Com. And will save charges
Of coaches, vellute gowns, and cut-work smocks.
Iron. He is to occupy an office wholly.
Com. True; I must talk with you nearer, master Practice,
About recovery of my wife's portion,
What way I were best to take.
Prac. The plainest way.
Com. What's that, for plainness?
Prac. Sue him at common law:
Arrest him on an action of choke-bail,
Five hundred thousand pound; it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage?
Com. Yes.
We'll talk of it within, and hear my lady.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter sir MOTH INTEREST, *and lady* LOADSTONE.

Sir Moth. I am sure the vogue of the house went all that way;
She was with child, and master Compass got it.
Lady L. Why, that, you see, is manifestly false;
He has married the other, our true niece, he says,
He would not woo them both: he is not such
A stallion, to leap all. Again, no child
Appears, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my family. A fit of the mother,
The women say she had, which the midwife cured,
With burning bones and feathers.

Enter RUT.

Here's the doctor.
Sir Moth. O, noble doctor, did not you and your Item
Tell me our niece was in labour?
Rut. If I did,
What follows?
Sir Moth. And that mother Midnight
Was sent for?
Rut. So she was, and is in the house still.
Sir Moth. But here has a noise been since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and master Compass's getting.
Rut. I know no rattle of gossips, nor their noises:

I hope you take not me for a pimp-errant,
To deal in smock affairs. Where is the patient,
The infirm man I was sent for, squire Needle?
Lady L. Is Needle sick?
Rut. My pothecary tells me
He is in danger—

Enter ITEM.

How is it, Tim? where is he?
Item. I cannot hold him down. He is up and walks,
And talks in his perfect sleep, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly as he were broad awake.
See, here he comes; he's fast asleep, observe him.

Enter NEEDLE, *followed by* POLISH, CHAIR, KEEP, *and* PLACENTIA.

Rut. He'll tell us wonders. What do these women here,
Hunting a man half naked? you are fine beagles,
You'd have his doucets!
Nee. I have linen breeks on.
Rut. He hears, but he sees nothing.
Nee. Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder.
Sir Moth. Ha! what treasure?
Rut. If you ask questions, he wakes presently,
And then you'll hear no more till his next fit.
Nee. And whom she hides it for.
Rut. Do you mark sir? list.
Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian magpye.
She was an alderman's widow, and fell in love
With our sir Moth, my lady's brother.
Rut. Hear you?
Nee. And she has hid an alderman's estate,

Dropt through her bill, in little holes, in the garden,
And scrapes earth over them; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the glow-worm's light,
That creeps before.

[*Exeunt Needle, Chair, Keep, and Placentia.*

Pol. I knew the gentlewoman,
Alderman Parrot's widow, a fine speaker,
As any was in the clothing, or the bevy;
She did become her scarlet and black velvet,
Her green and purple——

Rut. Save thy colours, rainbow!
Or she will run thee o'er, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in Do-little-lane, a top o' the hill there,
In the round cage was after sir Chime Squirrel's:
She would eat nought but almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou hadst a dose of pills, a double dose,
Of the best purge, to make thee turn tail t'other way!

Pol. You are a foul-mouth'd, purging, absurd doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You have spread a scandal in my lady's house here,
On her sweet niece, you never can take off
With all your purges, or your plaister of oaths;
Though you distil your damn-me, drop by drop,
In your defence. That she hath had a child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defy thee,
Or I do't for her!

Rut. Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour: tie your gossip up,
Or send her unto Bethlem.

Pol. Go thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of doctors!
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charm,

Restored to her strength so soon? who is the father,
Or where the infant? ask your oracle,
That walks and talks in his sleep.
Rut. Where is he gone?
You have lost a fortune, listening to her tabor.
[*Aside to sir Moth.*
Good madam, lock her up.
Lady L. You must give losers
Their leave to speak, good doctor.
Rut. Follow his footing
Before he get to his bed; this rest is lost else.
[*Exeunt Rut and sir Moth.*

Enter COMPASS, PRACTICE, *and* IRONSIDE.

Com. Where is my wife? what have you done with my wife,
Gossip of the counsels?
Pol. I, sweet master Compass!
I honour you and your wife.
Com. Well, do so still;
I will not call you mother though, but Polish.
Good gossip Polish, where have you hid my wife?
Pol. I hide your wife!
Com. Or she is run away.
Lady L. That would make all suspected, sir, afresh:
Come, we will find her if she be in the house.
Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good master Compass?
Com. I know no cause, but that you are goody Polish,
That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
That can perplex or trouble a business thoroughly.
Pol. You may say what you will; you are master Compass,
And carry a large sweep, sir, in your circle.

Lady L. I'll sweep all corners, gossip, to spring this,
If 't be above ground. I will have her cried
By the common-crier, thorough all the ward,
But I will find her.
Iron. It will be an act
Worthy your justice, madam.
Prac. And become
The integrity and worship of her name. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter RUT *and sir* MOTH INTEREST.

Rut. 'Tis such a fly, this gossip, with her buz,
She blows on every thing, in every place!
Sir Moth. A busy woman is a fearful grievance!
Will he not sleep again?
Rut. Yes, instantly,
As soon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes
That are melancholic, to work at first,
Slow and insensibly in their ascent;
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upon the brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sons
Of physic, call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art, as we were sewing pillows
Under the patient's elbows; else they'd fly
Into a phrensy, run into the woods,
Where there are noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes and furzes, over bridges

Fall into waters, scratch their flesh, sometimes
Drop down a precipice, and there be lost.

Enter ITEM.

How now! what does he?
Item. He is up again,
And 'gins to talk.
Sir Moth. Of the former matter, Item?
Item. The treasure and the lady, that's his argument.
Sir M. O me, [most] happy man! he cannot off it:
I shall know all then.
Rut. With what appetite
Our own desires delude us! [*Aside.*]—Hear you, Tim,
Let no man interrupt us.
Item. Sir Diaphanous
And master Bias, his court-friends, desire
To kiss his niece's hands, and gratulate
The firm recovery of her good fame
And honour.
Sir Moth. Good! Say to them, master Item,
My niece is on my lady's side; they'll find her there.
I pray to be but spared for half an hour:
I'll see them presently.
Rut. Do, put them off, Tim,
And tell them the importance of the business.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.

Enter NEEDLE, *talking as in his sleep.*

Nee. How do you, lady-bird? so hard at work, still!

What's that you say? do you bid me walk, sweet bird,
And tell our knight? I will. How! *walk, knave, walk!*[1]
I think you're angry with me, Pol. Fine Pol!
Pol is a fine bird! O fine lady Pol!
Almond for Parrot. Parrot's a brave bird.
Three hundred thousand pieces have you stuck
Edge-long into the ground, within the garden?
O bounteous bird!
Sir Moth. And me most happy creature!
Rut. Smother your joy.
Nee. How! and dropp'd twice so many——
Sir Moth. Ha! where?
Rut. Contain yourself.
Nee. In the old well?
Sir Moth. I cannot, I am a man of flesh and blood:
Who can contain himself, to hear the ghost
Of a dead lady do such works as these,
And a city lady too of the strait waist?
Nee. I will go try the truth of it. [*Exit.*
Rut. He's gone.
Follow him, Tim; see what he does. [*Exit Item.*]
If he bring you
A say of it now!—

[1] *How!* walk, knave, *walk!* &c.]

"Could tell what subtlest parrots mean;
What member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry *Rope!* and *Walk, knave, walk!*"

Butler appears to be very familiar with Jonson's works, to which he has numerous obligations: but Jonson himself is indebted here to *maister Skelton*, from whom most of this jargon is taken:

"Parrot must have an almon," &c. *Speak Parrot.*

Sir Moth. I'll say he's a rare fellow,
And has a rare disease.
Rut. And I will work
As rare a cure upon him.
Sir Moth. How, good doctor?
Rut. When he hath utter'd all that you would know of him,
I'll cleanse him with a pill as small as a pease,
And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,
Between the muscles of the tongue.

Re-enter ITEM.

Sir Moth. He's come.
Rut. What did he, Item?
Item. The first step he stept
Into the garden, he pull'd these five pieces
Up, in a finger's breadth one of another:
The dirt sticks on them still.
Sir Moth. I know enough.
Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,
Famous among the sons of the physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.
Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;
And thy Tim Item here, have one of silver;
A livery beard! and all thy pothecaries
Belong to thee.—Where is squire Needle? gone?
Item. He is prick'd away, now he has done the work.
Rut. Prepare his pill, and give it him afore supper. [*Exit Item.*
Sir Moth. I'll send for a dozen of labourers to-morrow,
To turn the surface of the garden up.
Rut. In mold; bruise every clod.

Sir Moth. And have all sifted,
For I'll not lose a piece of the bird's bounty;
And take an inventory of all.
Rut. And then,
I would go down into the well——
Sir Moth. Myself;
No trusting other hands: six hundred thousand,
To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—
Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole bench of aldermanity,
Stript to their shirts.
Sir Moth. There never did accrue
So great a gift to man, and from a lady
I never saw but once; now I remember,
We met at Merchant-tailors-hall, at dinner,
In Threadneedle-street.
Rut. Which was a sign squire Needle
Should have the threading of this thread.
Sir Moth. 'Tis true;
I shall love parrots better while I know him.
Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it painted in most orient colours.
Rut. That's right! all city statues must be painted,
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.[a]

[a] ——*All city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgments.] This was probably designed to ridicule the taste, which at that time prevailed with the connoisseurs in the fine arts, who directed the elegance and judgment of the city. Gaudy and profuse ornaments are objects of admiration, with those who have no relish for the decent simplicity of nature. WHAL.

This practice sir Henry Wotton calls an *English barbarism.* If sir Henry were only known by this expression, no great injustice would be done by concluding that he had read to

Enter BIAS.

Sir Moth. My truest friend in court, dear master Bias!
You hear of the recovery of our niece
In fame and credit?
Bias. Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the author of the foul aspersion
Here in your company, this insolent doctor.
Sir Moth. You do mistake him; he is clear got off on't:
A gossip's jealousy first gave the hint.
He drives another way now as I would have him;
He's a rare man, the doctor, in his way.
He has done the noblest cure here in the house,
On a poor squire, my sister's tailor, Needle,
That talk'd in's sleep; would walk to St. John's wood,
And Waltham forest, scape by all the ponds
And pits in the way; run over two-inch bridges,
With his eyes fast, and in the dead of night!—
I'll have you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my dear, dear, dearest friend in court,
Wise, powerful master Bias; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.
Rut. This is the gentleman you brought to-day,
A suitor to your niece.
Sir Moth. Yes.
Rut. You were
Agreed, I heard; the writings drawn between you.
Sir Moth. And seal'd.
Rut. What broke you off?

as little purpose as he had travelled. The custom of painting and gilding statues (however *barbarous* it may be) is of all ages and countries.

Sir Moth. This rumour of her:
Was it not, master Bias?
Bias. Which I find
Now false, and therefore come to make amends
In the first place. I stand to the old conditions.
Rut. Faith, give them him, sir Moth, whate'er they were.
You have a brave occasion now to cross
The flanting master Compass, who pretends
Right to the portion, by the other intail.
Sir Moth. And claims it. You do hear he's married?
Bias. We hear his wife is run away from him,
Within: she is not to be found in the house,
With all the hue and cry is made for her
Through every room; the larders have been search'd,
The bake-houses and boulting tub, the ovens,
Wash-house and brew-house, nay the very furnace,
And yet she is not heard of.
Sir Moth. Be she ne'er heard of,
The safety of Great Britain lies not on't.
You are content with the ten thousand pound,
Defalking the four hundred garnish-money?
That's the condition here, afore the doctor,
And your demand, friend Bias?
Bias. It is, sir Moth.

Enter PALATE.

Rut. Here comes the parson then, shall make all sure.
Sir Moth. Go you with my friend Bias, parson Palate,
Unto my niece; assure them we are agreed.
Pal. And mistress Compass too is found within.

Sir Moth. Where was she hid?
Pal. In an old bottle-house,
Where they scraped trenchers; there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine feat is done, and his Rud-Ironside.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter COMPASS, *lady* LOADSTONE, PRACTICE, POLISH, CHAIR, *and* KEEP.

Com. Was ever any gentlewoman used
So barbarously by a malicious gossip,
Pretending to be mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! sir, I am her mother, and challenge
A right, and power for what I have done.
Com. Out, hag!
Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman,
For sordid gain, betray'd the trust committed
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Changed the poor innocent infants in their cradles;
Defrauded them of their parents, changed their names,
Calling Placentia, Pleasance; Pleasance, Placentia.
Pol. How knows he this? [*Aside.*
Com. Abused the neighbourhood;
But most this lady: didst enforce an oath
To this poor woman, on a pious book,
To keep close thy impiety.

Pol. Have you told this? [*Aside to the Nurse.*
Keep. I told it! no, he knows it, and much more,
As he's a cunning man.
Pol. A cunning fool,
If that be all.
Com. But now to your true daughter,
That had the child, and is the proper Pleasance,
We must have an account of that too, gossip.
Pol. This is like all the rest of master Compass.

Enter RUT *running.*

Rut. Help, help, for charity! sir Moth Interest
Is fallen into the well.
Lady L. Where, where?
Rut. In the garden.
A rope to save his life!
Com. How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune
There newly dropt him, and the old chain broke,
And down fell he in the bucket.
Com. Is it deep?
Rut. We cannot tell. A rope, help with a rope!

Enter sir DIAPHANOUS SILKWORM, IRONSIDE, ITEM, *and* NEEDLE, *leading in sir* MOTH INTEREST.

Sir Dia. He is got out again. The knight is saved.
Iron. A little soused in the water; Needle saved him.
Item. The water saved him, 'twas a fair escape.
Nee. Have you no hurt?
Sir Moth. A little wet.
Nee. That's nothing.

Rut. I wish'd you stay, sir, till to-morrow;
and told you
It was no lucky hour: since six o' clock
All stars were retrograde.
Lady L. In the name
Of fate, or folly, how came you in the bucket?
Sir Moth. That is a *quære* of another time, sister;
The doctor will resolve you——who hath done
The admirablest cure upon your Needle!
Give me thy hand, good Needle; thou cam'st timely.
Take off my hood and coat; and let me shake
Myself a little. I have a world of business.
Where is my nephew Bias? and his wife?

Enter BIAS *and* PLACENTIA.

Who bids God give them joy? here they both stand,
As sure affianced as the parson, or words,
Can tie them.
Rut. We all wish them joy and happiness.
Sir Dia. I saw the contract, and can witness it.
Sir M. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to-morrow.
You look't for't, Compass, or a greater sum,
But 'tis disposed of, this, another way:
I have but one niece, verily, [master] Compass.

Enter a Serjeant.

Com. I'll find another.—Varlet, do your office.
Serj. I do arrest your body, sir Moth Interest,
In the king's name; at suit of master Compass,

And dame Placentia his wife. The action's enter'd,
Five hundred thousand pound.
Sir Moth. Hear you this, sister?
And hath your house the ears to hear it too,
And to resound the affront?
Lady L. I cannot stop
The laws, or hinder justice: I can be
Your bail, if it may be taken.
Com. With the captain's,
I ask no better.
Rut. Here are better men,
Will give their bail.
Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipful doctor; you are good security
For a suit of clothes to the tailor that dares trust you:
But not for such a sum as is this action.—
Varlet, you know my mind.
Serj. You must to prison, sir,
Unless you can find bail the creditor likes.
Sir Moth. I would fain find it, if you'd shew me where.
Sir Dia. It is a terrible action; more indeed
Than many a man is worth; and is call'd Fright-bail.
Iron. Faith, I will bail him at mine own apperil.[8]
Varlet, be gone: I'll once have the reputation,
To be security for such a sum.
Bear up, sir Moth.

[8] *Faith, I will bail him at mine own* apperil.] This is the second example in Jonson of a word which had *no existence* in the English language, and was therefore taken away from the genuine text of our great poet! See vol. v. p. 137. Both Steevens and Malone make frequent mention of the *Case is altered*. There, too, the word occurs; though they could never find any thing in that comedy but a *sneer* at Shakspeare.

Rut. He is not worth the buckles
About his belt, and yet this Ironside clashes!
Sir Moth. Peace, lest he hear you, doctor; we'll make use of him.
What doth your brother Compass, captain Ironside,
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?
Iron. Your niece's portion; in the right of his wife.
Sir Moth. I have assured one portion to one niece,
And have no more to account for, that I know of:
What I may do in charity——if my sister
Will bid an offering for her maid and him,
As a benevolence to them, after supper,
I'll spit into the bason, and entreat
My friends to do the like.
Com. Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou viper! I will now no mercy,
No pity of thee, thy false niece, and Needle;

Enter PLEASANCE.

Bring forth your child, or I appeal you of murder,
You, and this gossip here, and mother Chair.
Chair. The gentleman's fallen mad!
Plea. No, mistress midwife.
I saw the child, and you did give it me,
And put it in my arms; by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cried.
Prac. The law is plain; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, he may indict
All that conceal it, of felony and murder.
Com. And I will take the boldness, sir, to do it:
Beginning with sir Moth here, and his doctor.
Sir Dia. Good faith this same is like to turn a business.

Pal. And a shrewd business, marry; they all start at it.

Com. I have the right thread now, and I will keep it.

You, goody Keep, confess the truth to my lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my glories.
I plotted the deceit, and I will own it.
Love to my child, and lucre of the portion
Provoked me; wherein, though the event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my daughter, [*Points to Placentia.*] and she hath had a child
This day, unto her shame, I now profess it,
By this mere false stick, squire Needle; but
Since this wise knight hath thought it good to change
The foolish father of it, by assuring
Her to his dear friend, master Bias; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free promise of ten thousand pound,
Afore so many witnesses——

Sir Dia. Whereof I
Am one.

Pal. And I another.

Pol. I should be unnatural
To my own flesh and blood, would I not thank him.—
I thank you, sir; and I have reason for it.[9]

[9] How little Jonson is known to the dramatic critics may be collected from the silence which they all observe respecting the character of Mrs. Polish, the most perfect representation of a gossipping "toad-eater" that the English stage can boast. Supple, voluble, and abounding in anecdote, she wins her way to confidence, betrays her trust, insults the agents of her guilt in the madness of security, and when discovered, in spite of the

For here your true niece stands, fine miisress Compass,
(I'll tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me,)
To whom you are by bond engaged to pay
The sixteen thousand pound, which is her portion,
Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.
I speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.
Iron. You'll pay it now, sir Moth, with interest:
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.
Sir Moth. Into what nets of cozenage am I cast
On every side! each thread is grown a noose,
A very mesh: I have run myself into
A double brake, of paying twice the money.
Bias. You shall be released of paying me a penny,
With these conditions.
Pol. Will you leave her then?
Bias. Yes, and the sum twice told, ere take a wife,
To pick out monsieur Needle's basting-threads.
Com. Gossip, you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?
Sir Moth. What will you bate?
Com. No penny the law gives.
Sir Moth. Yes, Bias's money.
Com. What, your friend in court!

readiness of her subterfuges, assumes the most frontless hardihood, and without a touch of penitence for her crime, gaily proceeds to anticipate the reward of her treachery. Such characters are not common; but they may be found: and to point them out is not the least useful province of the dramatic poet.

I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your dear doctor here; stand all together,
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.
Lady L. Well, we are all now reconciled to truth.
There rests yet a gratuity from me,
To be conferr'd upon this gentleman;
Who, as my nephew Compass says, was cause
First of the offence, but since of all the amends.
The quarrel caused the affright, that fright brought on
The travail, which made peace; the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In RECONCILEMENT.
Com. When the portion
Is tender'd, and received.
Sir Moth. Well, you must have it;
As good at first as last.
Lady L. 'Tis well said, brother.
And I, if this good captain will accept me,
Give him myself, endow him with my estate,
And make him lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath saved my honour, though by chance,
I'll really study his, and how to thank him.
Iron. And I embrace you, lady, and your goodness,
And vow to quit all thought of war hereafter;
Save what is fought under your colours, madam.
Pal. More work then for the parson; I shall cap
The Loadstone with an Ironside, I see.
Iron. And take in these, the forlorn couple, with us,
Needle and his Thread, whose portion I will think on;
As being a business waiting on my bounty:

Thus I do take possession of you, madam,
My true MAGNETIC mistress, and my LADY.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS changed into an EPILOGUE to the KING.

Well, gentlemen, I now must, under seal,
And the author's charge, wave you, and make my appeal
To the supremest power, my lord the king;
Who best can judge of what we humbly bring:
He knows our weakness, and the poet's faults;
Where he doth stand upright, go firm, or halts;
And he will doom him. To which voice he stands,
And prefers that, 'fore all the people's hands.

[1] *My true Magnetic mistress, and my lady.*] We have observed before, that our author seldom produced a play, but it created him enemies: whether it was really, as his antagonists gave out, that his satire was levelled at the foibles of some particular person, or whether it proceeded from that envy, which the other play-wrights of those days conceived against one so much their superior in genius and critical abilities. Langbaine has preserved part of a satire wrote against this play, by Alexander Gill, with Jonson's answer. *Gill* was usher to his father in St. Paul's school; he was not void of learning, but of no great regularity in his manners, or his way of living. What was the occasion of their difference does not appear, but our poet treats him roughly enough in his reply. WHAL.

Whalley knew no more of this satire than the few lines which he found in Langbaine. The Keeper of the Bodleian Library, the Rev. Mr. Bandinell, has with a ready kindness which calls for my warmest acknowledgments, furnished me with a complete copy of it, from the Ashmole MSS. It seems to have been hastily taken down by Ashmole or his amanuensis, and in one place there is, apparently, an omission of a line or more. It might perhaps be rendered somewhat more intelligible by a few obvious corrections, but I have preferred presenting it to the reader just as it stands in the only copy now perhaps in existence.

Whalley says that "the origin of their difference does not appear." It had no other origin than the petulant malignity o

Gill; for Jonson had given him no offence whatever; nor indeed does Gill even hint at his having received the slightest provocation from him. His exultation over the bed-ridden poet is that of a "fiend in glee," such, in fact, as might be expected from a character like Gill; splenetic, turbulent, and ferocious.

UPPON BEN JOHNSON'S MAGNETICK LADYE.

Parturient Montes Nascetur.

Is this your loade-stone Ben that must attract
Applause and laughter att each Scæne and Acte
Is this the Childe of your bedridden witt
An none but the Blacke-friers foster ytt
If to the Fortune you had sent your Ladye
Mongest Prentizes, and Apell wyfes, ytt may bee
Your Rosie Foole, might have some sporte haue gott
W^th^ his strang-habitt, and indiffinett nott
But when as silkes and plush, and all the witt
Are calde to see, and censure, as be fitte
And yff your follye take not, they perchance
Must here them selfes stilde Gentle Ignorance
Foh how ytt stinckes; what generall offence
Gives thy prophanes; and grosse impudence

---

v. 8. ——————— *and indiffinett nott*] The allusion is probably to the dress of captain Ironside, though it is not always easy to decypher the writer's meaning. It seems scarcely possible that this barbarous orthography should have proceeded from a scholar like Gill; and yet he is twitted with similar faults in a short poem addressed to him about this time, and called "Gill's Ass uncased."

"Sir, did you this Epistle send,
Which is so vile and lewdly penn'd?
In which no line I can espy
Of sense, or *true orthography*," &c.

v. 13. ——————— *what generall offence*
Gives thy prophanes; and grosse impudence] If Gill alludes to the oaths in this play, as it was acted on the first night, they were the players' not the poet's—who was not present at the representation, and whose justification, under the hand of the master of the revels, is still extant. In the *Magnetic Lady*, as given by Jonson, there is neither profaneness nor impudence.

O how thy frind, Nat Butter gan to melte
And Inigo wth laugheter ther grewe fatt
That thear was nothing worth the laughing att
And yett thou crazye art confidente
Belchinge out full mouthd oathes wth foulle intent
Calling vs fooles and rogues vnlettered men
Poore narrow soules that cannott judge of Ben:
Yet wch is worss after three shamfull foyles
The Printers must be put to further toyles
Whereas indeed to (vindicate thy fame)
Th' hadst better give thy Pamphelett to the flame
O what a strange prodigious yeare twill bee
Yff this thy playe come forth in thirtye three
Lett Doomesday rather come on Newyeares eve
And yff thy paper plague the worlde bereaue
W^ch Plauge I feare worse than a serjeants bitt
Worse then the Infection or an Ague fitt
Worse then Astronomers deuynning lipps
Worse then three sunns, a Comett or Eclipps
Or yff thy learned brother Allestree
(Whose Homer unto the for Poetrye),
Should tell of raigne vppon Saint Swithins day
And that should wash our haruest clean a way
As for the Press; yf thy Playe must come toote
Lett Thomas Pursfoot or John Trundell dootte

But Gill was a bad poet and a worse man; and calumny and falsehood were the elements in which he loved to move.

After this line, something appears to be lost. The triumph of Nathaniel Butter and Inigo Jones at Jonson's ill success, shews, at least, that the feelings of enmity were not, in all cases, confined to the unfortunate poet.

v. 26. *O what a strange prodigious yeare twill bee*
Yff this thy playe come forth in thirtye three] This ribaldry might have been spared. Jonson entertained no design of printing the *Magnetic Lady*, nor was it given to the press till 1640, (three years after his death,) a year that must have appeared somewhat "prodigious" to Gill for a much nearer cause than the production of a harmless play, for it witnessed the merited dismissal of the wretched scribbler himself from the mastership of St. Paul's school, to which he had been advanced in 1635, and which he had disgraced for five years by his cruelties and his crimes.

v. 35. —— *thy learned brother Allestree.*] For this person, who is declared "to be a Homer to Jonson, see p. 81. The allusion is to the miserable doggrel which accompanied his almanacs, and

In such dull charrecters as for releiffs
Of fires and wrackes wee find in beggine breefes
But in capp paper lett ytt printed bee
Indeed browne paper is too good for thee
And lett ytt bee soe apocriphall
As nott to dare to venture on a stall
Exceppt ytt bee of Druggers Grocers Cookes
Victuallers Tobackoe men and such like Rookes
From Buckers Burye lett ytt not be barde
Bnt thincke nott of Ducke lane or Paules Churchyarde
Butt to aduyse the Ben, in this strickt age
A brickehills better for the then a stage
Thou better knowes a groundsell how to laye
Then lay the plott or groundeworke of a playe
And better canst derecte to capp a chimney
Then to conuerse with Clio or Polihimny
Fall then to worke in thy old age agen
Take vpp your trugg and trowell gentle Ben
Lett playes alone and yff thou needs wilte wright
And thrust thy feeble Muse into the light
Lett Lownie cease, and Taylore feare to touch
The loathed stage; for thou hast made ytt such.

ALEXANDER GILL.

Gill's scurrility was not allowed to pass with impunity. Many answers were made to it. The following by Zouch Townley is preserved among the Ashmole papers.

Mr. ZOUCH TOWNLYE to Mr. BEN JOHNSON,

against Mr. ALEXANDER GILL'S *verses written against the play called the* Magnetick Ladye.

It cannot moue thy friend, firm Ben, that he,*
Whom the star-chamber censur'd, rayles at thee,

---

which is yet retailed by his "Homeric" successors, Moore, Wing, &c.

v. 56. *Fall then to worke in thy old age agen*] When this friendly counsel was given, Jonson had been confined to his room many years, by a complication of disorders, and was obliged to have recourse to the pen, in his short intervals of ease, for a subsistence. The advice, however, was not unworthy of the giver.

* ——— *that he*
Whom the star-chamber censured, &c.] Something of this

I gratulate the method of thy fate
That joyn'd thee next in malice to the state:
Thus Nero, after parricidall guilt,
Brooks noe delayes till Lucan's blood bee spilt;
Nor could his mischife finde a second crime,
Unles hee slew the poet of the time.
But, thanks to Helicon, here are no blows,
This drone no more of stinge then honye shows:
His verses shall be counted censures, when
Cast malefactors are made jurie-men.
Meane while rejoyce, that soe disgrac'd a quill
'Tempted to wound that worth, time cannot kill.

---

appears among Aubrey's papers. "Sir William Davenant (poet laureat) told me that notwithstanding this doctor's great reason he was guiltie of the detestable crime of treachery. Dr. Gill, F (ilius) Dris Gill, schoolmaster of Paul's School, and Chillingworth, held weekly intelligence one with another for some yeares, wherein they used to nibble at state matters. Dr. Gill, in one of his letters, calls King James and his sonne the old foole and the young one, which letter Chillingworth communicated to W. Laud, A. B. Cant. The poore young Dr. Gille was seized, and a terrible storme pointed towards him, which by the eloquent intercession and advocation of Edward, Earl of Dorset, together with the teares of the poore old doctor, his father, and supplication on his knees to his majesty, were blowne over." Vol. II. p. 285.

The same circumstance is also mentioned in Gill's Ass uncased,

"But now remains the vilest thing,
Thy ale-house barking 'gainst the king,
And all his brave and noble peers,
For which thou venturedst for thy ears:
And if thou hadst thy right
Cut off they had been quite,
And thou hadst been a rogue in sight," &c.

From the same poem it appears that Gill had given great offence at Trinity College by his indecent performance of the Chapel service, while he was reading clerk, for which he was tost in a blanket.—His conduct as a minister was not more correct.

"For since that thou a preacher were
Thou vented hast such rascal gear,
That even the freshmen all cry'd fie!
To hear such pulpit ribaudrie," &c.

—And thou, who dar'st to blast fame fully blown,
Lye buried in the ruines of thine own.
Vex not thine ashes, open not the deep,
The ghost of thy slain name would rather sleep.
ZOUCH TOWNLYE.

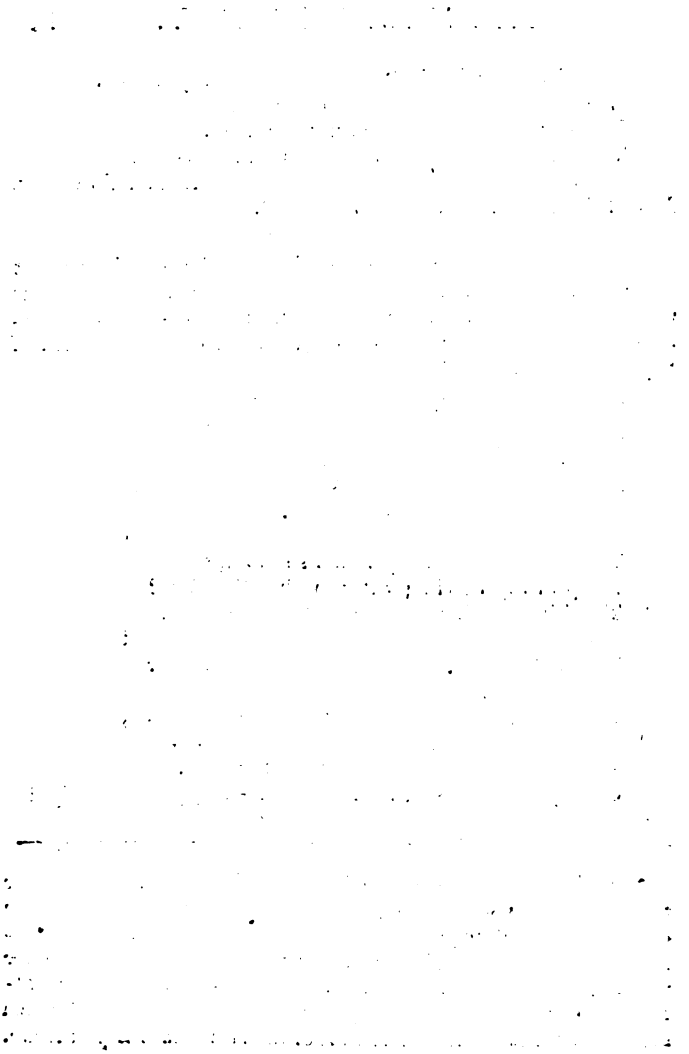
MS. Ashmole, Numb. 38 (6907) fol. 59.

But Jonson wanted no assistance. Feeble as he was, he was yet more than competent to the chastisement of such a character as Gill; and in the following brief retort, as full of scorn as bitterness, put him to silence if not to shame. No more is heard of "young master Gill."

Shall the prosperity of a pardon still
Secure thy railing rhimes, infamous Gill,
At libelling? Shall no Star-chamber peers,
Pillory, nor whip, [nor cart] nor want of ears,
All which thou hast incurr'd deservedly,
Nor degradation from the ministry,
To be the Denis of thy father's school,*
Keep in thy bawling wit, thou bawling fool?
Thinking to stir me, thou hast lost thy end,
I'll laugh at thee, poor wretched tike: go send
Thy blatant muse abroad, and teach it rather
A tune to drown the ballads of thy father:
For thou hast nought in thee, to cure his fame,
But tune and noise, the echo of his shame.
A rogue by statute, censur'd to be whipt,
Cropt, branded, slit, neck-stockt:—Go, you are stript!

---

* *To be the Denis of thy fathers school.*] Gill had been usher to his father as well as to the learned Farnaby, from whom he certainly did not acquire his spleen against Jonson. The "ballads of Gill the father," I never met with, nor indeed any other work of his but the *Logonomie*, a conceited and barbarous attempt to "rectify the writing of the English language," which seems to have fallen into the hands of the late James Elphinstone.



A

TALE OF A TUB.

A TALE OF A TUB.] This comedy was licensed by sir Henry Herbert for the Black Friars, May 7th, 1633, and was the last piece which Jonson brought on the stage. It was not printed till 1640, three years after his death, when it appeared in the second folio. Of its fate on the stage, there is no account; but it was coldly received at court, where it was played before the King and Queen, January 14th, 1634. Jonson probably expected little from it, for he speaks of it with sufficient humility, both in the prologue and the motto :—the latter is taken from Catullus.

——— *Inficeto est inficetior rure.*

PROLOGUE.

No state-affairs, nor any politic club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
But acts of clowns and constables, to-day
Stuff out the scenes of our ridiculous play.
A cooper's wit, or some such busy spark,
Illumining the high constable, and his clerk,
And all the neighbourhood, from old records,
Of antique proverbs, drawn from Whitson-lords:
And their authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
With country precedents, and old wives tales,
We bring you now, to shew what different things
The cotes of clowns are from the courts of kings.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Chanon (canon) Hugh, *vicar of Pancras and captain* Thums.
Squire Tub, *or* Tripoly, *of Totten-Court.*[1]
Basket Hilts, *his man and governor.*
Justice Preamble, *alias* Bramble, of Maribone.
Miles Metaphor, *his clerk.*
Pol Martin, *huisher to lady Tub.*
Tobie Turfe, *high constable of Kentish-town.*
John Clay, *of Kilborn, tilemaker, the bridegroom.*
In-and-In Medlay, *of Islington, cooper and headborough.*
Rasi' Clench, *of Hamstead, farrier and petty constable.*
To-Pan, *tinker, or metal-man of Belsise, thirdborough.*
Diogenes Scriben, *of Chalcot, the great writer.*
Hannibal (Ball) Puppy, *the high constable's man.*
Father Rosin, *the minstrel, and his two Boys.*
Black Jack, *lady Tub's butler.*

Lady Tub, *of Totten, the Squire's mother.*
Dido Wispe, *her woman.*
Sibil Turfe, *wife to the high-constable.*
Awdrey Turfe, *her daughter, the bride.*
Joan, Joyce, Madge, Parnel, Grisel, *and* Kate, *maids of the bridal.*
Servants.

SCENE, Finsbury Hundred.

[1] Totten-Court, or Totten-Hall, now absorbed in the metropolis, was, when this was written, a hamlet, in the parish of St. Pancras.

A TALE OF A TUB.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Totten Court.

Before lady TUB'S *House.*

Enter canon HUGH.

Hugh. Now on my faith, old bishop Valentine,
You have brought us nipping weather—*Februere*
Doth cut and shear—your day and diocese
Are very cold. All your parishioners,
As well your laics as your quiristers,
Had need to keep to their warm feather beds,
If they be sped of loves:[1] this is no season,

[1] *If they be* sped *of loves:*] i. e. already furnished with *makes* or mates; for then they need not rise early to find a Valentine. The good "old bishop" is somewhat oddly selected for the patron of this amatory device, as all that seems known of him is that he suffered martyrdom in the third century. Lady Tub, however, in the concluding scene of this act, gives a full, and, indeed, an elegant description of his virtues, as they are found perhaps in the *Legend.* It is probable that his name occupied, in the Calendar, the place of some heathen divinity, whose rites were thus celebrated; for the origin of the practice is lost in remote antiquity.

This pretty superstition exists in almost every part of the continent, as well as in England; and long may it continue to

To seek new makes in; though sir Hugh of Pancras
Be hither come to Totten, on intelligence,
To the young lord of the manor, 'squire Tripoly,
On such an errand as a mistress is.
What, 'squire! I say.—[*calls.*] Tub I should call him too:
Sir Peter Tub was his father, a saltpetre-man;
Who left his mother, lady Tub of Totten-
Court, here, to revel, and keep open house in;
With the young 'squire her son, and's governor Basket-
Hilts, both by sword and dagger: [*calls again.*] *Domine,*
Armiger Tub, 'squire Tripoly! *Expergiscere!*
I dare not call aloud lest she should hear me,
And think I conjured up the spirit, her son,
In priest's lack-Latin: O she is jealous
Of all mankind for him.

Tub. [*appears at the window.*[Canon, is't you?

Hugh. The vicar of Pancras, 'squire Tub! wa'hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call, sir Hugh!

Hugh. He knows my lure is from his love, fair Awdrey,
The high constable's daughter of Kentish-town here, master
Tobias Turfe.

Enter TUB *in his night-gown.*

Tub. What news of him?

Hugh. He has waked me
An hour before I would, sir; and my duty

do so! The affectation of superior wisdom has shamed the people out of too many of those innocent follies, and left their places to be supplied by grossness and vice.

To the young worship of Totten-Court, 'squire
Tripoly;
Who hath my heart, as I have his: Your mistress
Is to be made away from you this morning,
St. Valentine's day: there are a knot of clowns,
The council of Finsbury, so they are styled,
Met at her father's; all the wise of the hundred;
Old Rasi' Clench of Hamstead, petty constable,
In-and-In Medlay, cooper of Islington,
And headborough; with loud To-Pan the tinker,
Or metal-man of Belsise, the thirdborough;[2]
And D'ogenes Scriben, the great writer of Chalcot.
Tub. And why all these?
Hugh. Sir, to conclude in council,
A husband or a make for mistress Awdrey;
Whom they have named and pricked down, Clay
of Kilborn,
A tough young fellow, and a tilemaker.
Tub. And what must he do?
Hugh. Cover her, they say;
And keep her warm, sir: mistress Awdrey Turfe,
Last night did draw him for her Valentine;
Which chance, it hath so taken her father and
mother,
(Because themselves drew so on Valentine's eve
Was thirty year,) as they will have her married
To-day by any means; they have sent a messenger
To Kilborn, post, for Clay; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipful Tripoly,
The squire of Totten: and my advice to cross it.

[2] *The thirdborough;*] I know not how this officer was distinguished from the constable, unless by name. In the old divisions of municipal power, he was the third in rank in the decennary or tithing. In the *Dramatis Personæ*, Jonson enumerates every civil officer from the justice to the high constable's man. The thirdborough is mentioned by the hostess in *Taming the Shrew*, to intimidate the refractory Sly: "I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough."

Tub. What is't, sir Hugh?
Hugh. Where is your governor Hilts? Basket must do it.
Tub. Basket shall be call'd.—
Hilts! can you see to rise? [*Aloud.*
Hilts. [*appears at the window.*] Cham not blind, sir,
With too much light.
Tub. Open your t'other eye,
And view if it be day.
Hilts. Che can spy that
At's little a hole as another, through a milstone.
[*Exit above.*
Tub. He will have the last word, though he talk bilk for't.[3]
Hugh. Bilk! what's that?
Tub. Why, nothing; a word signifying Nothing; and borrowed here to express nothing.
Hugh. A fine device!
Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer. What's your device now, canon Hugh?
Hugh. In private, Lend it your ear; I will not trust the air with it, Or scarce my shirt; my cassock shall not know it; If I thought it did I'd burn it.
Tub. That's the way,

[3] *Though he talk* bilk] I have mislaid my examples of the use of this word, as explained by squire Tub. It seems to have become a cant term about this time, for the use of it is ridiculed by others as well as Jonson. It is thus explained in Coles' English Dict. "*Bilk*, nothing; also, to deceive."

In "Davenant Vindicated," a burlesque poem, the meaning is thus expressed:

"Some say by Avenant no place is meant,
And that our Lombard is without descent,
And as, by *bilk*, men mean there's *nothing* there,
So come from Avenant, means from no-where."

You have thought to get a new one, Hugh: is't worth it?
Let's hear it first.
Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it.
[*Whispers him.*
This 'tis, sir. Do you relish it?

Enter HILTS, *and walks by, making himself ready.*

Tub. If Hilts
Be close enough to carry it; there's all.
Hilts. It is no sand, nor butter-milk: if it be,
Ich'am no zive, or watering-pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo!
If not, praform it your zelves. Cham no man's wife,
But resolute Hilts: you'll vind me in the buttry.
[*Exit.*
Tub. A testy, but a tender clown as wool,
And melting as the weather in a thaw!
He'll weep you like all April; but he'll roar you
Like middle March afore: he will be as mellow,
And tipsy too, as October; and as grave
And bound up like a frost (with the new year)
In January; as rigid as he is rustic.
Hugh. You know his nature, and describe it well;
I'll leave him to your fashioning.
Tub. Stay, sir Hugh;
Take a good angel with you for your guide;
[*Gives him a piece of money.*
And let this guard you homeward, as the blessing
To our device. [*Exit.*
Hugh. I thank you, 'squire's worship,
Most humbly—for the next; for this I am sure of.
O for a quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a man's pocket, and cry chink!
One doth not chirp, it makes no harmony.

Grave justice Bramble next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
I'll bid more to the bason and the bride-ale,
Although but one can bear away the bride.
I smile to think how like a lottery
These weddings are. Clay hath her in possession,
The 'squire he hopes to circumvent the Tile-kiln;
And now, if justice Bramble do come off,[4]
'Tis two to one but Tub may lose his bottom.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Kentish Town.

A Room in Turfe's *House.*

Enter CLENCH, MEDLAY, D'OGE SCRIBEN, BALL PUPPY, *and* PAN.

Clench. Why, it is thirty year, e'en as this day now,
Zin Valentine's day, of all days kursin'd,[5] look you;
And the zame day o' the month as this zin Valentine,
Or I am vowly deceived—
Med. That our high constable,
Master Tobias Turfe, and his dame were married:
I think you are right. But what was that zin Valentine?
Did you ever know 'un, goodman Clench?
Clench. Zin Valentine!
He was a deadly zin, and dwelt at Highgate,
As I have heard; but 'twas avore my time:

[4] *If justice Bramble do* come off.] i. e. pay well. See Massinger, vol. i. p. 210.

[5] *Of all days* kursin'd,] i. e. *christen'd.* WHAL. Thus Fletcher:

"Are they *kursin'd*?
No, they call them infidels." *The Coxcomb.*

He was a cooper too, as you are, Medlay,
An In-and-In: a woundy brag young vellow,
As the 'port went o' hun then, and in those days.
Scri. Did he not write his name Sim Valentine?
Vor I have met no Sin in Finsbury books;
And yet I have writ them six or seven times over.
Pan. O you mun look for the nine deadly Sins,
In the church-books, D'oge; not [in] the high constable's;
Nor in the county's: zure, that same zin Valentine,
He was a stately zin, an' he were a zin,
And kept brave house.
Clench. At the Cock-and-Hen in Highgate.
You have fresh'd my memory well in't, neighbour Pan:
He had a place in last king Harry's time,
Of sorting all the young couples; joining them,
And putting them together; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day——zin Valentine:
As being the zin of the shire, or the whole county:
I am old Rivet still, and bear a brain,
The Clench, the varrier, and true leach of Hamstead.
Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour Clench,
And a great guide to all the parishes!
The very bell-weather of the hundred, here,
As I may zay. Master Tobias Turfe,
High constable, would not miss you, for a score on us,
When he do 'scourse of the great charty to us.
Pup. What's that, a horse? can 'scourse nought but a horse,[6]

[6] Whalley follows the old copy, which reads,
—— Can 'scourse nought but a horse;
I ne'er read o' hun, and that in Smithveld charty;
In the old Fabian," &c. The present arrangement re-

And that in Smithveld. Charty! I ne'er read
o' hun,
In the old Fabian's chronicles; nor I think
In any new: he may be a giant there,
For aught I know.
Scri. You should do well to study
Records, fellow Ball, both law and poetry.
Pup. Why, all's but writing and reading, is it
Scriben?
An it be any more, it is mere cheating zure,
Vlat cheating; all your law and poets too.
Pan. Master high constable comes.

Enter TURFE.

Pup. I'll zay't afore 'hun.
Turfe. What's that makes you all so merry and
loud, sirs, ha?
I could have heard you to my privy walk.
Clench. A contrevarsie 'twixt two learned men
here:
Hannibal Puppy says that law and poetry
Are both flat cheating; all's but writing and
reading,
He says, be't verse or prose.
Turfe. I think in conzience,
He do zay true: who is't do thwart 'un, ha?
Med. Why, my friend Scriben, an it please your
worship.
Turfe. Who, D'oge, my D'ogenes? a great
writer, marry!
He'll vace me down, [sirs,] me myself sometimes,
That verse goes upon veet, as you and I do:
But I can gi' un the hearing; zit me down,
And laugh at 'un; and to myself conclude,

stores the passage to sense, and is not far perhaps from that of the author.

The greatest clerks are not the wisest men
Ever. Here they are both! what, sirs, disputing,
And holding arguments of verse and prose,
And no green thing afore the door, that shews,
Or speaks a wedding!
Scri. Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive veet.
Turfe. Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge! leave your 'zurd upinions,
And get me in some boughs.
Scri. Let them have leaves first.
There's nothing green but bays and rosemary.
Pup. And they are too good for strewings, your maids say.
Turfe. You take up 'dority still to vouch against me.
All the twelve smocks in the house, zure, are your authors.
Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot;
Some holly and ivy to make vine the posts:
Is't not zon Valentine's day, and mistress Awdrey,
Your young dame, to be married? [*Exit Puppy.*] I wonder Clay
Should be so tedious; he's to play son Valentine:
And the clown sluggard is not come fro' Kilborn yet!
Med. Do you call your son in law clown, an't please your worship?
Turfe. Yes and vor worship too, my neighbour Medlay,
A Middlesex clown, and one of Finsbury.
They were the first colons of the kingdom here,
The primitory colons, my Diogenes says,
Where's D'ogenes, my writer, now? What were those
You told me, D'ogenes, were the first colons
Of the country, that the Romans brought in here?

Scri. The *coloni*, sir; *colonus* is an inhabitant,
A clown original: as you'd say, a farmer,
A tiller of the earth, e'er since the Romans
Planted their colony first; which was in Middlesex.

Turfe. Why so! I thank you heartily, good Diogenes,
You ha' zertified me. I had rather be
An ancient colon, (as they say,) a clown of Middlesex,
A good rich farmer, or high constable.
I'd play hun 'gain a knight, or a good 'squire,
Or gentleman of any other county
In the kingdom.

Pan. Outcept Kent, for there they landed
All gentlemen, and came in with the conqueror,
Mad Julius Cæsar, who built Dover-castle:
My ancestor To-Pan, beat the first kettle-drum
Avore 'hun, here vrom Dover on the march.
Which piece of monumental copper hangs
Up, scour'd, at Hammersmith yet; for there they came
Over the Thames, at a low water-mark;
Vore either London, ay, or Kingston-bridge,
I doubt, were kursin'd.

Re-enter PUPPY *with* JOHN CLAY.

Turfe. Zee, who is here: John Clay!
Zon Valentine, and bridegroom! have you zeen
Your Valentine-bride yet, sin' you came, John Clay?

Clay. No, wusse. Che lighted I but now in the yard,
Puppy has scarce unswaddled my legs yet.

Turfe. What, wisps on your wedding-day, zon! this is right

Originous Clay, and Clay o' Kilborn too!
I would ha' had boots on this day, zure, zon John.
Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun dance,
On this day, zure; and who can dance in boots?
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd stockings,
And swaddled them over to zave charges, I.
Turfe. And his new chamois doublet too with points!
I like that yet: and his long sausage-hose,
Like the commander of four smoaking tile-kilns,
Which he is captain of, captain of Kilborn;
Clay with his hat turn'd up o' the leer side too,[7]
As if he would leap my daughter yet ere night,
And spring a new Turfe to the old house!—

Enter JOICE, JOAN, *and the other Maids, with ribands, rosemary, and bay for the bride-men.*

Look! an the wenches ha' not found 'un out,
And do parzent 'un with a van of rosemary,
And bays, to vill a bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse! we shall all ha' bride-laces,
Or points, I zee; my daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very Mary Ambry in the business.[8]
Clench. They zaid your worship had 'sured her to 'squire Tub
Of Totten-Court here; all the hundred rings on't.
Turfe. A TALE OF A TUB, sir, a mere Tale of a Tub.
Lend it no ear, I pray you: the 'squire Tub
Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
And has a lady Tub too to his mother;
I'll deal with none of these fine silken Tubs:

[7] *With his hat turn'd up, o' the* leer side.] i. e. the left, or leeward side.
[8] *A very Mary Ambry.*] See vol. iii. p. 433.

John Clay and cloth-breech for my money and
daughter.[9]
Here comes another old boy too vor his colours,

Enter ROSIN, *and his two Boys.*

Will stroak down my wives udder of purses, empty
Of all her milk-money this winter quarter:
Old father Rosin, the chief minstrel here,
Chief minstrel too of Highgate, she has hired him
And all his two boys for a day and a half;
And now they come for ribanding and rosemary:
Give them enough, girls, give them enough, and
take it
Out in his tunes anon.
Clench. I'll have *Tom Tiler*,
For our John Clay's sake, and the tile-kilns, zure.
Med. And I the *Jolly Joiner* for mine own sake.
Pan. I'll have the *Jovial Tinker* for To-Pan's
sake.
Turfe. We'll all be jovy this day vor son Valentine,
My sweet son John's sake.
Scri. There's another reading now:
My master reads it Son and not Sin Valentine.
Pup. Nor Zim: and he's in the right; he is
high-constable,
And who should read above 'un, or avore 'hun?
Turfe. Son John shall bid us welcome all, this
day;
We'll zerve under his colours: lead the troop,
John,

[9] *John Clay and* cloth-*breech for my money.*] The allusion is to the *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, a humourous tract by Greene. The contending parties in the Dialogue are *Velvet-breeches* and *Cloth-breeches*, the representatives of the court and country. The superiority throughout is adroitly given to the latter.

And Puppy, see the bells ring. Press all noises *
Of Finsbury, in our name: Diogenes Scriben
Shall draw a score of warrants vor the business.
Does any wight perzent hir majesty's person,
This hundred, 'bove the high constable?
All. No, no.
Turfe. Use our authority then to the utmost on't.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Maribone.

A Room in justice PREAMBLE'S *House.*

Enter canon HUGH *and justice* PREAMBLE.

Hugh. So you are sure, sir, to prevent them all,
And throw a block in the bridegroom's way, John Clay,
That he will hardly leap o'er.
Pre. I conceive you,
Sir Hugh; as if your rhetoric would say,
Whereas the father of her is a Turfe,
A very superficies of the earth;
He aims no higher than to match in clay,
And there hath pitch'd his rest.
Hugh. Right, justice Bramble;
You have the winding wit, compassing all.
Pre. Subtle sir Hugh, you now are in the wrong,
And err with the whole neighbourhood, I must tell you,
For you mistake my name. Justice Preamble
I write myself; which, with the ignorant clowns here,
Because of my profession of the law,
And place of the peace, is taken to be Bramble:

* *Press all* noises.] See vol. iii. p. 402.

But all my warrants, sir, do run Preamble,
Richard Preamble.
Hugh. Sir, I thank you for it,
That your good worship would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus.
Pre. You are my learned and canonic neighbour,
I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Nott-headed beast, the clowns, or constables,
Still let them graze, eat sallads, chew the cud:
All the town music will not move a log.
Hugh. The beetle and wedges will where you will have them.
Pre. True, true, sir Hugh.—

Enter METAPHOR.

Here comes Miles Metaphor,
My clerk; he is the man shall carry it, canon,
By my instructions.
Hugh. He will do it *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphor! he is a pretty fellow.
Pre. I love not to keep shadows, or half-wits,
To foil a business.—Metaphor, you have seen
A king ride forth in state.[1]
Met. Sir, that I have:
King Edward our late liege, and sovereign lord;
And have set down the pomp.
Pre. Therefore I ask'd you.
Have you observ'd the messengers of the chamber,
What habits they were in?
Met. Yes, minor coats,

[1] —— *Metaphor, you have seen*
A king ride forth in state.] Our old chronicles and historians are very large in their descriptions of such pageants: Holinshed and Stow give us many instances of the sovereign's riding in great state through the city, attended by his guards and nobles. WHAL.

Unto the guard, a dragon and a greyhound,[a]
For the supporters of the arms.
Pre. Well mark'd!
You know not any of them?
Met. Here's one dwells
In Maribone.
Pre. Have you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his coat an hour?
Hugh. Or but his badge,
'Twill serve; a little thing he wears on his breast.
Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an hour. I do love
To do all things completely, canon Hugh;
Borrow his coat, Miles Metaphor, or nothing.
Met. The taberd of his office I will call it,
Or the coat-armour of his place; and so
Insinuate with him by that trope.
Pre. I know
Your powers of rhetoric, Metaphor. Fetch him off
In a fine figure for his coat, I say. [*Exit Metaphor.*
Hugh. I'll take my leave, sir, of your worship too,
Because I may expect the issue anon.
Pre. Stay, my diviner counsel, take your fee:
We that take fees, allow them to our counsel;
And our prime learned counsel, double fees.
There are a brace of angels to support you
In your foot-walk this frost, for fear of falling,
Or spraying of a point of matrimony,
When you come at it—
Hugh. In your worship's service:

[a] ——— *a* dragon *and a* grey-hound, &c.] "Henry VII, a prince of the house of Tudor, in memory of their descent from Cadwallader, gave from his first accession, the red or rouge *dragon*, (when he also constituted Rouge Dragon pursuivant,) for the dexter supporter of his arms, with the *grey-hound* of the house of York on the left."

That the exploit is done, and you possest
Of mistress Awdrey Turfe.—
Pre. I like your project. [*Exit.*
Hugh. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the 'squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a piece,
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the stile for:
His mother has quite marr'd him, lady Tub,
She's such a vessel of fæces: all dried earth,
Terra damnata! not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her![s] all her nitre is gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Totten Court.

Before lady Tub's *House.*

Enter lady TUB, *and* POL MARTIN.

Lady T. Is the nag ready, Martin? call the 'squire.
This frosty morning we will take the air,
About the fields; for I do mean to be
Somebody's Valentine, in my velvet gown,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and do not call my son?
Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the lamb,
He had no doubt been stirring with the lark:
But he sat up at play, and watch'd the cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.

[s] ——— *Not a drop of salt,*
Or petre *in her!*] The quibble, such as it is, may possibly escape the reader; the poet means she had nothing of her husband's temper, who was sir *Peter* Tub. WHAL.

Late watchers are no early wakers, madam:
But if your ladyship will have him call'd —
Lady T. Will have him call'd! wherefore did
I, sir, bid him
Be call'd, you weazel, vermin of an huisher?
You will return your wit to your first stile
Of Martin Polecat, by these stinking tricks,
If you do use them: I shall no more call you
Pol Martin, by the title of a gentleman,
if you go on thus.
Pol. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Lady T. Be quick then,
In your come off; and make amends, you stote!
Was ever such a fulmart for an huisher,
To a great worshipful lady, as myself!
Who, when I heard his name first, Martin Polecat,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounced
In any lady's presence without a reverence;*
My very heart e'en yearn'd, seeing the fellow
Young, pretty, and handsome; being then, I say,
A basket-carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the salt-petre works; made it my suit
To master Peter Tub, that I might change it;
And call him as I do now, by Pol Martin,
To have it sound like a gentleman in an office,
And made him mine own foreman, daily waiter.
And he to serve me thus! ingratitude,
Beyond the coarseness yet of any clownage,
Shewn to a lady!—

Re-enter POL MARTIN.

What now, is he stirring?
Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.
Lady T. And comes he then?

* ——— *without a* reverence.] An allusion to the good old custom of apologizing for the introduction of a free expression, by bowing to the principal person in company, and saying,—Sir, *with reverence*, or, Sir, *reverence*. There is much filthy stuff on this

Pol. No, madam, he is gone.
Lady T. Gone! whither? Ask the porter where is he gone.
Pol. I met the porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He says, he let him forth an hour ago.
Lady T. An hour ago! what business could he have
So early; Where is his man, grave Basket-hilts,
His guide and governor?
Pol. Gone with his master.
Lady T. Is he gone too! O that same surly knave
Is his right-hand; and leads my son amiss.
He has carried him to some drinking match or other.
Pol Martin,—I will call you so again,
I am friends with you now—go, get your horse and ride
To all the towns about here, where his haunts are,
And cross the fields to meet, and bring me word;
He cannot be gone far, being a-foot.
Be curious to inquire him: and bid Wispe,
My woman, come, and wait on me. [*Exit Pol.*]
The love
We mothers bear our sons we have bought with pain,
Makes us oft view them with too careful eyes,
And overlook them with a jealous fear,
Out-fitting mothers.

Enter DIDO WISPE.

Lady T. How now, Wispe! have you
A Valentine yet? I am taking the air to choose one.
Wispe. Fate send your ladyship a fit one then.

simple interjection (of which neither Steevens nor Malone appears to have known the import) in the notes to *Romeo and Juliet.*

Lady T. What kind of one is that?
Wispe. A proper man
To please your ladyship.
Lady T. Out of that vanity
That takes the foolish eye! any poor creature,
Whose want may need my alms or courtesy,
I rather wish; so bishop Valentine
Left us example to do deeds of charity;
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit
The weak and sick; to entertain the poor,
And give the dead a christian funeral:
These were the works of piety he did practise,
And bade us imitate; not look for lovers,
Or handsome images to please our senses.—
I pray thee, Wispe, deal freely with me now,
We are alone, and may be merry a little:
Thou art none of the court glories, nor the wonders
For wit or beauty in the city; tell me,
What man would satisfy thy present fancy,
Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,
Within the queen's dominion, so a subject?
Wispe. You have given me a large scope, madam, I confess,
And I will deal with your ladyship sincerely;
I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him
The bravest, richest, and the properest man
A tailor could make up; or all the poets,
With the perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another woman but should spite me;
Three city ladies should run mad for him,
And country madams infinite.
Lady T. You would spare me,
And let me hold my wits?
Wispe. I should with you,
For the young 'squire, my master's sake, dispense
A little, but it should be very little.

Then all the court-wives I'd have jealous of me,
As all their husbands jealous too of them;[a]
And not a lawyer's puss of any quality,
But lick her lips for a snatch in the term-time.
Lady T. Come,
Let's walk; we'll hear the rest as we go on:
You are this morning in a good vein, Dido;
Would I could be as merry! My son's absence
Troubles me not a little, though I seek
These ways to put it off; which will not help:
Care that is entered once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession ere it rest.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The fields near Pancras.

Enter, in procession, with ribands, rosemary and bay, TURFE, CLAY, MEDLAY, CLENCH, TO-PAN, SCRIBEN, *and* PUPPY *with the bride-cake, as going to church.*

Turfe. Zon Clay, cheer up, the better leg avore,
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
Clench. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say.
Med. Right! vor a man has his hour, and a dog his day.
Turfe. True, neighbour Medlay, you are still In-and-in.
Med. I would be, master constable, if che could win.

[a] *As all their husbands jealous of them.*] I have inserted *too*, which helps out the measure, and makes the sentiment rather clearer than before. WHAL.

Pan. I zay, John Clay keep still on his old gate:
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.
Turfe. Well said, To-Pan; you have still the hap to hit
The nail o' the head at a close: I think there never
Marriage was managed with a more avisement,
Than was this marriage, though I say it that should not;
Especially 'gain mine own flesh and blood,
My wedded wife. Indeed my wife would ha' had
All the young batchelors, and maids forsooth,
Of the zix parishes hereabouts; but I
Cried *none, sweet Sybil; none of that gear, I:*
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three or vour our wise, choice, honest neighbours,
Ubstantial persons, men that have born office,
And mine own family would be enough
To eat our dinner. What! dear meat's a thief;
I know it by the butchers and the market-volk.
Hum drum, I cry. No half ox in a pye:
A man that's bid to a bride-ale, if he have cake
And drink enough, he need not vear his stake.
Clench. 'Tis right; he has spoke as true as a gun, believe it.

Enter dame TURFE *and* AWDREY, *followed by* JOAN, JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL, *and* KATE, *dressed for the wedding.*

Turfe. Come, Sybil, come; did not I tell you o' this,
This pride and muster of women would mar all?
Six women to one daughter, and a mother!
The queen (God save her) ha' no more herself.

Dame T. Why, if you keep so many, master Turfe,
Why should not all present our service to her?
Turfe. Your service! good! I think you'll write to her shortly,
Your very loving and obedient mother.
Come, send your maids off, I will have them sent
Home again, wife; I love no trains of Kent,[3]
Or Christendom, as they say.
Joyce. We will not back,
And leave our dame.
Madge. Why should her worship lack
Her tail of maids, more than you do of men?
Turfe. What, mutining, Madge?
Joan. Zend back your clowns agen,
And we will vollow.
All. Else we'll guard our dame.
Turfe. I ha' zet the nest of wasps all on a flame.
Dame T. Come, you are such another, master Turfe,
A clod you should be call'd, of a high constable:
To let no music go afore your child
To church, to chear her heart up this cold morning!
Turfe. You are for father Rosin and his consort
Of fiddling boys, the great Feates and the less;
Because you have entertain'd them all from Highgate.
To shew your pomp, you'd have your daughters and maids
Dance o'er the fields like faies to church, this frost.
I'll have no rondels, I, in the queen's paths;

[3] *I love no trains of Kent*, &c.] i. e. long ones, alluding to the old proverb, "Kentish long-tails."

Let 'em scrape the gut at home, where they have
fill'd it,
At afternoon.
Dame T. I'll have them play at dinner.
Clench. She is in the right, sir; vor your wed-
ding-dinner
Is starv'd without the music.
Med. If the pies
Come not in piping hot, you have lost that pro-
verb.
Turfe. I yield to truth: wife, are you sussified?
Pan. A right good man! when he knows right,
he loves it.
Scri. And he will know't and shew't too by
his place
Of being high constable, if no where else.

Enter HILTS, *with a false beard, booted and spurred,*

Hilts. Well overtaken, gentlemen! I pray you
Which is the queen's high constable among you?
Pup. The tallest man; who should be else, do
you think?
Hilts. It is no matter what I think, young
clown;
Your answer savours of the cart.
Pup. How! *cart*
And *clown!* do you know whose team you
speak to?
Hilts. No, nor I care not: Whose jade may
you be?
Pup. Jade! cart! and *clown!* O for a lash of
whip-cord,
Three knotted cord!
Hilts. Do you mutter! sir, snorle this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say,
With my school-dagger 'bout your costard, sir.
Look to't, young growse: I'll lay it on, and sure;
Take't off who wull. [*Draws his sword.*

Clench. Nay, 'pray you, gentleman——
Hilts. Go to, I will not bate him an ace on't.
What rowly-powly, maple face! all fellows!
Pup. Do you hear, friend? I would wish you, for your good,
Tie up your brended bitch there, your dun, rusty,
Pannier-hilt poniard; and not vex the youth
With shewing the teeth of it. We now are going
To church in way of matrimony, some on us;
They ha' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,
All the horn-beasts are grazing in this close
Should not have pull'd me hence, till this ash-plant
Had rung noon on your pate,[4] master Broombeard.
Hilts. That I would fain zee, quoth the blind George
Of Holloway: come, sir.
Awd. O their naked weapons!
Pan. For the passion of man, hold gentleman and Puppy.
Clay. Murder, O murder!
Awd. O my father and mother!
Dame T. Husband, what do you mean? son Clay, for God's sake——
Turfe. I charge you in the queen's name, keep the peace.

[4] ——— *till this ash plant*
Had rung noon on your pate,] This is a proverbial allusion to the custom of *striking the dresser* as a signal for dinner, which was then served up at noon. The notices of this practice are innumerable. *Maple face*, just above, is a term of contempt, of which the precise import is not known. Mr. Malone thinks it alludes to the rough bark of the maple. It may be so: though I suspect that it rather refers to colour, and means tann'd, or sunburnt. In some passages which I have noted, it appears to be synonymous with *broad-face:* for this I cannot account; unless it refers to the mazer or *broad dish* of our forefathers, which was usually formed of this wood.

Hilts. Tell me o' no queen or keysar; I must have
A leg or a hanch of him ere I go.
Med. But, zir,
You must obey the queen's high officers.
Hilts. Why must I, goodman Must?
Med. You must an' you wull.
Turfe. Gentleman, I am here for fault, high constable——
Hilts. Are you zo! what then?
Turfe. I pray you, sir, put up
Your weapons; do, at my request: for him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an I live.
Dame T. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright
He has put me into! come, Awdrey, do not shake.
Awd. But is not Puppy hurt, nor the t'other man?
Clay. No bun; but had not I cried murder, I wuss——
Pup. Sweet goodman Clench, I pray you revise my master,
I may not zit in the stocks till the wedding be past,
Dame, mistress Awdrey: I shall break the bride-cake else.
Clench. Zomething must be to save authority, Puppy.
Dame T. Husband——
Clench. And gossip——
Awd. Father——
Turfe. 'Treat me not,
It is in vain. If he lie not by the heels,
I'll lie there for 'un; I will teach the hind
To carry a tongue in his head to his superiors.
Hilts. This's a wise constable! where keeps he school?

Clench. In Kentish-town; a very survere man.
Hilts. But as survere as he is, let me, sir, tell him,
He shall not lay his man by the heels for this.
This was my quarrel; and by his office' leave,
If it carry 'un for this, it shall carry double;
Vor he shall carry me too.
Turfe. Breath of man!
He is my chattel, mine own hired goods:
An if you do abet 'un in this matter,
I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to ankle.
Hilts. You'll clap a dog of wax as soon, old Blurt.[5]
Come, spare not me, sir, I am no man's wife;
I care not I, sir, not three skips of a louse for you,
An you were ten tall constables, not I.
Turfe. Nay, pray you, sir, be not angry, but content;
My man shall make you what amends you'll ask 'un.
Hilts. Let 'un mend his manners then, and know his betters;
It's all I ask 'un: and 'twill be his own,
And's master's too another day; che vore 'un.
Med. As right as a club still! Zure this angry man
Speaks very near the mark when he is pleased.
Pup. I thank you, sir, an' I meet you at Kentish-town,
I ha' the courtesy o' the hundred for you.
Hilts. Gramercy, good high constable's hind! But hear you?
Mass constable, I have other manner of matter
To bring you about than this. And so it is,
I do belong to one of the queen's captains,

[5] *Old Blurt.*] Jonson alludes to the title of an old comedy, by his friend, Middleton "Blurt, master Constable." 1602.

A gentleman o' the field, one captain Thums,
I know not whether you know 'un, or no: it may be
You do, and it may be you do not again.
Turfe. No, I assure you on my constableship,
I do not know 'un.
Hilts. Nor I neither, i' faith.— [*Aside.*
It skills[6] not much; my captain and myself
Having occasion to come riding by here
This morning, at the corner of St. John's wood,
Some mile [west] o' this town, were set upon
By a sort of country-fellows, that not only
Beat us, but robb'd us most sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, don constable,
I am to charge you in her majesty's name,
As you will answer it at your apperil,*
That forthwith you raise hue and cry in the hundred,
For all such persons as you can despect,
By the length and breadth of your office: for I tell you,
The loss is of some value; therefore look to't.
Turfe. As fortune mend me now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay.
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at Tyburn,
If I do know what course to take, or how
To turn myself just at this time too, now
My daughter is to be married! I'll but go
To Pancridge-church hard by, and return instantly,
And all my neighbourhood shall go about it.
Hilts. Tut, Pancridge me no Pancridge! if you let it

[6] *It* skills not] i. e. it matters not, it is of no consequence, &c. So in the *Poetaster*: "Give him what thou hast, though it lack a shilling or two of the sum, it *skills not.*"

* *As you will answer it at your* apperil.] Again! See vol. v. p. 137.

Slip, you will answer it, an your cap be of wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else,
constable. [*Going.*
Turfe. Nay, good sir, stay.—Neighbours, what
think you of this?
Dame T. Faith, man———
Turfe. Odds precious, woman, hold your tongue,
And mind your pigs on the spit at home; you must
Have [an] oar in every thing.—Pray you, sir,
what kind
Of fellows were they?
Hilts. Thieves-kind, I have told you.
Turfe. I mean, what kind of men?
Hilts. Men of our make.
Turfe. Nay, but with patience, sir: We that
are officers
Must 'quire the special marks, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties; or perhaps else
Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending
them.
Can you tell what 'parrel any of them wore?
Hilts. Troth, no; there were so many o' 'em
all like
So one another: now I remember me,
There was one busy fellow was their leader,
A blunt squat swad, but lower than yourself;
He had on a leather-doublet with long points,
And a pair of pinn'd-up breeches, like pudding-
bags;
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver clasp on his leer side.
Dame T. By these
Marks it should be John Clay, now bless the man!
Turfe. Peace, and be nought![7] I think the
woman be phrensic.

[7] *Peace, and be nought*!] i. e. peace and be hanged! another example of the phrase explained, vol. iv. 421.

Hilts. John Clay! what's he, good mistress?
Awd. He that shall be
My husband.
Hilts How! your husband, pretty one?
Awd. Yes, I shall anon be married; that is he.
Turfe. Passion o' me, undone!
Pup. Bless master's son!
Hilts. O, you are well 'prehended: know you me, sir?
Clay. No's my record; I never zaw you avore.
Hilts. You did not! where were your eyes then, out at washing?
Turfe. What should a man zay, who should he trust
In these days? Hark you, John Clay, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth and shame the devil.
Clench. Vaith, do; my gossip Turfe zays well to you, John.
Med. Speak, man; but do not convess, nor be avraid.
Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, look to't.
Dame T. In the name of men or beasts, what do you do?
Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses! do not weep, John Clay.
I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it
As the child was, was born this very morning.
Clay. No, as I am a kyrsin soul, would I were hang'd
If ever I——alas, I would I were out
Of my life; so I would I were, and in again—
Pup. Nay, mistress Awdrey will say nay to that;
No, in-and-out: an you were out of your life,
How should she do for a husband? who should fall
Aboard of her then?—Ball? he's a puppy!

No, Hannibal has no breeding! well, I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
[*Aside.*

Awd. Come, father; I would we were married!
I am a-cold.

Hilts. Well, master constable, this your fine groom here,
Bridegroom, or what groom else soe'er he be,
I charge him with the felony; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to Paddington
Unto my captain, who stays my return there:
I am to go to the next justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise hue and cry,
And bring him and his fellows all afore 'un.
Fare you well, sir, and look to 'un, I charge you
As you will answer it. Take heed; the business
If you defer, may prejudicial you
More than you think for; zay I told you so.
[*Exit.*

Turfe. Here's a bride-ale indeed! ah zon John, zon Clay!
I little thought you would have proved a piece
Of such false metal.

Clay. Father, will you believe me?
Would I might never stir in my new shoes,
If ever I would do so voul a fact.

Turfe. Well, neighbours, I do charge you to assist me
With 'un to Paddington. Be he a true man, so!
The better for 'un. I will do mine office,
An he were my own begotten a thousand times.

Dame T. Why, do you hear, man? husband, master Turfe?
What shall my daughter do? Puppy, stay here.
[*Exeunt all but Awdrey and Puppy.*

Awd. Mother, I'll go with you, and with my father.

Pup. Nay, stay, sweet mistress Awdrey: here are none
But one friend, as they zay, desires to speak
A word or two, cold with you: how do you veel
Yourself this frosty morning?
Awd. What have you
To do to ask, I pray you? I am a-cold.
Pup. It seems you are hot, good mistress Awdrey.
Awd. You lie; I am as cold as ice is, feel else.
Pup. Nay, you have cool'd my courage; I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you.
Awd. Done with me!
I do defy you, so I do, to say
You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy Puppy.[8]
Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you mean.
Awd. Meant you not knavery, Puppy?
Pup. No, not I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seems,
Who rather than he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the gallows first.
Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would prove
A slippery merchant in the frost. He might
Have married one first, and have been hang'd after,
If he had had a mind to't. But you men—
Fie on you!
Pup. Mistress Awdrey, can you vind
In your heart to fancy Puppy? me poor Ball?
Awd. You are disposed to jeer one, master Hannibal.—

[8] Awdrey's indignation arises from the equivocal use of the word done. Her affectation of delicacy amidst her real grossness is well marked.

Re enter HILTS.

Pity o' me, the angry man with the beard !
Hilts. Put on thy hat, I look for no despect.
Where is thy master ?
Pup. Marry, he is gone
With the picture of despair to Paddington.
Hilts. Prithee run after 'un, and tell 'un he shall
Find out my captain lodged at the Red-Lion
In Paddington ; that's the inn. Let 'un ask
Vor captain Thums ; and take that for thy pains :
He may seek long enough else. Hie thee again.
Pup. Yes, sir ; you'll look to mistress bride the while ?
Hilts. That I will : prithee haste. [*Exit Puppy.*
Awd. What, Puppy ! Puppy !
Hilts. Sweet mistress bride, he'll come again presently.—
Here was no subtle device to get a wench !
This Canon has a brave pate of his own,
A shaven pate, and a right monger, y' vaith ;
This was his plot. I follow captain Thums !
We robb'd in St. John's wood ! In my t'other hose !—
I laugh to think what a fine fool's finger they have
O' this wise constable, in pricking out
This captain Thums to his neighbours : you shall see
The tile-man too set fire on his own kiln,
And leap into it to save himself from hanging.
You talk of a bride-ale, here was a bride-ale broke
In the nick ! Well, I must yet dispatch this bride
To mine own master, the young 'squire, and then
My task is done.—[*Aside.*]—Gentlewoman, I have in sort

Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you what right
I can: it's true, you are a proper woman;
But to be cast away on such a clown-pipe
As Clay! methinks your friends are not so wise
As nature might have made 'em; well, go to:
There's better fortune coming towards you,
An you do not deject it. Take a vool's
Counsel, and do not stand in your own light;
It may prove better than you think for, look you.
Awd. Alas, sir, what is't you would have me do?
I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how.
Hilts. Forsake not a good turn when it is offer'd you,
Fair mistress Awdrey—that's your name, I take it.
Awd. No mistress, sir, my name is Awdrey.
Hilts. Well; so it is, there is a bold young 'squire,
The blood of Totten, Tub, and Tripoly——
Awd. 'Squire Tub, you mean: I know him, he knows me too.
Hilts. He is in love with you; and more, he's mad for you.
Awd. Ay, so he told me in his wits, I think.
But he's too fine for me; and has a lady
Tub to his mother—

Enter TUB.

Here he comes himself!
Tub. O you are a trusty governor!
Hilts. What ails you?
You do not know when you are well, I think.
You'd ha' the calf with the white face, sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?
Tub. Quietness, Hilts, and hear no more of it.

Hilts. No more of it, quoth you! I do not care
If some on us had not heard so much of it.
I tell you true; a man must carry and vetch
Like Bungy's dog for you.[9]
Tub. What's he?
Hilts. A spaniel—
And scarce be spit in the mouth for't. A good dog
Deserves, sir, a good bone, of a free master;
But, an your turns be serv'd, the devil a bit
You care for a man after, e'er a laird of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scabb'd 'squire
To the mangy knight, when both met in a dish
Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's ne'er a good;
And not a barrel the better herring among you.
Tub. Nay, Hilts, I pray thee grow not frampull now.
Turn not the bad cow after thy good soap.[1]
Our plot hath hitherto ta'en good effect,
And should it now be troubled or stopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter ruin of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to Pancridge, to the Canon,
And give him notice of our good success.
Will him that all things be in readiness:
Fair Awdrey and myself will cross the fields
The nearest path. Good Hilts, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way.—Come, gentle Awdrey.
Hilts. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't![2]

[9] *Like Bungy's dog.*] A familiar that followed him, and of whose diabolical agency various facts are recorded in the old story-book of "Friar Bacon."

[1] *Turn not the bad cow after thy good soap.*] This is evidently a proverbial expression; I am not quite sure that I understand it; unless it refers to the custom in some countries of using *cow-dung* as a succedaneum for *soap*.

[2] *Would I had a few more* geances *on't.*] i. e. *Jaunts*, or *errands*. WHAL.

An you say the word, send me to Jericho.
Outcept a man were a post-horse, I have not known
The like on it; yet, an he had [had] kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un: but a man may break
His heart out in these days, and get a flap
With a fox-tail, when he has done—and there is all!

Tub. Nay, say not so, Hilts: hold thee, there are crowns
My love bestows on thee for thy reward;
If gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompense thy merit.

Hilts. Tut, keep your land, and your gold too, sir, I
Seek neither—neither of 'un. Learn to get
More; you will know to spend that zum you have
Early enough; you are assured of me:
I love you too too well to live o' the spoil—
For your own sake, would there were no worse than I!
All is not gold that glisters. I'll to Pancridge.
[*Exit crying.*

Tub. See how his love does melt him into tears!
An honest faithful servant is a jewel.—
Now the advent'rous 'squire hath time and leisure
To ask his Awdrey how she does, and hear
A grateful answer from her. She not speaks.—
Hath the proud tyrant Frost usurp'd the seat
Of former beauty, in my love's fair cheek;
Staining the roseate tincture of her blood
With the dull dye of blue congealing cold?
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.
Ha! give me leave to search this mystery—
O now I have it: Bride, I know your grief;

The last night's cold hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned bridegroom's constitution,
The Kilborn clay-pit; that frost-bitten marl,
That lump in courage, melting cake of ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee:
But I must do thee good, wench, and refresh thee.

Awd. You are a merry man, 'squire Tub of Totten!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.

Tub. Thou sayst true, sweet; I have been too slack in deeds.

Awd. Yet I was never so strait-laced to you, 'squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle Awdrey?

Awd. Love you! I cannot tell: I must hate no body,
My father says.

Tub. Yes, Clay and Kilborn, Awdrey,
You must hate them.

Awd. It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake shall yield you that gratuity. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Awd. Soft and fair, 'squire, there go two words to a bargain. [*Puts him back.*

Tub. What are those, Awdrey?

Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.
My mother said, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a lady the first week; and put me
In—I know not what, the very day.

Tub. What was it?
Speak, gentle Awdrey, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
They say, will make one brave; I will not know
Bess Moale, nor Margery Turn-up: I will look
Another way upon them, and be proud.

Tub. Troth, I could wish my wench a better wit;
But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.
There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is I first received the wound,
That rankles now, which only she can cure.
Fain would I work myself from this conceit;
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is; and I will go on,
Were it for nothing but to cross my rivals.
[*Aside.*
Come, Awdrey, I am now resolv'd to have thee.

Enter justice PREAMBLE, *and* METAPHOR *disguised as a pursuivant.*

Pre. Nay, do it quickly, Miles; why shak'st thou, man?
Speak but his name, I'll second thee myself.
Met. What is his name?
Pre. 'Squire Tripoly, or Tub;
Any thing———
Met. 'Squire Tub, I do arrest you
In the queen's majesty's name, and all the council's.
Tub. Arrest me, varlet!
Pre. Keep the peace, I charge you.
Tub. Are you there, justice Bramble! where's your warrant?
Pre. The warrant is directed here to me,
From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you,
Be patient, 'squire, and make good the peace.
Tub. Well, at your pleasure, justice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a pursuivant at arms, 'squire Tub.
Met. I am a pursuivant; see by my coat else.
Tub. Well, pursuivant, go with me: I'll give you bail.
Pre. Sir, he may take no bail: it is a warrant,
In special from the council, and commands
Your personal appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require; and then deliver you
A prisoner to this officer, 'squire Tub.
I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Than as your friend and neighbour: let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,
And I am clear. Here, pursuivant, receive him
Into your hands, and use him like a gentleman.
Tub. I thank you, sir: but whither must I go now?
Pre. Nay, that must not be told you till you come
Unto the place assign'd by his instructions:
I'll be the maiden's convoy to her father,
For this time, 'squire.
Tub. I thank you, master Bramble.
I doubt or fear you will make her the balance
To weigh your justice in. Pray ye do me right,
And lead not her, at least, out of the way:
Justice is blind, and having a blind guide,
She may be apt to slip aside.
Pre. I'll see to her. [*Exit Pre. with Awd.*
Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested,
As I had set my rest up for a wife!
And being so fair for it as I was!—Well, fortune,
Thou art a blind bawd and a beggar too,
To cross me thus; and let my only rival
To get her from me! that's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' the court, am sent for thither by the council:
My heart is not so light as it was in the morning.

Re-enter HILTS.

Hilts. You mean to make a hoiden[4] or a hare
Of me, to hunt counter thus, and make these doubles:
And you mean no such thing as you send about.
Where is your sweetheart now, I marle?
Tub. Oh Hilts!
Hilts. I know you of old! ne'er halt afore a cripple.
Will you have a caudle? where's your grief, sir? speak.
Met. Do you hear, friend, do you serve this gentleman?
Hilts. How then, sir? what if I do? peradventure yea,
Peradventure nay; what's that to you, sir? say.
Met. Nay, pray you, sir, I meant no harm in truth;
But this good gentleman is arrested.
Hilts. How!
Say me that again.
Tub. Nay, Basket, never storm;
I am arrested here, upon command
From the queen's council; and I must obey.
Met. You say, sir, very true, you must obey.
An honest gentleman, in faith!

[4] *You mean to make a* hoiden, &c.] Dr. Johnson derives this word from the Welsh, *hoeden*, an awkward country girl. From the passage in the text, as well as from several others which I have met with of a similar kind, I am induced to think that hoiden was the ancient term for a leveret. It was assuredly the name of some animal remarkable for the vivacity of its motions, and was formerly applied to the youth of both sexes, though now confined to designate a wild romping girl.

Hilts. He must!
Tub. But that which most tormenteth me is this,
That justice Bramble hath got hence my Awdrey.
Hilts. How! how! stand by a little, sirrah, you
With the badge on your breast. [*Draws his sword.*]
Let's know, sir, what you are.
Met. I am, sir,—pray you do not look so terribly—
A pursuivant.
Hilts. A pursuivant! your name, sir?
Met. My name, sir——
Hilts. What is't? speak.
Met. Miles Metaphor;
And justice Preamble's clerk.
Tub. What says he?
Hilts. Pray you,
Let us alone. You are a pursuivant?
Met. No, faith, sir, would I might never stir from you,
I is made a pursuivant against my will.
Hilts. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
Shall make you nothing instantly.
Met. [*kneels.*] Put up
Your frightful blade, and your dead-doing look,
And I shall tell you all.
Hilts. Speak then the truth,
And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
Met. My master, justice Bramble, hearing your master,
The 'squire Tub, was coming on this way,
With mistress Awdrey, the high constable's daughter,
Made me a pursuivant, and gave me warrant
To arrest him; so that he might get the lady,
With whom he is gone to Pancridge, to the vicar,

Not to her father's. This was the device,
Which I beseech you do not tell my master.
Tub. O wonderful! well, Basket, let him rise;
And for my free escape forge some excuse.
I'll post to Paddington to acquaint old Turfe
With the whole business, and so stop the marriage. [*Exit.*
Hilts. Well, bless thee: I do wish thee grace to keep
Thy master's secrets better, or be hang'd.
Met. [*rises.*] I thank you for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you god-father hereafter:
And as your godson Metaphor, I promise
To keep my master's privities seal'd up
In the vallies* of my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at Tyburn shortly.
Hilts. Thine own wish save or choke thee! come away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Kentish Town.

Enter TURFE, CLENCH, MEDLAY, TO-PAN, SCRIBEN, *and* CLAY.

Turfe. Passion of me, was ever a man thus cross'd!
All things run arsie versie, up-side down.
High constable! now by our lady of Walsingham,
I had rather be mark'd out Tom Scavinger,

* *In the vallies of my trust.*] i. e. I suppose, in the portmanteau or cloke-bag: from the French *valise.*

And with a shovel make clean the highways,
Than have this office of a constable,
And a high constable! the higher charge,
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to do;
How we shall bear us in this hue and cry.
We cannot find the captain, no such man
Lodged at the Lion, nor came thither hurt.
The morning we have spent in privy search;
And by that means the bride-ale is deferr'd:
The bride, she's left alone in Puppy's charge;
The bridegroom goes under a pair of sureties,
And held of all as a respected person.
How should we bustle forward? give some counsel
How to bestir our stumps in these cross ways.

Clench. Faith, gossip Turfe, you have, you say, remission
To comprehend all such as are despected:
Now would I make another privy search
Thorough this town, and then you have search'd two towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let us not vind too many:
One is enough to stay the hangman's stomach.
There is John Clay, who is yvound already,[5]

[5] *There is John Clay, who is* yvound *already,*] This play is in the western dialect, as the *Sad Shepherd* is a specimen of the Lowland Scottish: the letter *y* is commonly prefixed to participles passive, as well as a poetical augmentation: *Quo minus mireris,* says Mr. Davis in *Junius, B. Jonsonum in fabulâ cui titulus* Tale of a Tub, *inter alia istius (scil. occidentalis) idiomatis exempla, hæc verba protulisse,*

There is John Clay, who is yvound already. Etymol. Liter. Y. WHAL.

The dialect (which is only partially western) was, I believe, once more general than is commonly supposed, and, in any case, it is quite certain that the Saxon prefix was as universal as the language. Aubrey, who is very careless in his gossipping tales,

A proper man, a tile-man by his trade,
A man, as one would zay, moulded in clay;
As spruce as any neighbour's child among you:
And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
And two or three, they zay, what call you 'em?
Zuch as the justices of *coram nobis*
Grant—I forget their names, you have many on 'em,
Master high constable, they come to you.—
I have it at my tongue's ends—coney-boroughs,
To bring him strait avore the zessions-house.

Turfe. O you mean warrens, neighbour, do you not?

Med. Ay, ay, thik same! you know 'em well enough.

Turfe. Too well, too well; would I had never known them!

We good vreeholders cannot live in quiet,
But every hour new purcepts, hues and cries,
Put us to requisitions night and day.—
What shud a man say? shud we leave the zearch,
I am in danger to reburse as much
As he was robb'd on; ay, and pay his hurts.
If I should vollow it, all the good cheer
That was provided for the wedding-dinner
Is spoil'd and lost. O, there are two vat pigs
A zindging by the vire: now by St. Tony,[6]
Too good to eat, but on a wedding-day;
And then a goose will bid you all, come cut me.

and who seems to have made far more use of his ears than his eyes, tells us, in more than one place, that "Ben Jonson took a catalogue from Mr. Lacy of the Yorkshire dialect, for the clownery to his comedy called *The Tale of a Tub.*"

[6] *Now by St.* Tony, &c.] The mention of pigs puts the unfortunate high-constable in mind of St. Anthony, who was always followed by one. This would not be worth notice, had not Whalley mistaken the poet's meaning, and given us a St. Thomas.

Zon Clay, zon Clay, for I must call thee so,
Be of good comfort; take my muckinder,[7]
And dry thine eyes. If thou be'st true and honest,
And if thou find'st thy conscience clear vrom it,
Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough:

[7] ——————— *take my* muckinder.] i. e. (as every child in the kingdom knows) a napkin or handkerchief. Dr. Johnson, who thus explains it by a very pertinent quotation, is set right by Mr. Weber, who with a modesty peculiar to himself, informs us that the Doctor knows nothing of the matter, and that "a muckender is a bavarette or mucketer, according to Cotgrave!" and this he does in direct contradiction of the intent of the speaker, who expressly distinguishes the *muckinder* from the *bib*, or *bavarette*. *Beau. and Flet.* vol. ix. p. 208.

It may be of some service to the future editors of Beaumont and Fletcher, (for these poets must not be always disgraced with the name of Weber,) to notice another passage, in which the perspicacity of the editor vies with his knowledge.

In the *Little Thief*, "Toby, after reproaching his lady for marrying her daughter to an old rotten justice "with a thousand heathenish smells," adds,

"And would you mellow my young pretty mistress
In such a misken?

On this Mr. Weber observes: "This *obscure* phrase has not been noticed by any of the editors, and I am unable to give any *satisfactory* explanation of it. As a verb it is common in the north of England and Scotland with the sense of—*to mistake, to forbear, to disown;* but none of these meanings *seem* applicable to the text. In Skinner's *Etymologicon* (which, by the bye, Mr. Weber never saw) we have *miskin fro, vox quæ mihi apud Higginium solum occurrit et exp. ancilla.* But this applies no better to the text than the other." vol. xiv. p. 52. It applies very well; but Mr. Weber, who did not understand a syllable of what he was quoting, spoke at random as usual. This "obscure phrase," misken, or mixen, is a word perfectly plain, and to be found in every dictionary in the language. Mixen, in short, is a dunghill, and the allusion is to the practice of accelerating the ripening or maturing of any thing by burying it in warm dung. Mr. Weber's ignorance is really pitiable, that of his employers wants a name.

Miskin fro, which Skinner found in Higgin, means *dunghill drudge*, a term of contempt.

If not, confess a-truth's name. But in faith,
I durst be sworn upon all holy books,
John Clay would ne'er commit a robbery
On his own head.
Clay. No, truth is my rightful judge;
I have kept my hands herehence from evil-speaking,
Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from stealing.
He do not live this day can say, John Clay,
I have zeen thee, but in the way of honesty.
Pan. Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his burrough,[8]
He would not look a true man in the vace.
Clay. I take the town to concord, where I dwell,
All Kilborn be my witness, if I were not
Begot in bashfulness, brought up in shamefacedness.
Let 'un bring a dog but to my vace that can
Zay I have beat 'un, and without a vault;
Or but a cat will swear upon a book,
I have as much as zet a vire her tail,
And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends.
But to give out and zay I have robb'd a captain!
Receive me at the latter day, if I
E'er thought of any such matter, or could mind it.
Med. No, John, you are come of too good personage:
I think my gossip Clench and master Turfe
Both think you would ratempt no such voul matter.
Turfe. But how unhappily it comes to pass
Just on the wedding-day! I cry me mercy,
I had almost forgot the hue and cry:
Good neighbour Pan, you are the thirdborough,

[8] *Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his* burrough,] i. e. his pledge or security. WHAL.
The word, which is pure Saxon, is very common in our old writers.

And D'ogenes Scribeu, you my learned writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord for thy goodness,
I had forgot my daughter all this while!
The idle knave hath brought no news from her.
Here comes the sneaking puppy.—

Enter PUPPY *and dame* TURFE, *on different sides.*

What's the news?
My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,
Something's mishapp'd, that he is come without her.

Pup. O, where's my master, my master, my master?

Dame T. Thy master! what would'st have with thy master, man?
There is thy master.

Turfe. What's the matter, Puppy?

Pup. O master, oh dame! oh dame, oh master!

Dame T. What say'st thou to thy master or thy dame?

Pup. Oh, John Clay, John Clay, John Clay!

Turfe. What of John Clay?

Med. Luck grant he bring not news he shall be hang'd!

Clench. The world forfend! I hope it is not so well.

Clay. O Lord! oh me! what shall I do? poor John!

Pup. Oh John Clay, John Clay, John Clay!

Clay. Alas,
That ever I was born! I will not stay by't,
For all the tiles in Kilborn. [*Runs off.*

Dame T. What of Clay?
Speak, Puppy; what of him?

Pup. He hath lost, he hath lost—

Turfe. For luck sake speak, Puppy, what hath he lost?

Pup. Oh Awdrey, Awdrey, Awdrey!

Dame T. What of my daughter Awdrey?

Pup. I tell you, Awdrey—do you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet master, Awdrey, my dear dame—

Turfe. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?

Pup. Oh, the serving-man, the serving-man, the serving-man!

Turfe. What talk'st thou of the serving-man! where's Awdrey?

Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.

Dame T. Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him?

Pup. I cannot tell: he bad me bring you word
The captain lay at the Lion, and before
I came again, Awdrey was gone with the serving-man;
I tell you, Awdrey's run away with the serving-man.

Turfe. 'Od'socks, my woman, what shall we do now?

Dame T. Now, so you help not, man, I know not, I.

Turfe. This was your pomp of maids! I told you on't.
Six maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upon your daughter! I zaid pride
Would be paid one day her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of John Clay, Ball Puppy?

Pup. He hath lost——

Med. His life for velony?

Pup. No, his wife by villainy.

Turfe. Now villains both! oh that same hue and cry!
Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving-man!
O maids! O wife! but John Clay, where is he?—
How! fled for fear, zay ye? will he slip us now?
We that are sureties must require 'un out.
How shall we do to find the serving-man?
Cock's bodikins, we must not lose John Clay:
Awdrey, my daughter Awdrey too! let us zend
To all the towns and zeek her;—but, alas,
The hue and cry, that must be look'd unto.

Enter TUB.

Tub. What, in a passion, Turfe?
Turfe. Ay, good 'squire Tub.
Were never honest varmers thus perplext.
Tub. Turfe, I am privy to thy deep unrest:
The ground of which springs from an idle plot,
Cast by a suitor to your daughter Awdrey——
And thus much, Turfe, let me advertise you;
Your daughter Awdrey met I on the way,
With justice Bramble in her company;
Who means to marry her at Pancras-church.
And there is canon Hugh to meet them ready:
Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;
But winged speed must cross their sly intent:
Then hie thee, Turfe, haste to forbid the banes.
Turfe. Hath justice Bramble got my daughter Awdrey?
A little while shall he enjoy her, zure.
But O, the hue and cry! that hinders me;
I must pursue that, or neglect my journey:
I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient ass,
The over-laden ass, throw off my burden,
And cast mine office; pluck in my large ears
Betimes, lest some disjudge 'em to be horns:

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,
And ease my pasterns; I'll no more high constables.
Tub. I cannot choose but smile to see thee troubled
With such a bald, half-hatched circumstance.
The captain was not robb'd, as is reported;
That trick the justice craftily devised,
To break the marriage with the tileman Clay.
The hue and cry was merely counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be such,
Because the bridegroom was described to be
One of the thieves first in the felony;
Which, how far 'tis from him, yourselves may guess.
'Twas justice Bramble's fetch to get the wench.
Turfe. And is this true, 'squire Tub?
Tub. Believe me, Turfe,
As I am a 'squire; or less, a gentleman.
Turfe. I take my office back, and my authority,
Upon your worship's words:—Neighbours, I am
High constable again. Where's my zon Clay?
He shall be zon yet; wife, your meat by leisure:
Draw back the spits.
Dame T. That's done already, man.
Turfe. I'll break this marriage off; and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd.
Look to the meat,[9] wife, look well to the roast.
[*Exit, followed by his neighbours.*
Tub. I'll follow him aloof to see the event.
[*Exit.*

[9] *Look to the meat.*] Here is a manifest *sneer* at Shakspeare.
"Look to the *baked* meat, good Angelica."
The unworthy subterfuge of *roasting* this meat instead of *baking* it, as in *Romeo and Juliet* would not have screened the author from the just resentment of the variorum critics, had they luckily known of this passage.

Pup. Dame, mistress, though I do not turn the spit,
I hope yet the pig's head.
Dame T. Come up, Jack sauce;
It shall be serv'd in to you.
Pup. No, no service,
But a reward for service.
Dame T. I still took you
For an unmannerly Puppy: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vire, master Ball?
[*Exit.*
Pup. I, wood to the vire! I shall piss it out first:
You think to make me e'en your ox or ass,
Or any thing: though I cannot right myself
On you, I'll sure revenge me on your meat. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Before Turfe's *House.*

Enter lady TUB, POL MARTIN, *and* WISPE.

Pol. Madam, to Kentish Town we are got at length;
But by the way we cannot meet the 'squire,
Nor by inquiry can we hear of him.
Here is Turfe's house, the father of the maid.
Lady T. Pol Martin, see! the streets are strew'd with herbs;
And here hath been a wedding, Wispe, it seems.
Pray heaven this bride-ale be not for my son!

Good Martin, knock, knock quickly: ask for
Turfe.
My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt—
Pol. [*knocking.*] Who keeps the house here?
Pup. [*within.*] Why the door and walls
Do keep the house.
Pol. I ask then, who's within?
Pup. [*within.*] Not you that are without.
Pol. Look forth, and speak
Into the street here. Come before my lady.
Pup. [*within.*] Before my lady! Lord have
mercy upon me:
If I do come before her, she will see
The handsomest man in all the town, pardee!

Enter PUPPY *from the house.*

Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?
Lady T. Sirrah, whose man are you?
Pup. Madam, my master's.
Lady T. And who's thy master?
Pup. What you tread on, madam.
Lady T. I tread on an old Turfe.
Pup. That Turfe's my master.
Lady T. A merry fellow! what's thy name?
Pup. Ball Puppy
They call me at home; abroad, Hannibal Puppy.
Lady T. Come hither, I must kiss thee, valen-
tine Puppy.
Wispe, have you got a valentine?
Wispe. None, madam:
He's the first stranger that I saw.
Lady T. To me
He is so, and as such, let's share him equally.
[*They struggle to kiss him.*
Pup. Help, help, good dame! A rescue, and in
time.

Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead of
spears, with spits;
Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me
and my wits:
A lady and her woman here, their huisher eke by
side,
(But he stands mute,) have plotted how your
Puppy to divide.

Enter dame TURFE, JOAN, JOYCE, MADGE, *&c.*

Dame T. How now, what noise is this with you,
Ball Puppy?
Pup. Oh dame, and fellows of the kitchen! arm,
Arm, for my safety; if you love your Ball:
Here is a strange thing call'd a lady, a mad-dame,
And a device of hers,[1] yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me in the king's highway,
To steal me from myself, and cut me in halfs,
To make one valentine to serve them both;
This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.
Dame T. So saucy, Puppy! to use no more re-
verence
Unto my lady and her velvet gown?
Lady T. Turfe's wife, rebuke him not; your
man doth please me
With his conceit: hold, there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, half-valentine.
Pup. I thank you, right side; could my left
as much,
'Twould make me a man of mark, young Han-
nibal!

[1] *And a device of hers.*] i. e. an animated puppet. Device (vice) was the name given to every piece of machinery moved by wheels or wires. See vol. iv p. 41.

[2] *'Twould make me a* man of mark.] It would appear from this that the line above ("there are ten old nobles,") was

Lady T. Dido shall make that good, or I will for her.
Here, Dido Wispe, there's for your Hannibal;
He is your countryman as well as valentine.
Wispe. Here, master Hannibal, my lady's bounty
For her poor woman, Wispe.
Pup. Brave Carthage queen!
And such was Dido: I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee.
Dame T. Your ladyship is very welcome here.
Please you, good madam, to go near the house.
Lady T. Turfe's wife, I come thus far to seek thy husband,
Having some business to impart unto him;
Is he at home?
Dame T. O no, an it shall please you:
He is posted hence to Pancridge, with a witness.
Young justice Bramble has kept level coyl [3]
Here in our quarters, stole away our daughter,
And master Turfe's run after, as he can,
To stop the marriage, if it will be stopp'd.
Pol. Madam, these tidings are not much amiss:
For if the justice have the maid in keep,
You need not fear the marriage of your son.
Lady T. That somewhat easeth my suspicious breast.

corrupt, and that we should read, Hold, there is *an old noble;* but I have changed nothing The quibble between *noble* and *mark*, (the latter being double the value of the former) is a favourite with our old writers. Thus, in *The Puritan:* "A *man of mark*, quoth-a! I do not think he can shew a beggar's *noble*. A. I. Sc. 3. See p. 89.

[3] *Young justice Bramble has kept* level coyl.] i. e. (in our old dramatists) riot or disturbance. But, properly, level coil is a game in which each of the parties strives to supplant and win the place of the other. The childish play of *catch-corner* comes something near it. Coles derives it from the Italian (levar il culo,) and calls it pitch-buttock. If there be two plays of the name, it is well; this may then be one of them.

Tell me, Turfe's wife, when was my son with Awdrey?
How long is it since you saw him at your house?
Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.
Dame T. What mean you by that, sir?
Pup. Rump and taile's all one,
But I would use a reverence for my lady:
I would not zay, sur-reverence, the tale
Out of your mouth, but rather take the rump.
Dame T. A well-bred youth! and vull of favour you are.
Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my words? This Puppy is a vool,
Great Hannibal's an ass; he hath no breeding:
No, lady gay, you shall not zay
That your Val. Puppy, was so unlucky,
In speech to fail, as to name a tail,
Be as be may be, 'vore a fair lady.
Lady T. Leave jesting; tell us when you saw our son.
Pup. Marry, it is two hours ago.
Lady T. Since you saw him?
Pup. You might have seen him too, if you had look'd up;
For it shined as bright as day.
Lady T. I mean my son.
Pup. Your sun, and our sun, are they not all one?
Lady T. Fool, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee for my son.
Pup. I had thought there had been no more sons than one.
I know not what you ladies have, or may have.
Pol. Didst thou ne'er hear my lady had a son?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a son, unless
She mean precisely, 'squire Tub, her zon,
He was here now, and brought my master word
That justice Bramble had got mistress Awdrey:
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.
Lady T. Martin, I wonder at this strange discourse:
The fool, it seems, tells true; my son the 'squire
Was doubtless here this morning: for the match,
I'll smother what I think, and staying here,
Attend the sequel of this strange beginning.—
Turfe's wife, my people and I will trouble thee
Until we hear some tidings of thy husband;
The rather for my party-valentine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Pancras.

Enter TURFE, AWDREY, CLENCH, MEDLAY, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

Turfe. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this justice as becomes a constable,
And a high constable: next our St. George,
Who rescued the king's daughter, I will ride;
Above prince Arthur.*
Clench. Or our Shoreditch duke.
Med. Or Pancridge earl.
Pan. Or Bevis, or sir Guy,
Who were high constables both.

* *I will ride*
Above prince Arthur.] In the procession of the society of archers (called prince Arthur's knights) to the Artillery-ground, where an annual display of skill took place. The worthies subsequently mentioned probably bore a part in the march, which seems to have been conducted with some kind of burlesque parade.

Clench. One of Southampton——
Med. The t'other of Warwick castle.
Turfe. You shall work it
Into a story for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my chimney.
Scri. I can give you, sir,
A Roman story of a petty-constable,
That had a daughter that was call'd Virginia,
Like mistress Awdrey, and as young as she;
And how her father bare him in the business,
'Gainst justice Appius, a decemvir in Rome,
And justice of assize.
Turfe. That, that, good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a chronicle.
Scri. I can tell you
A thousand of great Pompey, Cæsar, Trajan,
All the high constables there.
Turfe. That was their place;
They were no more.
Scri. Dictator and high constable
Were both the same.
Med. High constable was more though:
He laid Dick Tator by the heels.[4]
Pan. Dick Toter!
He was one o' the waights o' the city, I have read o' 'un;
He was a fellow would be drunk, debauch'd—
And he did zet 'un in the stocks indeed:
His name was Vadian, and a cunning toter.[5]

[4] *He laid* Dick Tator *by the heels.*] Low as the joke is, we find Butler has borrowed it in his speech of Colonel Pride: "They talk indeed of a Roman general, who came from the "plough; *Dick Tator*, I think they call him, who having beat "the enemy went home to the country rich, and renowned for "a very wise man." *Last Speech of Colonel Pride.* WHAL.

[5] *His name was Vadian and a cunning* toter.] A toter or tooter is a low term for a piper. Who this "cunning toter" was, I cannot inform the reader, unless it be Robert *Fabyan.*—Fabian was parcel poet, and parcel historian, and wrote a rhyming

Awd. Was ever silly maid thus posted off,
That should have had three husbands in one day;
Yet, by bad fortune, am possest of none!
I went to church to have been wed to Clay,
Then 'squire Tub he seized me on the way,
And thought to have had me, but he mist his aim;
And justice Bramble, nearest of the three,
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my father, and broke off that dance.
Turfe. Ay, girl, there's ne'er a justice on 'em all
Shall teach the constable to guard his own:
Let's back to Kentish-town, and there make merry:
These news will be glad tidings to my wife.
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench: that word shall stand.
He's found by this time, sure, or else he's drown'd;
The wedding-dinner will be spoil'd: make haste.
Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick, but thin are sown;
I care not who it be, so I have one.
Turfe. Ay, zay you zo! perhaps you shall ha' none for that.
Awd. None, out upon me! what shall I do then?
Med. Sleep, mistress Awdrey, dream on proper men. [*Exeunt.*

Chronicle of English story down to his own times, the end of the 15th century. If this be To-Pan's *Vadian*, he certainly cannot be called a *cunning* toter; but he was undoubtedly popular among the lower classes: he was besides, an alderman, a sheriff, and by occupation a mercer. His Chronicle treats of pageants, lord-mayors' feasts, and other goodly matters, very delectable to city ears.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Same.

Enter sir HUGH *and* PREAMBLE.

Hugh. O *bone Deus*, have you seen the like!
Here was, Hodge hold thine ear fair, whilst I strike.
Body o' me, how came this geer about?
Pre. I know not, Canon, but it falls out cross.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events; it was impossible,
Being so close and politicly carried,
To come so quickly to the ears of Turfe.
O·priest! had but thy slow delivery
Been nimble, and thy lazy Latin tongue
But run the forms o'er with that swift dispatch
As had been requisite, all had been well.
Hugh. What should have been, that never loved the friar;
But thus you see the old adage verified,
Multa cadunt inter——you can guess the rest,
Many things fall between the cup and lip;
And though they touch, you are not sure to drink.
You lack'd good fortune, we had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him in the sea.
The properer man, the worse luck: stay a time;
Tempus edax—In time the stately ox,[6]—
Good counsels lightly never come too late.
Pre. You, sir, will run your counsels out of breath.

[6] *In time the stately ox*—] Old Jeronymo again!
"In time the savage bull sustains the yoke," &c.
Lightly, in the next line, is commonly, usually.

Hugh. Spur a free horse, he'll run himself to death.'
Sancti Evangelistæ! here comes Miles!

Enter METAPHOR.

Pre. What news, man, with our new-made pursuivant?
Met. A pursuivant! would I were—or more pursie,
And had more store of money; or less pursie,
And had more store of breath: you call me pursuivant,
But I could never vaunt of any purse
I had, sin' you were my godfathers and godmothers,
And gave me that nick-name.
Pre. What's now the matter?
Met. Nay, 'tis no matter, I have been simply beaten.
Hugh. What is become of the 'squire and thy prisoner?
Met. The lines of blood run streaming from my head,
Can speak what rule the 'squire hath kept with me.
Pre. I pray thee, Miles, relate the manner how.
Met. Be't known unto you by these presents then,
That I, Miles Metaphor, your worship's clerk,
Have e'en been beaten to an allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they been but
Some five or six, I had whipp'd them all, like tops
In Lent, and hurl'd them into Hobler's hole,
Or the next ditch; I had crack'd all their costards,
As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts.

And flourished like to Hercules the porter[7]
Among the pages. But when they came on
Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion,
Flies about sweatmeats; nay, like watermen
About a fare: then was poor Metaphor
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, only to tell this news.

Hugh. How indirectly all things are fallen out!
I cannot choose but wonder what they were
Rescued your rival from the keep of Miles;
But most of all, I cannot well digest
The manner how our purpose came to Turfe.

Pre. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be drest.
As for the 'squire's escape, it matters not,
We have by this means disappointed him;
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But canon Hugh, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the consistory;
Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another quaint devised drift,
To disappoint her marriage with this Clay:
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.

Hugh. Well said, magister justice. If I fit you not
With such a new and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your ears did hear a finer,
Call me with Lilly, *Bos, Fur, Sus atque Sacerdos.*

Pre. I hear there's comfort in thy words yet, Canon.
I'll trust thy regulars, and say no more.
[*Exeunt Hugh and Pre.*

Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper priest
Be but as cunning, point in his device,[8]

[7] *Hercules the porter.*] See p. 62.

[8] *Be but as cunning, point in his device,*] That is, be as exact and clever in his plot as I was in mine. See vol. iv. p. 169.

As I was in my lie, my master Bramble
Will stalk, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Kentish Town.

Before TURFE'S *House.*

Enter TURFE, *dame* TURFE, *lady* TUB, POL MARTIN, AWDREY, *and* PUPPY.

Turfe. Well, madam, I may thank the 'squire your son;
For, but for him, I had been over-reach'd.
Dame T. Now heaven's blessing light upon his heart!
We are beholden to him, indeed, madam.
Lady T. But can you not resolve me where he is,
Nor about what his purposes were bent?
Turfe. Madam, they no whit were concerning me,
And therefore was I less inquisitive.
Lady T. Fair maid, in faith, speak truth, and not dissemble:
Does he not often come and visit you?
Awd. His worship now and then, please you, takes pains
To see my father and mother; but, for me,
I know myself too mean for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more than asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to pass his time.
Lady T. A sober maid! call for my woman, Martin.

Pol. The maids and her half-valentine have plied her
With courtesy of the bride-cake and the bowl,
As she is laid awhile.
Lady T. O let her rest.
We will cross o'er to Canbury in the interim,[9]
And so make home.—Farewell, good Turfe, and thy wife;
I wish your daughter joy. [*Exeunt Lady T. and Pol.*
Turfe. Thanks to your ladyship.—
Where is John Clay now, have you seen him yet?
Dame T. No, he has hid himself out of the way,
For fear of the hue and cry.
Turfe. What, walks that shadow
Avore 'un still?—Puppy, go seek 'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the church,
And try our vortunes: luck, son Valentine!
Where are the wise men all of Finsbury?
Pup. Where wise men should be; at the ale and bride-cake.
I would this couple had their destiny,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:

Enter CLENCH, MEDLAY, SCRIBEN, *&c.*

Man cannot get the mount'nance of an egg-shell
To stay his stomach. Vaith, for mine own part,
I have zupp'd up so much broth as would have cover'd
A leg o' beef o'er head and ears in the porridge-pot,

[9] *We will cross o'er to* Canbury *in the interim,*] *Canberry-house* is in the neighbourhood of *Islington*. The true name of it is *Canon-berry*; it was anciently a farm or grange belonging to the monks of the priory of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield. WHAL.
It is now divided into many separate dwellings, and has undergone another change, being called *Cambray*-house.

And yet I cannot sussifie wild nature.
Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomach, and long,
Till by some honest midwife-piece of beef
I be deliver'd of it: I must go now.
And hunt out for this Kilborn calf, John Clay,
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.
[*Exit.*

Enter sir HUGH, *disguised as a captain.*

Hugh. Thus as a beggar in a king's disguise,
Or an old cross well sided with a may-pole,
Comes canon Hugh accoutred as you see,
Disguised, soldado-like. Mark his device:
The canon is that captain Thums was robb'd,
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds,
This scarf upon mine arm shews my late hurts,
And thus am I to gull the constable.
Now have among you for a man at arms! [*Aside.*
Friends, by your leave, which of you is one Turfe?
Turfe. Sir, I am Turfe, if you would speak with me.
Hugh. With thee, Turfe, if thou be'st high constable.
Turfe. I am both Turfe, sir, and high constable.
Hugh. Then, Turfe or Scurfe, high or low constable,
Know, I was once a captain at St. Quintin's,
And passing cross the ways over the country,
This morning, betwixt this and Hamstead-heath,
Was by a crew of clowns robb'd, bobb'd, and hurt.
No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much pain I went to the next justice,
One master Bramble, here at Maribone:
And here a warrant is, which he hath directed

For you, one Turfe, if your name be Toby Turfe,
Who have let fall, they say, the hue and cry;
And you shall answer it afore the justice.
Turfe. Heaven and hell, dogs and devils, what is this!
Neighbours, was ever constable thus cross'd?
What shall we do?
Med. Faith, all go hang ourselves;
I know no other way to scape the law.

Re-enter PUPPY.

Pup. News, news, O news——
Turfe. What, hast thou found out Clay?
Pup. No, sir, the news is, that I cannot find him.
Hugh. Why do you dally, you damn'd russet-coat?
You peasant, nay, you clown, you constable!
See that you bring forth the suspected party,
Or by mine honour, which I won in field,
I'll make you pay for it afore the justice.
Turfe. Fie, fie! O wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found;
And which now makes me think he did the deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seen.
Captain, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I must go, needs, whom the devil drives:
Pray for me, wife and daughter, pray for me.
Hugh. I'll lead the way—thus is the match put off,—
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My captainship shall cost him many a crown.
[*Aside. Exeunt all but Dame T. Awd. and Puppy.*
Dame T. So, we have brought our eggs to a fair market.
Out on that villain Clay! would he do a robbery?
I'll ne'er trust smooth-faced tileman for his sake.

Awd. Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff.
[*Exeunt Dame T. and Awd.*

Pup. Thus is my master, Toby Turfe, the pattern
Of all the painful adventures now in print!
I never could hope better of this match,
This bride-ale; for the night before to-day,
(Which is within man's memory, I take it,)
At the report of it an ox did speak,
Who died soon after; a cow lost her calf;
The bell-weather was flay'd for it; a fat hog
Was singed, and wash'd, and shaven all over, to
Look ugly 'gainst this day: the ducks they quack'd,
The hens too cackled; at the noise whereof
A drake was seen to dance a headless round;
The goose was cut in the head to hear it too:
Brave chant-it-clear, his noble heart was done,
His comb was cut; and two or three of his wives,
Or fairest concubines, had their necks broke
Ere they would zee this day: to mark the verven
Heart of a beast! the very pig, the pig
This very morning, as he was a roasting,
Cried out his eyes, and made a shew, as he would
Have bit in two the spit; as he would say,
There shall no roast-meat be this dismal day.
And zure, I think, if I had not got his tongue
Between my teeth and eat it, he had spoke it.
Well, I will in and cry too; never leave
Crying until our maids may drive a buck
With my salt tears at the next washing-day. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Maribone.

A Room in justice Preamble's *House.*

Enter justice PREAMBLE, *sir* HUGH, *disguised as before,* TURFE, *and* METAPHOR.

Pre. Keep out those fellows; I'll have none come in
But the high constable, the man of peace,
And the queen's captain, the brave man of war.
Now, neighbour Turfe, the cause why you are call'd
Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this; and pray you mark it thorougly.
Here is a gentleman, and, as it seems,
Both of good birth, fair speech, and peaceable;
Who was this morning robb'd here in the wood:
You, for your part, a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of fair demeans,
And by authority, high constable;
Are, notwithstanding, touch'd in this complaint,
Of being careless in the hue and cry.
I cannot choose but grieve a soldier's loss;
And I am sorry too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour: this is all I object.
Hugh. This is not all; I can allege far more,
And almost urge him for an accessary.
Good master justice, give me leave to speak,
For I am plaintiff: let not neighbourhood
Make him secure, or stand on privilege.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality;
Object then what you please, so it be truth.
Hugh. This more, and which is more than he can answer;
Besides his letting fall the hue and cry,
He doth protect the man charged with the felony,
And keeps him hid, I hear, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his daughter.
Turfe. I do defy 'un, so shall she do too.
I pray your worship's favour let me have hearing.
I do convess, 'twas told me such a velony,
And't not disgrieved me a little, when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to church to marry Awdrey:
And who should marry her but this very Clay,
Who was charged to be the chief thief o' 'em all.
Now I (the halter stick me if I tell
Your worships any leazins) did fore-think 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away:
I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or in mine oven; nay, in the town-pound:
I was zo zure o' 'un, I'd have gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start: but now I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can look at 'un. Would you ha' more?
Hugh. Yes, I will have, sir, what the law will give me.
You gave your word to see him safe forth-coming;
I challenge that: but that is forfeited;
Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit,
Argues your slackness and neglect of duty,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.
Pre. He speaks but reason, Turfe. Bring forth the man
And you are quit; but otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his loss,
And think yourself befriended, if he take it,
Without a farther suit or going to law.

Come to a composition with him, Turfe,
The law is costly, and will draw on charge.
Turfe. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a returney,
And then make legs to my great man o' law,
To be o' my counsel, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing for me, but devise
All district means, to ransackle me o' my money.
A pest'lence prick the throats o' 'em! I do know 'em,
As well az I waz in their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me do, what would you ask of me?
Hugh. I ask the restitution of my money,
And will not bate one penny of the sum;
Fourscore and five pound: and I ask, besides,
Amendment for my hurts; my pain and suffering
Are loss enough for me, sir, to sit down with.
I'll put it to your worship; what you award me,
I'll take, and give him a general release.
Pre. And what say you now, neighbour Turfe?
Turfe. I put it
Even to your worship's bitterment, hab, nab.
I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'em e'en run: and——
Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.
Hugh. Saint Valentine's day, I will, this very day,
Before sun-set; my bond is forfeit else.
Turfe. Where will you have it paid?
Hugh. Faith, I am a stranger
Here in the country; know you canon Hugh,
The vicar of Pancras?
Turfe. Yes, who [knows] not him?

Hugh. I'll make him my attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge.
Turfe. Whom shall I send for't?
Pre. Why, if you please, send Metaphor my clerk:
And, Turfe, I much commend thy willingness;
It's argument of thy integrity.
Turfe. But my integrity shall be my zelf still:
Good master Metaphor, give my wife this key,
And do but whisper it into her hand;
She knows it well enough; bid her, by that,
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags of silver,
That lie in the corner of the cupboard, stands
At my bed-side, they are vifty pound a piece;
And bring them to your master.
Met. If I prove not
As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,
Then call me his curtal; change my name of Miles,
To Guiles, Wiles, Piles, Biles, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambo with for ale.
Hugh. [*takes Met. aside.*] Come hither, Miles; bring by that token too
Fair Awdrey; say, her father sent for her.
Say, Clay is found, and waits at Pancras-church,
Where I attend to marry them in haste:
For, by this means, Miles, I may say't to thee,
Thy master must to Awdrey married be.
But not a word but mum: go, get thee gone,
Be wary of thy charge, and keep it close.
Met. O super-dainty canon, vicar incony![a]
Make no delay, Miles, but away;
And bring the wench and money. [*Exit.*
Hugh. Now, sir, I see you meant but honestly;
And, but that business calls me hence away,

[a] *Vicar incony!*] Inconey is *fine* or *curious.* WHAL. It occurs frequently in Shakspeare as a term of endearment.

I would not leave you till the sun were lower.—
But, master justice, one word, sir, with you.
[*Aside to Pre.*
By the same token, is your mistress sent for
By Metaphor, your clerk, as from her father;
Who, when she comes, I'll marry her to you,
Unwitting to this Turfe, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage: this was my plot,
Which I must now make good, turn canon again,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Pre. Adieu, good captain.—Trust me, neighbour Turfe,
He seems to be a sober gentleman:
But this distress hath somewhat stirr'd his patience.
And men, you know, in such extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of courtesy;
I'm glad you have made this end.
Turfe. You stood my friend,
I thank your justice-worship; pray you be
Prezent anon at tendering of the money,
And zee me have a discharge; vor I have no craft
In your law quiblins.
Pre. I'll secure you, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.*

The Country near Maribone.

Enter MEDLAY, CLENCH, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy luck in names, sirs,
And a vain mystery, an' a man knew where

* This is termed by Jonson or his printer, an *interloping* scene, and is not numbered with the rest. It adds nothing to the

To vind it. My godsire's name, I'll tell you,
Was In-and-In Shittle, and a weaver he was,
And it did fit his craft: for so his shittle
Went in and in still; this way, and then that way.
And he named me In-and-In Medlay; which serves
A joiner's craft, because that we do lay
Things in and in, in our work. But I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather;
That is, as one would zay, an architect.
Clench. As I am a varrier and a visicary;
Horse-smith of Hamstead, and the whole town leach.
Med. Yes, you have done woundy cures, gossip Clench.
Clench. An I can zee the stale once through a urine-hole,
I'll give a shrewd guess, be it man or beast.
I cured an ale-wife once that had the staggers
Worse than five horses, without rowelling.
My god-phere was a Rabian or a Jew,
(You can tell, D'oge,) they call'd 'un doctor Rasi.
Scri. One Rasis was a great Arabic doctor.
Clench. He was king Harry's doctor, and my god-phere.
Pan. Mine was a merry Greek, To-Pan of Twiford,
A jovial tinker, and a stopper of holes;
Who left me metal-man of Belsise, his heir.
Med. But what was yours, D'oge?
Scri. Vaith, I cannot tell,

progress of the plot, and seems inserted merely to give time for Metaphor's walk to Kentish Town. A little pains might have obviated this awkward effort to save appearances; but Jonson is evidently at play through the whole of this light piece, which was written less perhaps with a view to fame, than to relieve the *tædium* and misery of a long disease.

If mine were kyrsin'd or no: but zure he had
A kyrsin name, that he left me, Diogenes.
A mighty learned man, but pestilence poor;
Vor he had no house, save an old tub, to dwell in,
(I vind that in records,) and still he turn'd it
In the wind's teeth, as't blew on his backside,
And there they would lie routing one at other,
A week sometimes.
Med. Thence came, *A Tale of a Tub*,
And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old D'ogenes Tub.
Scri. That was avore sir Peter Tub or his lady.
Pan. Ay, or the 'squire their son, Tripoly Tub.
Clench. The 'squire is a fine gentleman.
Med. He is more,
A gentleman and a half; almost a knight,
Within zix inches; that is his true measure.
Clench. Zure you can gage 'un.
Med. To a streak, or less;
I know his d'ameters and circumference:
A knight is six diameters, and a 'squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more; I know't by compass
And scale of man. I have upon my rule here
The just perportions of a knight, a 'squire;
With a tame justice, or an officer rampant,
Upon the bench, from the high constable
Down to the headborough, or tithing-man,
Or meanest minister of the peace, God save 'un!
Pan. Why you can tell us by the squire, neighbour,[3]
Whence he is call'd a constable, and whaffore.
Med. No, that's a book-case: Scriben can do that.
That's writing and reading, and records.

[3] *Why you can tell us by the* squire, *neighbour.*] It should be *square*, an instrument or kind of rule used by carpenters. WHAL.
And so Whalley prints it: they are, however, the same word; with this exception in favour of *squire*, that it is usually preferred by the writers of Jonson's age.

Scri. Two words,
Cyning and staple, make a constable;[4]
As we would say, a hold or stay for the king.
Clench. All constables are truly Johns for the king,
Whate'er their names are, be they Tony or Roger.
Med. And all are sworn as vingars o' the one hand,
To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the peace;
The high constable is the thumb, as one would zay,
The hold-fast o' the rest.
Pan. I'ray luck he speed
Well in the business between captain Thums
And him!
Med. I'll warrant 'un for a groat;
I have his measures here in rithmetique,
How he should bear 'un self in all the lines
Of's place and office: let us zeek 'un out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Country near Kentish Town.

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Tub. Hilts, how dost thou like of this our good day's work?
Hilts. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.
Tub. Shall we to Pancridge or to Kentish-town, Hilts?

[4] Cyning and staple, *make a constable.*] The learned Scriben had just been looking into Verstegan for his ridiculous etymology. Clench, in his reply, soars beyond my comprehension.

Hilts. Let Kentish-town or Pancridge come to us,
If either will; I will go home again.
Tub. Faith, Basket, our success hath been but bad,
And nothing prospers that we undertake;
For we can neither meet with Clay nor Awdrey,
The canon Hugh, nor Turfe the constable:
We are like men that wander in strange woods,
And lose ourselves in search of them we seek.
Hilts. This was because we rose on the wrong side:
But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,
I'll zet my sword on the pummel, and that line
The point valls to, we'll take, whether it be
To Kentish Town, the church, or home again.
Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's justice Bramble's clerk,

Enter METAPHOR.

The unlucky hare hath crost us all this day.
I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His business, Hilts; and how he's now employed.
[*Walks aside.*
Hilts. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.
Met. Oh for a pad-horse, pack-horse, or a post-horse,
To bear me on his neck, his back, or his croup!
I am as weary with running as a mill-horse
That hath led the mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath been out of his body.
I could get up upon a pannier, a pannel,
Or, to say truth, a very pack-saddle,
Till all my honey were turn'd into gall,
And I could sit in the seat no longer:—
Oh [for] the legs of a lackey now, or a footman,
Who is the surbater of a clerk currant,

And the confounder of his trestles dormant!
But who have we here, just in the nick?
Hilts. I am neither nick, nor in the nick; therefore
You lie, sir Metaphor.
Met. Lie! how?
Hilts. Lie so, sir. [*Strikes up his heels.*
Met. I lie not yet in my throat.
Hilts. Thou liest on the ground.
Dost thou know me?
Met. Yes, I did know you too late.
Hilts. What is my name, then?
Met. Basket.
Hilts. Basket what?
Met. Basket the great——
Hilts. The great what?
Met. Lubber——
I should say, lover, of the 'squire his master.
Hilts. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou scrape-hill scoundrel, and thou scum of man;
Uncivil, orange-tawney-coated clerk!
Thou cam'st but half a thing into the world,
And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
Travell'dst to Hamstead-heath on an Ash-We'nesday,
Where thou dist stand six weeks the Jack of Lent,
For boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee,
To make thee a purse: seest thou this bold bright blade?
This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,
As minced meat for a pye. I'll set thee in earth
All, save thy head and thy right-arm at liberty,
To keep thy hat off while I question thee
What, why, and whither thou wert going now,
With a face ready to break out with business?
And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.

Met. Then, Basket, put thy smiter up, and hear;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawn sword.
Hilts. 'Tis sheath'd; stand up, speak without fear or wit.
Met. [*rises.*] I know not what they mean; but constable Turfe
Sends here his key for monies in his cupboard,
Which he must pay the captain that was robb'd
This morning. Smell you nothing?
Hilts. No, not I;
Thy breeches yet are honest.
Met. As my mouth.
Do you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I think all's knavery; for the canon whisper'd
Me in the ear, when Turfe had gi'n me his key,
By the same token to bring mistress Awdrey,
As sent for thither; and to say, John Clay
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my master, who is to be married
When she comes there: the canon has his rules
Ready, and all there, to dispatch the matter.
Tub. [*comes forward.*] Now, on my life, this is the canon's plot.—
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to Basket.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy in my mistress Awdrey?
Met. Your worship shall dispose of Metaphor,
Through all his parts, e'en from the sole of the head
To the crown of the foot, to manage of your service.
Tub. Then do thy message to the mistress Turfe,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young Awdrey to thy charge;
Which done, here, Metaphor, we will attend,
And intercept thee: and for thy reward

You two shall share the money, I the maid;
If any take offence, I'll make all good.
Met. But shall I have half the money, sir, in faith?
Tub. Ay, on my 'squireship shalt thou, and my land.
Met. Then, if I make not, sir, the cleanliest 'scuse
To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as 'twere for myself,
Down on your knees, and pray that honest Miles
May break his neck ere he get o'er two stiles.
Tub. Make haste, then; we will wait here thy return. [*Exit Met.*
This luck unlook'd for hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppress with a dark melancholy:
In happy time we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soul's content.
Hilts. This heartless fellow, shame to serving-men,
Stain of all liveries, what fear makes him do!
How sordid, wretched and unworthy things!
Betray his master's secrets, ope the closet
Of his devices, force the foolish justice
Make way for your love, plotting of his own;
Like him that digs a trap to catch another,
And falls into't himself!
Tub. So would I have it,
And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the justice with.
Hilts. But that this poor white-liver'd rogue should do it,
And merely out of fear!
Tub. And hope of money, Hilts:
A valiant man will nibble at that bait.
Hilts. Who, but a fool, will refuse money proffer'd?
Tub. And sent by so good chance? Pray heaven he speed.

Hilts. If he come empty-handed, let him count
To go back empty headed; I'll not leave him
So much of brain in's pate, with pepper and vinegar,
To be serv'd in for sauce to a calf's head.
Tub. Thou [wilt] serve him rightly, Hilts.
Hilts. I'll seal [to] as much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue.
But if you get the lass from Dargison,[4]
What will you do with her?
Tub. We'll think of that
When once we have her in possession, governor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter PUPPY, *and* METAPHOR *with* AWDREY.

Pup. You see we trust you, master Metaphor,
With mistress Awdrey; pray you, use her well,
As a gentlewoman should be used. For my part,
I do incline a little to the serving-man;

[4] *But if you get the lass from* Dargison.] The meaning of this last term is unknown to me; whether it be a proper name, taken from some romance, and how applied, I know not; or whether a corruption from *Kentish Town*, which is not improbable. WHAL.

Whalley's derivation of Dargison from Kentish-town, (which he thinks so probable,) would have done honour to D'oge Scriben, in the interloping scene. In some childish book of knight-errantry, which I formerly read, but which I cannot now call to mind, there is a dwarf of this name (Dargison) who accompanies a lady of great beauty and virtue through many perilous adventures, as her guard and guide. I have no great faith in the identity of this personage, but he may serve till a better is found. — Perhaps the reader may think that this has already been done.

"A mery ballet of the hathorne tre.
To be song after *Donkin Dargeson.*"

"This tune (says Ritson) whatever it was, appears to have been in use till after the Restoration. In a volume of old ballads in the possession of J. Baynes, Esq. is one *to the tune of Dargeson.*" *Antient Songs*, p. 146.

We have been of a coat——I had one like yours;
Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine arms in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you go before her,
Serving-man like, and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me: mark,
How I go afore her! so do you, sweet Miles.
She for her own part, is a woman cares not
What man can do unto her in the way
Of honesty and good manners: so farewell,
Fair mistress Awdrey; farewell, master Miles.
I have brought you thus far onward o' your way:
I must go back now to make clean the rooms,
Where my good lady has been. Pray you commend me
To bridegroom Clay, and bid him bear up stiff.

Met. Thank you, good Hannibal Puppy; I shall fit
The leg of your commands with the strait buskins
Of dispatch presently.

Pup. Farewell, fine Metaphor. [*Exit.*

Met. Come, gentle mistress, will you please to walk?

Awd. I love not to be led; I would go alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, lady,
Be snapp'd up in the trap of your suspicion,
To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finical for me; speak plain, sir.

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Tub. Welcome again, my Awdrey, welcome, love!
You shall with me; in faith deny me not:
I cannot brook the second hazard, mistress.

Awd. Forbear, squire Tub, as mine own mother says,

I am not for your mowing: you'll be flown
Ere I be fledge.

Hilts. Hast thou the money, Miles?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fifty pound in each.

Tub. Nay, Awdrey, I possess you for this time—
Sirs, take that coin between you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge love and marriage at your hands.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd!
What will my lady say? In faith, I think
She was at our house, and I think she ask'd for you;
And I think she hit me in the teeth with you,
I thank her ladyship: and I think she means
Not to go hence till she has found you.

Tub. How say you!
Was then my lady mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside.

Awd. Yes, twenty words. [*They walk aside.*

Enter lady TUB *and* POL MARTIN.

Lady T. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to Totten,
And turn to Kentish Town again my journey—
And see! my son, Pol Martin, with his Awdrey!
Erewhile we left her at her father's house,
And hath he thence removed her in such haste!
What shall I do, shall I speak fair, or chide?

Pol. Madam, your worthy son with duteous care
Can govern his affections; rather then,
Break off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. An this be all, fair Awdrey, I am thine.

Lady T. [*comes forward.*] Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.

Hilts. 'Slid, my lady, my lady!
Met. Is this my lady bright? [*Exit.*
Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.
Lady T. At prayers I think you were: what, so devout
Of late, that you will shrive you to all confessors
You meet by chance! come, go with me, good squire,
And leave your linen: I have now a business,
And of importance, to impart unto you.
Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an hour;
Please you to walk before, I follow you.
Lady T. It must be now, my business lies this way.
Tub. Will not an hour hence, madam, excuse me?
Lady T. 'Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.
You have some new device now to project,
Which the poor tileman scarce will thank you for.
What! will you go?
Tub. I have ta'en a charge upon me,
To see this maid conducted to her father,
Who, with the canon Hugh, stays her at Pancras,
To see her married to the same John Clay.
Lady T. 'Tis very well; but, 'squire, take you no care,
I'll send Pol Martin with her for that office:
You shall along with me; it is decreed.
Tub. I have a little business with a friend, madam.
Lady T. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.—
Pol Martin, take the maiden to your care;
Commend me to her father.
Tub. I will follow you.
Lady T. Tut, tell not me of following.

Tub. I'll but speak
A word.
Lady T. No whispering; you forget yourself,
And make your love too palpable: a squire,
And think so meanly! fall upon a cowshard!
You know my mind. Come, I will to Turfe's house,
And see for Dido and our Valentine.—
Pol Martin, look to your charge, I'll look to mine.
[*Exeunt Lady T., Tub, and Hilts.*
Pol. I smile to think, after so many proffers
This maid hath had, she now should fall to me,
That I should have her in my custody!
'Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
And jump a match with her immediately.
She's fair and handsome, and she's rich enough;
Both time and place minister fair occasion:
Have at it then. [*Aside.*]—Fair lady, can you love?[6]
Awd. No, sir; what's that?
Pol. A toy which women use.
Awd. If it be a toy, it's good to play withal.
Pol. We will not stand discoursing of the toy;
The way is short, please you to prove it, mistress.
Awd. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, sir.
Pol. It's thus, fair maid: are you disposed to marry?
Awd. You are disposed to ask.
Pol. Are you to grant?
Awd. Nay, now I see you are disposed indeed.
Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit,[7]

[6] Can *you love?*] i. e. *know* you love? so, at least, Awdrey understands it.

[7] *I see the wench wants but a little wit.*] Awdrey shews no want of wit; but a little pretty perversity. Pol uses *disposed* for inclined, and Awdrey persists in taking it in the old sense; i. e. for jesting, or merriment.

And that defect her wealth may well supply:
In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, Awdrey?
Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would have me.
John Clay would have me, but he hath too hard hands,
I like not him; besides, he is a thief.
And justice Bramble, he would fain have catch'd me:
But the young 'squire, he, rather than his life,
Would have me yet; and make me a lady, he says,
And be my knight to do me true knight's service,
Before his lady mother. Can you make me
A lady, would I have you?
Pol. I can give you
A silken gown and a rich petticoat,
And a French hood.—All fools love to be brave:
I find her humour, and I will pursue it.
[*Aside. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Kentish Town.

Enter lady TUB, *dame* TURFE, *squire* TUB, *and* HILTS.

Lady T. And, as I told thee, she was intercepted
By the 'squire, here, my son, and this bold ruffian,
His man, who safely would have carried her
Unto her father, and the canon Hugh;
But for more care of the security,
My huisher hath her now in his grave charge.
Dame T. Now on my faith and holydom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a girl,
A foolish girl, and soon may tempted be;

But if this day pass well once o'er her head,
I'll wish her trust to herself: for I have been
A very mother to her, though I say it.
Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and Pancridge is in your way;
I think your ladyship forgets yourself.
Lady T. Your mind runs much on Pancridge. Well, young squire,
The black ox never trod yet on your foot;
These idle phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come, mistress Turfe, will you go take a walk
Over the fields to Pancridge, to your husband?
Dame T. Madam, I had been there an hour ago,
But that I waited on my man, Ball Puppy.—
What, Ball, I say!—I think the idle slouch
Be fallen asleep in the barn, he stays so long.

Enter PUPPY *hastily from the barn.*

Pup. Sattin, in the name of velvet-sattin, dame!
The devil, O the devil is in the barn!
Help, help! a legion [of] spirits, [a] legion,
Is in the barn! in every straw a devil!
Dame T. Why dost thou bawl so, Puppy? speak, what ails thee?
Pup. My name's Ball Puppy, I have seen the devil
Among the straw. O for a cross! a collop
Of friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick
Of doctor Faustus! spirits are in the barn.
Tub. How, spirits in the barn!—Basket, go see.
Hilts. Sir, an you were my master ten times over,
And 'squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon me:
Send me 'mong devils! I zee you love me not.
Hell be at their game; I will not trouble them.

Tub. Go see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hilts. An they were giants, 'twere another matter,
But devils! no, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your warrant worth? I'll see the fiend
Set fire o' the barn, ere I come there.

Dame T. Now all zaints bless us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly spright, I warrant.

Pup. As ever
Held flesh-hook, dame, or handled fire-fork rather.
They have put me in a sweet pickle, dame;
But that my lady Valentine smells of musk,
I should be ashamed to press into this presence.

Lady T. Basket, I pray thee see what is the miracle.

Tub. Come, go with me; I'll lead. Why stand'st thou, man?

Hilts. Cock's precious, master, you are not mad indeed,
You will not go to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid?

Hilts. No, not afraid?
But, by your leave, I'll come no nearer the barn.

Dame T. Puppy, wilt thou go with me?

Pup. How, go with you!
Whither, into the barn? to whom, the devil?
Or to do what there? to be torn amongst 'um!
Stay for my master, the high constable,
Or In-and-in the headborough; let them go
Into the barn with warrant, seize the fiend,
And set him in the stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me that am but flesh and blood,
To meddle with 'un; vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lady T. I pray thee, Tripoly, look what is the matter.

Tub. That shall I, madam. [*Goes into the barn.*

Hilts. Heaven protect my master!
I tremble every joint till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now, they are tearing him in pieces;
Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,
Like loggets at a pear-tree;* I'll to the hole,
Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.

Hilts. I would not be in my master's coat for thousands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thyself away.
O the devil, the devil, the devil!

Hilts. Where, man, where?

Dame T. Alas, that ever we were born! So near too?

Pup. The 'squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the collar.

Re-enter TUB, *dragging in* CLAY.

Dame T. O this is John Clay.

Lady T. John Clay at Pancras, is there to be married.

Tub. This was the spirit revell'd in the barn.

Pup. The devil he was! was this he was crawling
Among the wheat-straw? had it been the barley,
I should have ta'en him for the devil in drink;
The spirit of the bride-ale: but poor John,
Tame John of Clay, that sticks about the bung-hole—

* *Like* loggets *at a pear tree.*] Loggets (a diminutive of log,) are sticks or small pieces of wood which the country people throw at their apple and pear trees to beat down the fruit that cannot otherwise be reached. There is a deal of grave trifling on the meaning of this common word, in the notes on Shakspeare.

Hilts. If this be all your devil, I would take
In hand to conjure him: but hell take me,
If e'er I come in a right devil's walk,
If I can keep me out on't.
Tub. Well meant, Hilts. [*Exit.*
Lady T. But how came Clay thus hid here in the straw,
When news was brought to you all he was at Pancridge,
And you believed it?
Dame T. Justice Bramble's man
Told me so, madam; and by that same token,
And other things, he had away my daughter,
And two seal'd bags of money.
Lady T. Where's the squire,
Is he gone hence?
Dame T. He was here, madam, but now.
Clay. Is the hue and cry past by?
Pup. Ay, ay, John Clay.
Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?
Pup. Hang'd, John! yes, sure; unless, as with the proverb,
You mean to make the choice of your own gallows.
Clay. Nay, then all's well: hearing your news, Ball Puppy,
You brought from Paddington, I e'en stole home here,
And thought to hide me in the barn e'er since.
Pup. O wonderful! and news was brought us here,
You were at Pancridge, ready to be married.
Clay. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the barn.
Dame T. Haste, Puppy, call forth mistress Dido Wispe,
My lady's gentlewoman, to her lady;
And call yourself forth, and a couple of maids,
To wait upon me: we are all undone,

My lady is undone, her fine young son,
The 'squire, is got away.
Lady T. Haste, haste, good Valentine.
Dame T. And you, John Clay, you are undone too! all!
My husband is undone by a true key,
But a false token; and myself's undone,
By parting with my daughter, who'll be married
To somebody that she should not, if we haste not.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Fields near Kentish Town.

Enter squire TUB *and* POL MARTIN.

Tub. I pray thee, good Pol Martin, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both; get her, but so disguised
The canon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here. [*Exit.*
Pol. You shall, 'squire. I'll perform it with all care,
If all my lady's wardrobe will disguise her.—
Come, mistress Awdrey.

Enter AWDREY.

Awd. Is the 'squire gone?
Pol. He'll meet us by and by, where he appointed;
You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Kentish Town.

Enter CLENCH, MEDLAY, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

Clench. I wonder where the queen's high constable is.
I vear they ha' made 'un away.
Med. No zure; the justice
Dare not conzent to that: he'll zee 'un forthcoming.
Pan. He must, vor we can all take corpulent oath
We zaw 'un go in there.
Scri. Ay, upon record:
The clock dropt twelve at Maribone.
Med. You are right, D'oge,
Zet down to a minute; now 'tis a' most vowre.
Clench. Here comes 'squire Tub.
Scri. And's governor, master Basket—

Enter TUB *and* HILTS.

Hilts; do you know 'un? a valiant wise fellow,
As tall a man on his hands as goes on veet!
Bless you, mass' Basket.
Hilts. Thank you, good D'oge.
Tub. Who's that?
Hilts. D'oge Scriben the great writer, sir, of Chalcot.
Tub. And who the rest?
Hilts. The wisest heads o' the hundred.
Medlay the joiner, headborough of Islington,

Pan of Belsise, and Clench the leach of Hamstead,
The high constable's counsel here of Finsbury.
Tub. Present me to them, Hilts, 'squire Tub of Totten.
Hilts. Wise men of Finsbury, make place for a 'squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, Tub of Totten.
'Squire Tub, my master, loves all men of virtue,
And longs, as one would zay, till he be one o' you.
Clench. His worship's welcum to our company:
Would it were wiser for 'un!
Pan. Here be some on us
Are call'd the witty men over a hundred.
Scri. And zome a thousand, when the muster-day comes.
Tub. I long, as my man Hilts said, and my governor,
To be adopt in your society.
Can any man make a masque here in this company?
Pan. A masque! what's that?
Scri. A mumming or a shew,
With vizards and fine clothes.
Clench. A disguise, neighbour,
Is the true word: There stands the man can do't, sir;
Medlay the joiner, In-and-in of Islington,
The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.
Tub. But who shall write it?
Hilts. Scriben, the great writer.
Scri. He'll do't alone, sir; he will join with no man,
Though he be a joiner, in design he calls it,
He must be sole inventer. In-and-in
Draws with no other in's project, he will tell you,

It cannot else be feazible, or conduce:
Those are his ruling words; pleaze you to hear 'un?
Tub. Yes; master In-and-in, I have heard of you.
Med. I can do nothing, I.
Clench. He can do all, sir.
Med. They'll tell you so.
Tub. I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself,
You can express a Tub?
Med. If it *conduce*
To the design, whate'er is *feasible:*
I can express a wash-house, if need be,
With a whole pedigree of Tubs.
Tub. No, one
Will be enough to note our name and family;
'Squire Tub of Totten, and to shew my adventures
This very day. I'd have it in Tub's Hall,
At Totten-Court, my lady mother's house;
My house indeed, for I am heir to it.
Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it,
I could say more: for all invention, sir,
Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
A world of things concur to the design,
Which makes it *feasible*, if art *conduce.*
Tub. You say well, witty master In-and-in.
How long have you studied ingine?
Med. Since I first
Join'd, or did in-lay in wit, some forty year.
Tub. A pretty time!—Basket, go you and wait
On master In-and-in to Totten-Court,
And all the other wise masters; shew them the hall,
And taste the language of the buttery to them.
Let them see all the tubs about the house,

That can raise matter, till I come—which shall be
Within an hour at least.
Clench. It will be glorious,
If In-and-in will undertake it, sir:
He has a monstrous Medlay-wit of his own.
Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boards or hoops,
To architect your tub: have you ne'er a cooper,[9]
At London, call'd Vitruvius? send for him;
Or old John Heywood, call him to you, to help.
Scri. He scorns the motion, trust to him alone.
[*Exeunt all but Tub.*

Enter lady TUB, *dame* TURFE, CLAY, PUPPY, *and* WISPE.

Lady T. O, here's the 'squire! you slipp'd us finely, son.
These manners to your mother will commend you;
But in another age, not this: well, Tripoly,
Your father, good sir Peter, rest his bones,
Would not have done this; where's my huisher, Martin,
And your fair mistress Awdrey?
Tub. I not see them,
No creature but the four wise masters here,
Of Finsbury hundred, came to cry their constable,
Who, they do say, is lost.
Dame T. My husband lost,

[9] *Have you ne'er a cooper*
At London, call'd Vitruvius?] Here Vitruvius would seem to be a different person from Medlay; and yet it was the introduction of this name which gave offence. Jones seems to have appropriated as many names to himself as Hercules. Old John Heywood, to whom the poet pays an oblique compliment, is the epigrammatist, whose rude wit contributed to unbend the ferocious front of Henry VIII. He was among the earliest of our dramatic writers, and is intitled to some commendation.

And my fond daughter lost, I fear me too!
Where is your gentleman, madam? poor John Clay,
Thou hast lost thy Awdrey.
Clay. I have lost my wits,
My little wits, good mother; I am distracted.
Pup. And I have lost my mistress, Dido Wispe,
Who frowns upon her Puppy, Hannibal.
Loss, loss on every side! a public loss!
Loss of my master! loss of his daughter! loss
Of favour, friends, my mistress! loss of all!

Enter TURFE *and* PREAMBLE.

Pre. What cry is this?
Turfe. My man speaks of some loss.
Pup. My master's found! good luck, an't be thy will,
Light on us all.
Dame T. O husband, are you alive!
They said you were lost.
Turfe. Where's justice Bramble's clerk?
Had he the money that I sent for?
Dame T. Yes,
Two hours ago, two fifty pounds in silver,
And Awdrey too.
Turfe. Why Awdrey? who sent for her?
Dame T. You, master Turfe, the fellow said.
Turfe. He lied.
I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone: your man's a thief,
And run away with my daughter, master Bramble,
And with my money.
Lady T. Neighbour Turfe, have patience;
I can assure you that your daughter's safe,
But for the monies, I know nothing of.
Turfe. My money is my daughter, and my daughter
She is my money, madam.

Pre. I do wonder
Your ladyship comes to know any thing
In these affairs.
Lady T. Yes, justice Preamble,
I met the maiden in the fields by chance,
In the 'squire's company, my son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.
Tub. I intercepted her as coming hither,
To her father, who sent for her by Miles Metaphor,
Justice Preamble's clerk. And had your ladyship
Not hinder'd it, I had paid fine master justice
For his young warrant, and new pursuivant,
He serv'd it by this morning.
Pre. Know you that, sir?
Lady T. You told me, 'squire, a quite other tale,
But I believed you not; which made me send
Awdrey another way by my Pol Martin,
And take my journey back to Kentish Town,
Where we found John Clay hidden in the barn,
To scape the hue and cry; and here he is.
Turfe. John Clay agen! nay, then—set cock-a-hoop:[1]
I have lost no daughter, nor no money, justice.
John Clay shall pay; I'll look to you now, John.
Vaith, out it must, as good at night as morning.
I am e'en as vull as a piper's bag with joy,
Or a great gun upon carnation-day.
I could weep lions' tears to see you, John:
'Tis but two vifty pounds I have ventured for you,
But now I have you, you shall pay whole hundred.

[1] *Nay, then—set* cock-a-hoop.] A phrase denoting the excess of mirth and jollity; but of doubtful derivation. The received opinion seems to be that it had birth from the practice of laying, on extraordinary occasions of festivity, the *cock* (or spigot) on the *hoop* of the barrel, and letting the ale flow without intermission. I suspect that it had a more dignified origin.

Run from your burroughs, son! faith, e'en be
hang'd.
An you once earth yourself, John, in the barn,
I have no daughter vor you: who did verret 'un?
Dame T. My lady's son, the 'squire here, vetch'd
'un out.
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
We thought the devil was in the barn; and nobody
Durst venture on 'un.
Turfe. I am now resolv'd
Who shall have my daughter.
Dame T. Who?
Turfe. He best deserves her.
Here comes the vicar.—

Enter sir HUGH.

Canon Hugh, we have vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.
Hugh. Is Metaphor return'd yet? [*Aside to Pre.*
Pre. All is turn'd
Here to confusion, we have lost our plot;
I fear my man is run way with the money,
And Clay is found, in whom old Turfe is sure
To save his stake.
Hugh. What shall we do then, justice?
Pre. The bride was met in the young 'squire's
hands.
Hugh. And what's become of her?
Pre. None here can tell.
Tub. Was not my mother's man, Pol Martin,
with you,
And a strange gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, canon?
Hugh. Yes, and I dispatch'd them.
Tub. Dispatch'd them! how do you mean?

Hugh. Why, married them,
As they desired, but now.
Tub. And do you know
What you have done, sir Hugh?
Hugh. No harm, I hope.
Tub. You have ended all the quarrel: Awdrey is married.
Lady T. Married! to whom?
Turfe. My daughter Awdrey married,
And she not know of it!
Dame T. Nor her father or mother!
Lady T. Whom hath she married?
Tub. Your Pol Martin, madam;
A groom was never dreamt of.
Turfe. Is he a man?
Lady T. That he is, Turfe, and a gentleman I have made him.
Dame T. Nay, an he be a gentleman, let her shift.
Hugh. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
And yet I married her by her own name:
But she was so disguised, so lady-like,
I think she did not know herself the while!
I married them as a mere pair of strangers,
And they gave out themselves for such.
Lady T. I wish them
Much joy, as they have given me heart's ease.
Tub. Then, madam, I'll entreat you now remit
Your jealousy of me; and please to take
All this good company home with you to supper:
We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
Lady T. A right good motion, 'squire, which I yield to;
And thank them to accept it.—Neighbour Turfe,
I'll have you merry, and your wife; and you,

Sir Hugh, be pardon'd this your happy error,
By justice Preamble, your friend and patron.
Pre. If the young 'squire can pardon it, I do.
[*Exeunt all but Puppy, Wispe, and Hugh.*
Pup. Stay, my dear Dido; and, good vicar Hugh,
We have a business with you; in short, this:
If you dare knit another pair of strangers,
Dido of Carthage, and her countryman,
Stout Hannibal stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
And she hath granted.
Hugh. But saith Dido so?
Wispe. From what Ball Hanny hath said I dare not go.
Hugh. Come in then, I'll dispatch you: a good supper
Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
But above all, where wit hath any source. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Totten-Court.

Before the House.

Enter POL MARTIN, AWDREY, TUB, *lady* TUB, PREAMBLE, TURFE, *dame* TURFE, *and* CLAY.

Pol. After the hoping of your pardon, madam,
For many faults committed, here my wife
And I do stand expecting your mild doom.
Lady T. I wish thee joy, Pol Martin; and thy wife
As much, mistress Pol Martin. Thou hast trick'd her
Up very fine, methinks.

Pol. For that I made
Bold with your ladyship's wardrobe, but have trespass'd
Within the limits of your leave——I hope.
Lady T. I give her what she wears; I know all women
Love to be fine: thou hast deserv'd it of me;
I am extremely pleased with thy good fortune.
Welcome, good justice Preamble; and, Turfe,
Look merrily on your daughter: she has married
A gentleman.
Turfe. So methinks. I dare not touch her,
She is so fine; yet I will say, God bless her!
Dame T. And I too, my fine daughter! I could love her
Now twice as well as if Clay had her.
Tub. Come, come, my mother is pleased; I pardon all:
Pol Martin, in and wait upon my lady.
Welcome, good guests! see supper be serv'd in,
With all the plenty of the house and worship.
I must confer with master In-and-In
About some alterations in my masque:
Send Hilts out to me; bid him bring the council
Of Finsbury hither. [*Exeunt all but Tub.*] I'll have such a night
Shall make the name of Totten-Court immortal,
And be recorded to posterity.[a]—

[a] Here the Tale of a Tub ended, when it was presented on the stage, and before the court. It appears from the memorandums of sir Henry Herbert, that Inigo Jones took exception at the introduction of the masque, which he considered, and, as it should seem, with justice, as a reflection on himself; and that he had interest enough with the chamberlain to procure its removal. Inigo and Jonson were now at enmity, and the motive is sufficiently apparent from this ridiculous interlude, in which the former is charged with assuming more than his due share of

Enter MEDLAY, CLENCH, PAN, *and* SCRIBEN.

O master In-and-In! what have you done?
Med. Survey'd the place, sir, and design'd the ground,
Or stand-still of the work: and this it is.
First, I have fixed in the earth a tub,
And an old tub, like a salt-petre tub,
Preluding by your father's name, sir Peter,
And the antiquity of your house and family,
Original from salt-petre.
Tub. Good, i'faith,
You have shewn reading and antiquity here, sir.
Med. I have a little knowledge in design,
Which I can vary, sir, to *infinito.*
Tub. Ad infinitum, sir, you mean.
Med. I do,
I stand not on my Latin; I'll invent,
But I must be alone then, join'd with no man:
This we do call the stand-still of our work.
Tub. Who are those We you now join'd to yourself?
Med. I mean myself still in the plural number.
And out of this we raise Our Tale of a Tub.
Tub. No, master In-and-In, My Tale of a Tub,
By your leave; I am Tub, the Tale's of me,
And my adventures! I am 'squire Tub,
Subjectum fabulæ.
Med. But I the author.

the merit of the poetical productions which he was employed to adorn.

It is to be regretted that those who had the care of Jonson's papers, or rather the possession, (for *care* of them they had not,) should have preserved what the poet himself had notoriously thrown aside, and perpetuated the memory of this foolish dispute.

Tub. The workman, sir, the artificer; I grant you.
So Skelton-laureat was of Elinour Rumming,
But she the subject of the rout and tunning.*
Clench. He has put you to it, neighbour In-and-In.
Pan. Do not dispute with him; he still will win
That pays for all.
Scri. Are you revised o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.
Med. Now, sir, this Tub I will have capt with paper,
A fine oil'd lanthorn paper that we use.
Pan. Yes, every barber, every cutler has it.
Med. Which in it doth contain the light to the business;
And shall with the very vapour of the candle
Drive all the motions of our matter about,
As we present them. For example, first,
The worshipful lady Tub——
Tub. Right worshipful,
I pray you, I am worshipful myself.
Med. Your 'squireship's mother passeth by (her huisher,
Master Pol Martin, bare-headed before her)
In her velvet gown.
Tub. But how shall the spectators,
As it might be I, or Hilts, know 'tis my mother,
Or that Pol Martin, there, that walks before her?
Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not that.
Clench. You have seen none of his works, sir!
Pan. All the postures
Of the train'd bands of the country.
Scri. All their colours.

* Alluding to that old piece of ribaldry, "The tunnying of Elynour Rumming (the ale-wife of Sothray): Per Skelton laureate."

Pan. And all their captains.
Clench. All the cries of the city,
And all the trades in their habits.
Scri. He has
His whistle of command, seat of authority,
And virge to interpret, tipt with silver, sir;
You know not him.
Tub. Well, I will leave all to him.
Med. Give me the brief of your subject.[3] Leave the whole
State of the thing to me.

Enter HILTS.

Hilts. Supper is ready, sir,
My lady calls for you.
Tub. I'll send it you in writing
Med. Sir, I will render *feasible* and facile
What you expect.
Tub. Hilts, be it your care,
To see the wise of Finsbury made welcome:
Let them want nothing. Is old Rosin sent for?
Hilts. He's come within. [*Exit Tub.*
Scri. Lord, what a world of business
The 'squire dispatches!
Med. He's a learned man:
I think there are but vew o' the inns of court,
Or the inns of chancery like him.
Clench. Care to fit 'un then. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Give me the* brief *of your subject.*] i. e. the abstract. So the word is used by Shakspeare and others:

"There is a *brief* how many sports are ripe,
Make choice," &c. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

SCENE IV.

The Same.

A Room in the House.

Enter Black JACK *and* HILTS.

Jack. Yonder's another wedding, master Basket,
Brought in by vicar Hugh.
Hilts. What are they, Jack?
Jack. The high constable's man, Ball Hanny,
and mistress Wispe,
Our lady's woman.
Hilts. And are the table merry?
Jack. There's a young tilemaker makes 'em all
laugh;
He will not eat his meat, but cries at the board,
He shall be hang'd.
Hilts. He has lost his wench already:
As good be hang'd.
Jack Was she that is Pol Martin,
Our fellow's mistress, wench to that sneak-John?
Hilts. I'faith, Black Jack, he should have been
her bridegroom:
But I must go to wait on my wise masters.
Jack, you shall wait on me, and see the masque
anon;
I am half lord-chamberlain in my master's absence.
Jack. Shall we have a masque? who makes it?
Hilts. In-and-In,
The maker of Islington: come, go with me
To the sage sentences of Finsbury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the Same, with a Curtain drawn across it.

Enter TUB, *followed by two* Grooms, *with chairs, &c. and* ROSIN *and his two* Boys.

1 *Groom.* Come, give us in the great chair for my lady,
And set it there; and this for justice Bramble.
2 *Groom.* This for the 'squire my master, on the right-hand.
1 *Groom.* And this for the high-constable.
2 *Groom.* This his wife.
1 *Groom.* Then for the bride and bridegroom here, Pol Martin.
2 *Groom.* And She Pol Martin at my lady's feet.
1 *Groom.* Right.
2 *Groom.* And beside them master Hannibal Puppy.
1 *Groom.* And his She-Puppy, mistress Wispe that was:
Here's all are in the note.
2 *Groom.* No, master vicar;
The petty canon Hugh.
1 *Groom.* And cast-by Clay:
There they are all.
Tub. Then cry *a hall! a hall!*[4]
'Tis merry in Tottenham-hall, when beards wag all:

[4] *A hall! a hall!*] The usual exclamation at masques, &c. to make room for the dancers. The next line is borrowed from the old song, "*'Tis merry*," &c. which is chanted with such glee by justice Silence.

Come, father Rosin, with your fiddle now,
And two tall toters; flourish to the masque.
[*Loud music.*

Enter PREAMBLE *lady* TUB, TURFE, *dame* TURFE, POL MARTIN, AWDREY, PUPPY, WISPE, HUGH, CLAY; *all take their seats.* HILTS *waits on the by.*

Lady T. Neighbours all, welcome! Now doth Totten-hall
Shew like a court; and hence shall first be call'd so.
Your witty short confession, master vicar,
Within, hath been the prologue, and hath open'd
Much to my son's device, his Tale of a Tub.
Tub. Let my masque shew itself, and In-and-In,
The architect, appear: I hear the whistle.
Hilts. Peace!

MEDLAY *appears above the curtain.*

Med. *Thus rise I first in my light linen breeches,*
To run the meaning over in short speeches.
Here is a Tub, a Tub of Totten-Court,
An ancient Tub has call'd you to this sport:
His father was a knight, the rich sir Peter,
Who got his wealth by a Tub, and by salt-petre;
And left all to his lady Tub, the mother
Of this bold 'squire Tub, and to no other.
Now of this Tub and's deeds, not done in ale,
Observe, and you shall see the very Tale.
[He draws the curtain, and discovers the top of the Tub.

THE FIRST MOTION.[s]

Med. *Here canon Hugh first brings to Totten-hall*
The high constable's council, tells the 'squire all;

[s] *The first* motion.] The puppets were probably drest or coloured so as to resemble their respective originals: from the

Which, though discover'd, give the devil his due,
The wise of Finsbury do still pursue.
Then with the justice doth he counterplot,
And his clerk Metaphor, to cut that knot;
Whilst lady Tub, in her sad velvet gown,
Missing her son, doth seek him up and down.
Tub. With her Pol Martin bare before her.
Med. Yes,
I have exprest it here in figure, and Mistress Wispe, her woman, holding up her train.
Tub. In the next page report your second strain.

THE SECOND MOTION.

Med. *Here the high constable and sages walk*
To church; the dame, the daughter, bride-maids talk
Of wedding-business; till a fellow in comes,
Relates the robbery of one captain Thums:
Chargeth the bridegroom with it, troubles all,
And gets the bride; who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold 'squire; but thence soon is ta'en
By the sly justice and his clerk profane,

description of the show given in a former page, it seems to have been a rude imitation of the *Ombres Chinoises*, in which the *fantoccini* were represented on sliders of oiled paper. Medlay must be understood to play them, in conformity with the description.

It argues somewhat of a querulous and waspish disposition in Inigo Jones to raise so loud an outcry (for he had appealed to the court) on this occasion. For aught that appears, he might have passed unnoticed, and Medlay and his Motions been trusted to the patience of the usual audience, without any essential injury to his reputation. If Jonson really had any object in view in this dull repetition, it could only be that of turning the whole play to a jest. A jest, indeed, it is, made up, as he says himself, "of old records, antique proverbs," and verbal witicisms on names, &c.

From the marginal notes of the old copy, it appears that Father Rosin and his two boys played "a loud strain" between every Motion, and that Basket-Hilts gave them the signal to stop.

In shape of pursuivant; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will break out and shew—

Tub. O thou hast made him kneel there in a corner,
I see now: there's a simple honour for you, Hilts!

Hilts. Did I not make him to confess all to you?

Tub. True, In-and-In hath done you right, you see—
Thy third, I pray thee, witty In-and-In.

Clench. The 'squire commends 'un; he doth like all well.

Pan. He cannot choose: this is gear made to sell.

The Third Motion.

Med. *The careful constable here drooping comes*
In his deluded search of captain Thums.
Puppy brings word his daughter's run away
With the tall serving-man, he frights groom Clay
Out of his wits: Returneth then the 'squire,
Mocks all their pains, and gives fame out a liar,
For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the plot
Of subtle Bramble, who had Awdrey got
Into his hand by this winding device.
The father makes a rescue in a trice:
And with his daughter, like St. George on foot,
Comes home triumphing to his dear heart-root,
And tells the lady Tub, whom he meets there,
Of her son's courtesies, the batchelor,
Whose words had made 'em fall the hue and cry.
When captain Thums coming to ask him, why
He had so done; he cannot yield him cause
But so he runs his neck into the laws.

The Fourth Motion.

Med. *The laws, who have a noose to crack his neck,*
As justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck
A hundred pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto captain Thums.
Thums is the vicar in a false disguise;
And employs Metaphor to fetch this prize.
Who tells the secret unto Basket Hilts,
For fear of beating. This the 'squire quilts
Within his cap; and bids him but purloin
The wench for him; they two shall share the coin.
Which the sage lady in her 'foresaid gown,
Breaks off, returning unto Kentish Town,
To seek her Wispe; taking the 'squire along,
Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw throng.

Hilts. O how am I beholden to the inventor,
That would not, on record, against me enter,
My slackness here to enter in the barn:
Well, In-and-In, I see thou canst discern!

Tub. On with your last, and come to a conclusion.

The Fifth Motion.

Med. *The last is known, and needs but small infusion*
Into your memories, by leaving in
These figures as you sit. I, In-and-In,
Present you with the show: first, of a lady
Tub, and her son, of whom this masque here made I.
Then bridegroom Pol, and mistress Pol the bride,
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That only verse I alter'd for the better,
Ευφονια *gratiâ.*

Med. *Then justice Bramble, with sir Hugh the canon:*
And the bride's parents, which I will not stan' on,
Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Miles:
Who thus unto his master him reconciles,
On the 'squire's word, to pay old Turfe his club,
And so doth end our TALE HERE OF A TUB.
[*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE.

By 'Squire TUB.

This tale of me, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A poet first invented for your sport.
Wherein the fortune of most empty tubs,
Rolling in love, are shewn; and with what rubs
We are commonly encountered: when the wit
Of the whole hundred so opposeth it.
Our petty Canon's forked plot in chief,
Sly justice' arts, with the high constable's brief
And brag commands; my lady mother's care,
And her Pol Martin's fortune; with the rare
Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the cask;
Got In-and-In to give it you in a masque:
That you be pleased, who come to see a play,
With those that hear, and mark not what we say.
Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

"When this play was written or acted, (if it was ever acted) there is nothing that will assist us to determine."—This was written before the discovery of sir Henry Herbert's official papers, in which two distinct notices of this play appear.—"Whatever may be its faults or beauties, they are equally passed over in silence by contemporary writers: no one hath either praised or censured it. We may yet suppose it to be one of those

pieces which Mr. Dryden hath called Jonson's dotages. *The Tale of a Tub* is by no means equal to the *Fox* or *Silent Woman;* but there is sufficient discrimination and consistency of character, with propriety of sentiment and expression, to mark the hand of a master. The poet, in shewing

what different things
The cotes of clowns are from the courts of kings,

accommodated his diction to the fable, and may be said to have purposely underwritten himself. I would speak of it as Cicero does of his Paradoxes: "*Non est, ut in arce poni possit quasi illa Minerva Phidiæ: sed tamen, ut ex eadem officina exisse appareat.*"

WHAL.

My predecessor is sufficiently complimentary to this play, and yet he has not noticed the perplexities and distresses of master high constable Turfe and his intended son-in-law, which are accumulated upon their unfortunate heads with an effect truly comic. The *Tale of a Tub* was performed at court on the 16th of January, 1634, and, to use sir Henry Herbert's words, "not likte." But Jonson was less to blame in this than his royal master. The play was not adapted to the meridian of a court, and Jonson might have addressed Charles as Antiphanes did Alexander the Great, upon a similar occasion, and told him that "the fault lay more in his Majesty's not being acquainted with the humours and pursuits of the vulgar, than in any deficiency of fidelity in the description of them."

THE

SAD SHEPHERD:

OR,

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

THE SAD SHEPHERD.] This exquisite fragment first appeared in the folio, 1641. It was evidently the author's last work for the stage; and it is commonly said that he left it unfinished. Either the palsy had remitted its hold upon his faculties, or, (to use a trite expression,) like a dying taper, he had collected all his powers for one bright blaze before they sunk for ever; for the *Tale of Robin Hood* is replete with beauties of every kind, and may securely challenge not only the comparison "with Sicily and Greece," (claimed for it by the author) but with the pastoral fables of any other age or country.

The folio has this motto from Virgil:

Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalcia.

An attempt was made to "continue and complete this piece" by Mr. Waldron. The effort, though bold, was laudable, and the success highly honourable to his talents and ingenuity. To say that he fell short of Jonson, is saying nothing to his discredit; but, in justice to the modest and unpretending continuator, it may fairly be added, that there are not many dramatic writers in our language, to whose compositions the powers which he has displayed in his Supplement, will be found to be very unequal.

THE

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

Robin Hood, having invited all the shepherds and shepherdesses of the vale of Belvoir to a feast in the forest of Sherwood, and trusting to his mistress, maid Marian, with her woodmen, to kill him venison against the day: having left the like charge with friar Tuck, his chaplain and steward, to command the rest of his merry men to see the bower made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment: meeting with his guests at their entrance into the wood, welcomes and conducts them to his bower. Where, by the way, he receives the relation of the SAD SHEPHERD, *Æglamour, who is fallen into a deep melancholy for the loss of his beloved Earine, reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent, some few days before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but his disease having taken such strong root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave him. In the mean time, Marian is come from hunting with the huntsmen, where the lovers interchangeably express their loves. Robin Hood enquires if she hunted the deer at force, and what sport he made? how long he stood, and what head he bore? All which is briefly answered, with a relation of breaking him up, and the raven and her bone. The suspect had of that raven to be Maudlin, the witch of Paplewick, whom one of the huntsmen met in the morning at the rousing of the deer, and [which] is confirmed, by her being then in Robin Hood's kitchen, in the chimney-corner, broiling the same bit which was thrown to the raven at the quarry or fall of the deer. Marian being gone in to shew the deer to some of the shepherdesses, returns instantly to the scene, discontented; sends away the venison she had killed, to her they call the witch; quarrels with her love Robin Hood, abuseth him, and his guests the shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexity.*

ACT I.

The witch Maudlin having taken the shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex his guests, cometh forth with her daughter Douce, reporting in what confusion she had left them; defrauded them of their venison, made them suspicious each of the other; but most of all, Robin Hood so jealous of his Marian, as she hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the extent of her mischief, as she confesseth to have surprised Earine, stripp'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appear fine at this feast in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her son's prize, if he could win her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her son, a rude bragging swineherd, comes to the tree to woo her, (his mother and sister stepping aside to overhear him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions; which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himself is taken with, but she utterly shows a scorn and lothing both of him and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to do the next time, and persuades her daughter to show herself about the bower: tells how she shall know her mother, when she is transform'd, by her broidered belt. Meanwhile the young shepherdess Amie, being kist by Karolin, Earine's brother, falls in love; but knows not what love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood and the rest of his guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their venison to mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies; Scathlock affirms it; but seeing his mistress weep, and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own understanding, rather than affront her farther; which makes Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves better. But Maudlin, the witch, entering like herself, comes to thank her for her bounty: at which Marian is more angry, and more denies the deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the cook. The witch is inwardly vext the venison is so recover'd from her by the rude huntsman, and murmurs and curses; bewitches the cook, mocks poor Amie and the rest; discovereth her ill nature, and is a means of reconciling them all. For the sage shepherd suspecteth her mischief, if she be not prevented: and so persuadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt and take her.

ACT III.

Puck-hairy discovereth himself in the forest, and discourseth his offices, with their necessities, briefly; after which, Douce entering in the habit of Earine, is pursued by Karol; who (mistaking her at first to be his sister) questions her how she came by those garments. She unswers, by her mother's gift. The Sad Shepherd coming in the while, she runs away affrighted, and leaves Karol suddenly; Æglamour thinking it to be Earine's ghost he saw, falls into a melancholic expression of his phant'sie to Karol, and questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in Karol of his mistake still. When Clarion and Lionel enter to call Karol to Amie, Karol reports to them Æglamour's passion, with much regret. Clarion resolves to seek him. Karol to return with Lionel. By the way, Douce and her mother (in the shape of Marian) meet them, and would divert them, affirming Amie to be recovered, which Lionel wondered at to be so soon. Robin Hood enters, they tell him the relation of the witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin suspecting her to be Maudlin, lays hold of her girdle suddenly, but she striving to get free, they both run out, and he returns with the belt broken. She following in her own shape, demanding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seized upon again; and seeing she cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old arts, which she calls her daughter to assist in. The shepherds, content with this discovery, go home triumphing, make the relation to Marian. Amie is gladded with the sight of Karol, &c. In the mean time, enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarion's footing is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree again; where Clarion coming by, and hearing a voice singing, draws near unto it; but Æglamour hearing it also, and knowing it to be Earine's, falls into a superstitious commendation of it; as being an angel's, and in the air; when Clarion espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to his wild phant'sie, who quitteth the place: and Clarion beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist suddenly, which darkening all the place, Clarion loseth himself and the tree where Earine is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknown nymph's misery. The air clearing,

enters the witch, with her son and daughter, tells them how she had caused that late darkness, to free Lorel from surprisal, and his prey from being rescued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work she hath in hand of recovering her lost girdle; which she laments the loss of with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast and meeting, sends her son and daughter to gather certain simples for her purpose, and bring them to her dell. This Puck hearing, prevents, and shews her error still. The huntsmen having found her footing, follow the track, and prick after her. She gets to her dell, and takes her form. Enter [*the huntsmen,*] *Alken has spied her sitting with her spindle, threads, and images. They are eager to seize her presently, but Alken persuades them to let her begin her charms, which they do. Her son and daughter come to her; the huntsmen are affrighted as they see her work go forward. And over-hasty to apprehend her, she escapeth them all, by the help and delusions of Puck.*

Enter THE PROLOGUE.

He that hath feasted you these forty years,[1]
And fitted fables for your finer ears,
Although at first he scarce could hit the bore;
Yet you, with patience harkening more and more,
At length have grown up to him, and made known
The working of his pen is now your own:
He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,
To hear him this once more, but sit awake.
And though he now present you with such wool,
As from mere English flocks his muse can pull,
He hopes when it is made up into cloth,
Not the most curious head here will be loth
To wear a hood of it, it being a fleece,
To match, or those of Sicily or Greece.[2]
His scene is Sherwood, and his play a Tale,
Of Robin Hood's inviting from the vale
Of Belvoir, all the shepherds to a feast:
Where, by the casual absence of one guest,
The mirth is troubled much, and in one man
As much of sadness shewn as passion can:

[1] *He that hath feasted you these* forty *years.*] If we suppose this to have been written the year before the poet's death, this will carry up the commencement of his dramatic career to 1595-6, and we know from Mr. Henslowe's memorandums, that he wrote for the stage at that early period.

[2] *To match, or those of Sicily or Greece.*] In this, Jonson is echoed by Horne Tooke, who was one of his warmest and steadiest admirers, and whose works are crowded with unnoticed quotations from him. By the fleeces of Sicily and Greece, are understood the pastoral poems of Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion.

The sad young shepherd, whom we here present,
Like his woes figure,[3] *dark and discontent,*
[The Sad Shepherd passeth silently over the stage.
For his lost love, who in the Trent is said
To have miscarried; 'las! what knows the head[4]
Of a calm river, whom the feet have drown'd?—
Hear what his sorrows are; and if they wound
Your gentle breasts, so that the end crown all,
Which in the scope of one day's chance may fall;
Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,
And shall grow young again as one doth please.
[Exit, but instantly re-enters.

But here's an heresy of late let fall,[5]
That mirth by no means fits a pastoral;

[3] *Like his woe's figure,*] It appears that Eglamour wore *blacks*, and was further distinguished by a wreath of cypress and yew.

[4] *'Las! what knows the head,* &c.] This is imitated from Donne:

"Greatest and fairest Empress, know you this?
Alas! no more than Thames' calm head doth know,
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow."
Sat. 5.

Jonson seems to have taken his delineation of a river (which is less common, and indeed, less graceful, than Donne's) from the pictures in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, of which he was a careful reader, and in this pastoral, an occasional imitator.

[5] *But here's an heresy of late let fall,* &c.] One would be tempted to think that Jonson had his treacherous "friend," Drummond of Hawthornden in view, were it not that this gentleman, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept his libel to himself, at least, while the poet lived. "Jonson bringeth in (he says) clowns making mirth and foolish sports, contrary to all other pastorals." Fol. p. 224. The criticism is worthy of the critic. What would Drummond have clowns brought in for? To settle the dispute between the Romish and Reformed Churches? That had been done by Spenser and others —but Jonson wants no assistance from me.

Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
Else there's no scene more properly assumes
The sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
But from the rural routs and families?
Safe on this ground then, we not fear to-day,
To tempt your laughter by our rustic play;
Wherein if we distaste, or be cried down,
We think we therefore shall not leave the town;
Nor that the fore-wits that would draw the rest
Unto their liking, always like the best.
The wise and knowing critic will not say,
This worst, or better is, before he weigh
Whĕr every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves he difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equal fitting makes them equal good.
You shall have love and hate, and jealousy,
As well as mirth, and rage, and melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stir affections, and your likings prove.
But that no style for pastoral should go
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah! *and* O!
Who judgeth so, may singularly err;
As if all poesie had one character
In which what were not written, were not right;
Or that the man who made such one poor flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanced him upmost on the muses' hill.
When he like poet yet remains, as those
Are painters who can only make a rose.
From such your wits redeem you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you do advance
Of folly, to contemn those that are known
Artificers, and trust such as are none!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Robin Hood,	*The chief woodman, master of the feast.*
Friar Tuck,	*His chaplain and steward.*
Little John,	*Bow-bearer.*
Scarlet, Scathlock,	*Two brothers, huntsmen.*
George-a-Green,	*Huisher of the Bower.*
Much,	*Bailiff, or acater.*

The Guests invited.

Æglamour,	The Sad
Clarion,	*The Rich*
Lionel,	*The Courteous* — *shepherds.*
Alken,	*The Sage*
Karolin,	*The Kind*
Lorel,	*The Rude, a swineherd, the Witch's son.*
Puck-hairy,	*Or,* Robin Goodfellow, *their hind.*
Reuben,	*The Reconciler, a devout hermit.*

Marian,	*Robin Hood's lady.*
Earine,	*The Beautiful*
Mellifleur,	*The Sweet* — *shepherdesses.*
Amie,	*The Gentle*
Maudlin,	*The Envious, the witch of Paplewick.*[6]
Douce,	*The Proud, her daughter.*

Musicians, Foresters, &c.

SCENE, Sherwood.

[6] *The Witch of Paplewick.*] A village lying in the road from Nottingham to Mansfield, not far from Newsted Priory. Whal.

THE SAD SHEPHERD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sherwood Forest.

A distant prospect of hills, valleys, cottages, a castle, river, pastures, herds, flocks, &c. Robin Hood's bower in the foreground.

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Ægl. Here she was wont to go! and here!
and here![1]
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.

[1] *Here she was wont to go!*] Goff has imitated this passage among many others, and as it is the most poetical one in his play, I will subjoin it.

"This was her wonted place—nor can she be
Far from the spring she has left behind: that rose
I saw not yesterday, nor did that pink
Then court my eye; she must be here, or else
That graceful marygold would sure have closed
Its beauty in its wither'd leaves, that violet
Would too have hung its velvet head, to mourn
The absence of her eyes." *Careless Shepherdess*, Act 5.

"As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot," is exquisitely improved from Persius—*Quicquid calcaverit, hic rosa fiat!* So true genius should copy.

Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter MARIAN, *Friar* TUCK, JOHN, GEORGE-A-GREEN, MUCH, *Woodmen, &c.*

Mar. Know you, or can you guess, my merry men,
What 'tis that keeps your master, Robin Hood,
So long, both from his Marian, and the wood?
Tuck. Forsooth, madam, he will be here by noon,
And prays it of your bounty, as a boon,
That you by then have kill'd him venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolic with him, and make cheer:
Here's Little John hath harbour'd you a deer,
I see by his tackling.
John. And a hart of ten,[a]
I trow he be, madam, or blame your men:

[a] *And a* hart of ten,
I trow he be ———] "When a hart, says Manwood, is past his sixth year, he is generally to be called a *hart of ten.* WHAL.
He is not a hart at all till he has attained that age, as I learn from that treasury of field knowledge, *The Gentleman's Recreation;* but he is not necessarily even then a *hart of ten:* that proud distinction is taken from his "bearing."—"As, if he

For by his slot, his entries, and his port,[3]
His frayings, fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the dogs; he bears a head
Large and well-beam'd, with all rights summ'd and spread.

Mar. Let's rouze him quickly, and lay on the hounds.

John. Scathlock is ready with them on the grounds;
So is his brother Scarlet: now they have found
His lair, they have him sure within the pound.

Mar. Away then, when my Robin bids a feast,
'Twere sin in Marian to defraud a guest.

[*Exeunt Marian and John with the Woodmen.*

Tuck. And I, the chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to-day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your liveries, see the bower drest,
And fit the fine devices for the feast:
You, George, must care to make the baldrick trim,
And garland that must crown, or her, or him,
Whose flock this year hath brought the earliest lamb.

George. Good father Tuck, at your commands I am

hath four croches on his near horn, and five on his far, you must say he *beareth* ten, or he is a hart of ten, for you must always make the number even."

[3] *For by his* slot, *his* entries, &c.] These are all terms of the chase, and should be explained. The *slot* is the print of a stag's foot upon the ground; *entries* are places through which deer have lately passed, by which their size is guessed at; *frayings* are the pillings of their horns; and a deer is said to *fray her head*, when she rubs it against a tree to renew it, or to cause the outward coat of her new horns to fall off; the *fewmets* are the dung of a deer. WHAL.

Jonson is indebted here to Gascoigne's "Commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie," in which all these "signs of sport" are elaborately described.

To cut the table out o' the green sword,
Or any other service for my lord;
To carve the guests large seats; and these lain in
With turf, as soft and smooth as the mole's skin:
And hang the bulled nosegays 'bove their heads,[4]
* * * * * * * *
The piper's bank, whereon to sit and play;
And a fair dial to mete out the day.
Our master's feast shall want no just delights,
His entertainments must have all the rites.
Much. Ay, and all choice that plenty can send in;
Bread, wine, acates, fowl, feather, fish or fin,
For which my father's nets have swept the Trent—

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. And have you found her?
Much. Whom?
Æg. My drowned love,
Earine! the sweet Earine,
The bright and beautiful Earine!
Have you not heard of my Earine?
Just by your father's mill—I think I am right—
Are not you Much the miller's son?
Much. I am.
Æg. And bailiff to brave Robin Hood?
Much. The same.
Æg. Close by your father's mills, Earine,
Earine was drown'd! O my Earine!

[4] *And hang the* bulled *nosegays 'bove their heads.*] *Bulled*, or *bolled*, signifies swelled, ready to break its inclosure; the *bulled nosegays* therefore are nosegays of flowers full blown. WHAL.
After "heads" a line appears from the context to be wanting; perhaps it was lost at the press.

Old Maudlin tells me so, and Douce her daughter—
Have you swept the river, say you, and not found her?
Much. For fowl and fish, we have.
Æg. O, not for her!
You are goodly friends! right charitable men!
Nay, keep your way and leave me; make your toys,
Your tales, your posies, that you talk'd of; all
Your entertainments: you not injure me.
Only if I may enjoy my cypress wreath,
And you will let me weep, 'tis all I ask,
Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!
And troth, what less suit can you grant a man?
Tuck. His phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;
The wound is yet too fresh to admit searching.
[*Exit.*
Æg. Searching! where should I search, or on what track?
Can my slow drop of tears, or this dark shade
About my brows, enough describe her loss!
Earine! O my Earine's loss!
No, no, no, no; this heart will break first.
George. How will this sad disaster strike the ears
Of bounteous Robin Hood, our gentle master!
Much. How will it mar his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest!
[*Exeunt George and Much.*
Æg. If I could knit whole clouds about my brows,
And weep like Swithin, or those watery signs,
The Kids, that rise then, and drown all the flocks
Of those rich shepherds, dwelling in this vale;

Those careless shepherds that did let her drown!
Then I did something: or could make old Trent
Drunk with my sorrow, to start out in breaches,
To drown their herds, their cattle, and their corn;
Break down their mills, their dams, o'erturn their weirs,
And see their houses and whole livelihood
Wrought into water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the torrent, and those whirls of Trent,
That suck'd her in, my sweet Earine!
When they have cast her body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make them mad,
To see how I will hug it in mine arms!
And hang upon her looks, dwell on her eyes,
Feed round about her lips, and eat her kisses,
Suck off her drowned flesh!—and where's their malice!
Not all their envious sousing can change that.
But I will still study some revenge past this—
[*Music of all sorts is heard.*
I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the bells, pipes, tabors, timburines ring,
That you can plant about me; I will study.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, MELLIFLEUR, LIONEL, AMIE, ALKEN, TUCK, *Musicians, &c.*

Rob. Welcome, bright Clarion, and sweet Mellifleur,
The courteous Lionel, fair Amie; all
My friends and neighbours, to the jolly bower
Of Robin Hood, and to the green-wood walks!
Now that the shearing of your sheep is done,
And the wash'd flocks are lighted of their wool,

The smoother ewes are ready to receive
The mounting rams again; and both do feed,
As either promised to increase your breed
At eaning-time, and bring you lusty twins:
Why should or you or we so much forget
The season in ourselves, as not to make
Use of our youth and spirits, to awake
The nimble horn-pipe, and the timburine,
And mix our songs and dances in the wood,
And each of us cut down a triumph-bough?—
Such are the rites the youthful June allow.[6]

Cla. They *were*, gay Robin; but the sourer sort
Of shepherds now disclaim in all such sport:
And say, our flock the while are poorly fed,
When with such vanities the swains are led.

Tuck. Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried more[7]
With covetise and rage, when to their store

[6] *Such* are *the rites*, &c.] The folio reads *were* by an evident misprint, as appears from the line which immediately follows.

[7] Cla. *They were, gay Robin, but the sourer sort*
Of shepherds, now disclaim in *all such sport:*] The Puritans had a strange aversion to wakes and may-games, which they considered as remains of Paganism; and the dislike was greatly increased by the indulgence granted to the country-people, in the exercise of their rural sports on holidays. WHAL.

[7] Tuck. *Would they, wise Clarion, were not hurried more*, &c.] This and the beautiful speeches which follow, are levelled with great force and discrimination, at the Puritans, who about this time began to grow formidable, and display that *covetise and rage* which soon afterwards laid waste the sheepfold. That "the flock was *poorly fed*," was, we see, the watchword of the time, and therefore adopted by Milton, who knew better, and must have been actuated by evil passions:

"The hungry sheep look up, and *are not fed*,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly ——

The pastors were changed soon after this was written, and it would require more than the prejudice and intrepidity of this

They add the poor man's yeanling, and dare sell
Both fleece and carcass, not gi'ing him the fell!

great man to affirm, that the sheep were better tended, or better fed. To drop the metaphor, it may be said without fear of contradiction, that the church of England at that period, was supplied with a ministry of as much wisdom, learning, and true piety as ever adorned this or any other country since the days of the Apostles.

From Milton, whose malignity to the hierarchy is well known, neither truth nor justice is to be expected on the subject; but some approaches to both may be found in others. "In these times, (says Lilly, the hireling advocate of the Usurpation) many worthy ministers lost their livings or benefices, for not complying with the Directory. Had you seen (O noble Esquire) what pitiful idiots were preferred into sequestrated church-benefices, you would have been grieved in your soul; but when they came before the classes of divines, could those simpletons but only say they were converted by hearing such a sermon of that godly man, Hugh Peters, Stephen Marshall, or any of that gang, he was presently admitted." *History of his Life*, p. 87.

Such were the successors of Hooker and Sanderson, of Usher and Hammond, of Donne and Herbert, &c. But even Milton lived to change his note—even he who exultingly consigned a virtuous sovereign to the block, and a pious priesthood to everlasting perdition,* lived to call upon an hypocritical usurper, to whom all religion was a jest, to save him from the clergy whose intrusion into the church his own clamours had, at least, promoted.

"Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of *hireling wolves*, whose gospel is their maw."

Sonnet to Crom.

* "But the Bishops (of the Church of England) who by the impairing and diminution of the true faith, the distresses and servitude of their country, aspire to high dignity, rule, and promotion here, after a shameful end in this life, WHICH GOD GRANT THEM! shall be thrown down eternally into the darkest and deepest gulph of hell, where under the despiteful controul, the trample and spurn of the other damned, who in the anguish of their torture, shall have no other ease than to exercise a raving and beastial tyranny over them, as their slaves and negroes; they shall remain in that plight for ever, the lowermost, the most dejected, most under foot, and trodden down vassals of perdition." *Milton's Treatise on Reformation*, sub fin. vol. i. p. 274. Dr. Johnson uses the language of forbearance when, rising from the perusal of this fiendlike cursing, he merely observed, "such was Milton's controversial malignity, that *hell grew blacker at his frown*."

When to one goat they reach that prickly weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;
Or strew tods' hairs, or with their tails do sweep
The dewy grass, to do'ff the simpler sheep;
Or dig deep pits their neighbour's neat to vex,
To drown the calves, and crack the heifers' necks;
Or with pretence of chasing thence the brock,
Send in a cur to worry the whole flock!

Lio. O friar, those are faults that are not seen,
Ours open, and of worst example been.
They call ours Pagan pastimes, that infect
Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;
Our tongues with wantonness, our thoughts with lust;
And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I do not know what their sharp sight may see,
Of late, but I should think it still might be
As 'twas, an happy age, when on the plains
The woodmen met the damsels, and the swains

Jonson is far from being singular in his remarks on the growing moroseness of these dangerous times; the author of *Adrasta*, (among a thousand others) felt and expressed the same sentiments.

Damon. Come, hands to work! It is the festival
Of our Silvanus, we must round entrench
The fittest place for dancing.

Laur. And strew the banks
On which the summer Lord and Lady sit
To see the sports, with those rich spoils of May.

Armin. Our shepherds will be frolic then, and lose
No ceremony of their ancient mirth.

Damon. I like them well: the curious preciseness,
And all-pretended gravity, of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty.

Armin. I do believe you. p. 53.

The neat-herds, ploughmen, and the pipers loud,
And each did dance, some to the kit or crowd,
Some to the bag-pipe; some the tabret mov'd,
And all did either love, or were belov'd.
Lio. The dextrous shepherd then would try his sling,
Then dart his hook at daisies, then would sing;
Sometimes would wrestle.
Cla. Ay, and with a lass:
And give her a new garment on the grass;
After a course at barley-break, or base.
Lio. And all these deeds were seen without offence,
Or the least hazard of their innocence.
Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust:
Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.
Cla. Each minute that we lose thus, I confess,
Deserves a censure on us, more or less;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay
Both to the mirth and music of this day.
Our fairest shepherdess we had of late,
Here upon Trent, is drown'd; for whom her mate,
Young Æglamour, a swain, who best could tread
Our country dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, than she in water: crown'd
With yew, and cypress, and will scarce admit
The physic of our presence to his fit.
Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then walks,
Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs, and talks;
And 'twixt his pleasing frenzy, and sad grief,
Is so distracted, as no sought relief
By all our studies can procure his peace.
Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not cross him then, whate'er you do.
For phant'sie stopp'd, will soon take fire, and burn
Into an anger, or to a phrensie turn.
Cla. Nay, so we are advised by Alken here,
A good sage shepherd, who, although he wear
An old worn hat and cloke, can tell us more
Than all the forward fry, that boast their lore.
Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the maid,
Young Karolin: how curious and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth to offend him.

Enter KAROLIN.

Kar. Sure he's here about.
Cla. See where he sits.
[*Points to Æglamour, sitting upon a bank hard by.*
Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge! but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the flock:
If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
I'll carve it on the trees, and in the turf,[1]
On every green sword, and in every path,
Just to the margin of the cruel Trent.
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great pebble, and moss fill it round,
Till the whole country read how she was drown'd;
And with the plenty of salt tears there shed,

[1] *I'll carve it on the trees*, &c.] This thought is sufficiently familiar to every pastoral writer; but the particular object of Jonson's imitation was Spenser.

"Her name in every tree I will endosse,
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
And fill with stones that all men may it know."

Quite alter the complexion of the spring.
Or I will get some old, old, grandam thither,
Whose rigid foot but dipp'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharp and sudden cold throughout,
As it shall lose all virtue; and those nymphs,
Those treacherous nymphs pull'd in Earine,
Shall stand curl'd up like images of ice,
And never thaw! mark, never! a sharp justice!
Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
And that the dog-star foams, and the stream boils,
And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle,
To fling a fellow with a fever in,
To set it all on fire, till it burn
Blue as Scamander, 'fore the walls of Troy,
When Vulcan leap'd into him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt phant'sie! [*They approach him.*

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle Æglamour, we all approve,
And come to gratulate your just revenge:
Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope
You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
In all the proferr'd solace of the spring.

Æg. A spring, now she is dead! of what? of thorns,
Briars and brambles? thistles, burs and docks?
Cold hemlock, yew? the mandrake, or the box?
These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
But what was wept for her! or any stalk
Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
After her wreath was made![2] In faith, in faith,

[2] ——————— *or any branch a bloom,*
After her wreath was made!]

Βαλλε δ' ενι ϛεφανοισι και ανθεσι· παντα συν αυλῳ,
Ὡς τηνος τεθναχε, και ανθεα παντ' εμαρανθη. Bion.

You do not fair to put these things upon me,
Which can in no sort be: Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring,[2]
Born with the primrose or the violet,
Or earliest roses blown; when Cupid smiled,
And Venus led the Graces out to dance,
And all the flowers and sweets in nature's lap
Leap'd out, and made their solemn conjuration,
To last but while she lived! Do not I know
How the vale wither'd the same day? how Dove,
Dean, Eye, and Erwash, Idel, Snite and Soare,
Each broke his urn, and twenty waters more,
That swell'd proud Trent, shrunk themselves dry? that since
No sun or moon, or other cheerful star,
Look'd out of heaven, but all the cope was dark,
As it were hung so for her exequies!
And not a voice or sound to ring her knell;
But of that dismal pair, the screeching owl,
And buzzing hornet! Hark! hark! hark! the foul
Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
Peace! you shall hear her screech.

Cla. Good Karolin, sing,
Help to divert this phant'sie.

Kar. All I can. [*Sings, while Æg. reads the song.*

[2] ——————— Earine,
Who had her very being, and her name,
With the first knots or buddings of the spring, &c.] The English reader will perhaps require to be told, that *Earine* is derived from a Greek word signifying the spring; but I hope his sagacity does not want a monitor, to point out the exquisite delicacy of the following lines, and indeed of the whole speech. The sentiments are wonderfully pleasing, the verses harmonious and soft. WHAL.

Though I am young and cannot tell[4]
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts:
And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end, like way may have,
By flash of lightning, or a wave:
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

Æg. Do you think so? are you in that good heresy,
I mean, opinion? if you be, say nothing:
I'll study it as a new philosophy,
But by myself, alone: now you shall leave me.
Some of these nymphs here will reward you; this,

[4] *Though I am young*, &c.] The modern prejudice against Jonson is strongly exemplified in the neglect of his minor poems. While even the worst of Shakspeare's pieces have been sought out with avidity (nay the silly trash which passes under his name, such as "When I was a little tiny boy," &c.) and set to music, a number of exquisite songs dispersed among the works of Jonson remain wholly unnoticed. "All is but fortune," as Stephano truly observes; and though it be too much perhaps to expect a Mus. Doc. to read for himself, yet he may fairly be expected to follow the fashion; and Jonson may yet have his turn. That he was not thus overlooked by the great composers of former times is certain; the song before us was set to music by Nicholas Lanneare, and inserted in the compilation of *Ayres and Dialogues*, by Henry Lawes, 1653.

This pretty maid, although but with a kiss.
[*He forces Amie to kiss Karolin.*
Lived my Earine, you should have twenty;
For every line here, one; I would allow them
From mine own store, the treasure I had in her:
Now I am poor as you. [*Exit.*
Kar. And I a wretch!
Cla. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.
[*Exit Kar.*
Mel. Alas, that ever such a generous spirit
As Æglamour's, should sink by such a loss!
Cla. The truest lovers are least fortunate:
Look all their lives and legends, what they call
The lovers scriptures,[5] Heliodores or Tatii,
Longi, Eustathii, Prodomi, you'll find it!
What think you, father?
Alken. I have known some few,
And read of more, who have had their dose, and deep,
Of these sharp bitter-sweets.
Lio. But what is this
To jolly Robin, who the story is
Of all beatitude in love?
Cla. And told
Here every day with wonder on the wold.
Lio. And with fame's voice.
Alken. Save that some folk delight
To blend all good of others with some spight.
Cla. He and his Marian are the sum and talk
Of all that breathe here in the green-wood walk.
Mel. Or Belvoir vale.
Lio. The turtles of the wood.

[5] *The lover's scriptures, Helidores, or Tatii, Longi,* &c.] For the first two, see vol. v. p. 394. Longus is the author of the beautiful pastoral of Daphnis and Chloe; Eustathius of the story of Ismene and Ismenias; and Prodromus of a love-tale in metre, called Doricles and Rhodantes.

Cla. The billing pair.
Alken. And so are understood
For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.
Mel. Faith, so much virtue should not be envièd.
Alken. Better be so than pitied, Mellifleur:
For 'gainst all envy, virtue is a cure;
But wretched pity ever calls on scorns.—
[*Horns within.*
The deer's brought home; I hear it by their horns.

Enter MARIAN, JOHN, *and* SCARLET.

Rob. My Marian, and my mistress!
Mar. My loved Robin! [*They embrace.*
Mel. The moon's at full, the happy pair are met.
Mar. How hath this morning paid me for my rising!
First, with my sports; but most with meeting you.
I did not half so well reward my hounds,
As she hath me to-day; although I gave them
All the sweet morsels call'd tongue, ears, and dowcets!
Rob. What, and the inch-pin?
Mar. Yes.
Rob. Your sports then pleased you?
Mar. You are a wanton.
Rob. *One*, I do confess,
I *want*-ed till you came; but now I have you,
I'll grow to your embraces, till two souls
Distilled into kisses through our lips,
Do make one spirit of love. [*kisses her.*
Mar. O Robin, Robin!
Rob. Breathe, breathe awhile; what says my gentle Marian?
Mar. Could you so long be absent?

Rob. What, a week!
Was that so long?
Mar. How long are lovers weeks,
Do you think, Robin, when they are asunder?
Are they not prisoners' years?
Rob. To some they seem so;
But being met again, they are school-boys' hours.
Mar. That have got leave to play, and so we use them.
Rob. Had you good sport in your chase to-day?
John. O prime!
Mar. A lusty stag.
Rob. And hunted ye at force?[6]
Mar. In a full cry.
John. And never hunted change![7]
Rob. You had stanch hounds then?
Mar. Old and sure; I love
No young rash dogs, no more than changing friends.
Rob. What relays set you?
John. None at all; we laid not
In one fresh dog.
Rob. He stood not long then?
Scar. Yes,
Five hours and more. A great, large deer!
Rob. What head?
John. Forked: a hart of ten.
Mar. He is good venison,

[6] *And* hunted ye at force?] To hunt at force, (*chasse a forcer*, Fr.) is to run the game down with dogs, in opposition to (*chasse a tirer*,) shooting it. The phrase is common in our old writers. Thus Drayton:

"The stag—for stateliness of head
Is fitt'st to *hunt at force.*" *Pol. Song* 13.

[7] *And never hunted* change!] Hounds are said to *hunt change*, when they take a fresh scent, and follow another chase. WHAL.

According to the season in the blood,
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.
John. But at his fall there hapt a chance.
Mar. Worth mark.
Rob. Ay! what was that, sweet Marian?
[*kisses her.*
Mar. You'll not hear?
Rob. I love these interruptions in a story;[8]
[*kisses her again.*
They make it sweeter.
Mar. You do know as soon
As the assay is taken—[9] [*kisses her again.*

[8] *I love these interruptions in a story.*] How beautifully is this touched by Milton!

"Her husband the relater, she preferr'd
Before the angel—he would intermix
Grateful digression, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from *his lips*,
Not *words alone* pleased her."

[9] Mar. —— *You do know as soon*
As the assay *is taken.*] To take the *assay* or *say*, is to draw a knife along the belly of the deer, beginning at the brisket, to discover how fat he is. WHAL.

This was a mere ceremony: the knife was put into the hands of the "best person" in the field, and drawn lightly down the belly, that the chief huntsman might be entitled to his fee. When this was done, the *making of the arbor*, in plain English, the cutting up of the game, was entrusted to more skilful operators. What follows, in the text, is not found in the *Gentleman's Recreation:* but is thus noticed by the good prioress of St. Alban's.

—— —— "Slitteth anone
The belly to the side from the *corbyn bone*,
That is corbyn's fee, at the deth he will be."

And more fully by Turberville, whom the poet might have in view. "There is (says he,) a little gristle, which is upon the spoone of the brisket, which we call the raven's bone; because it is cast up to the crows or ravens which attend hunters. And I have seen in some places, a raven so wont and accustomed to it, that she would never fayle to croake and cry for it, all the while you were in breaking up of the deare, and would not depart until she had it." p. 135.

Rob. On, my Marian:
I did but take the assay.
Mar. You stop one's mouth,
And yet you bid one speak—when the arbor's made—
Rob. Pull'd down, and paunch turn'd out.
Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the brisket bone, upon the spoon
Of which a little gristle grows; you call it——
Rob. The raven's bone.
Mar. Now o'er head sat a raven,
On a sere bough, a grown great bird, and hoarse!
Who, all the while the deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cried for it, as all the huntsmen,
Especially old Scathlock, thought it ominous;
Swore it was mother Maudlin, whom he met
At the day-dawn, just as he roused the deer
Out of his lair: but we made shift to run him
Off his four legs, and sunk him ere we left.

Enter SCATHLOCK.

Is the deer come?
Scath. He lies within, on the dresser.
Mar. Will you go see him, Mellifleur?
Mel. I attend you.
Mar. Come, Amie, you'll go with us?
Amie. I am not well.
Lio. She's sick of the young shepherd that bekiss'd her.[1]
Mar. Friend, cheer your friends up, we will eat him merrily.
[*Exeunt Mar. Mell. and Amie.*

[1] *She's sick of the young shepherd that bekiss'd her.*] So Shirley.
——— "I should gather
By symptoms of my mistress, she is *sick*
Of the younger gentleman." *The Sisters.*

Alken. Saw you the raven, friend?
Scath. Ay, quha suld let me?
I suld be afraid o' you, sir, suld I?
Clar. Huntsman,
A dram more of civility would not hurt you.
Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;
They are not else themselves without their language.
Alken. And what do you think of her?
Scath. As of a witch.
They call her a wise woman,* but I think her
An arrant witch.
Clar. And wherefore think you so?
Scath. Because I saw her since broiling the bone
Was cast her at the quarry.
Alken. Where saw you her?
Scath. In the chimley-nuik, within: she's there now.

Re-enter MARIAN.*

Rob. Marian!
Your hunt holds in his tale still; and tells more!
Mar. My hunt! what tale?
Rob. How! cloudy, Marian!
What look is this?

* *They call her a* wise woman, *but I think her*
An arrant witch.] A wise woman was a fortune-teller, a recoverer of stolen goods, &c. In some of our old writers indeed, she takes a higher character, and deals with familiars. She is then a *white*-witch, and is meritoriously employed in counteracting the malignity of the witch *καθ' ἐξοχην*. This valuable character, once so common, is now unfortunately extinct, unless the last of the race should be thought to linger with the last ghost at the village of Sampford.

* *Re-enter Marian.*] i. e. Maudlin, the witch, in her shape.

Mar. A fit one, sir, for you.
Hand off, rude ranger!—Sirrah, get you in,
[*To Scathlock.*
And bear the venison hence: it is too good
For these coarse rustic mouths, that cannot open,
Or spend a thank for't. A starv'd mutton's carcase
Would better fit their palates. See it carried
To mother Maudlin's, whom you call the witch, sir.
Tell her I sent it to make merry with,
She'll turn us thanks at least! why stand'st thou, groom?
Rob. I wonder he can move, that he's not fix'd,
If that his feeling be the same with mine!
I dare not trust the faith of mine own senses,
I fear mine eyes and ears: this is not Marian!
Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you ask her,
Ask her, good shepherds, ask her all for me:
Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she;
Or I be I.
Mar. Yes, and you are the spy;
And the spied spy that watch upon my walks,
To inform what deer I kill or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spy your worst, good spy,
I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your cheese-cakes, curds, and clouted cream,
Your fools, your flawns; and [swill] of ale a stream[3]
To wash it from your livers: strain ewes milk
Into your cyder syllabubs, and be drunk
To him whose fleece hath brought the earliest lamb

[3] *Your fools, your flawns; and of ale a stream.*] *Fools*, as every one knows, are gooseberries boiled and beaten up with cream; *flawns* are custards. The sense as well as the measure of this verse is defective, so that some word was probably lost at the press. I have inserted *swill* at a venture.

This year; and wears the baudric at your board!
Where you may all go whistle and record
This in your dance; and foot it lustily. [*Exit.*
Rob. I pray you, friends, do you hear and see as I do?
Did the same accents strike your ears? and objects
Your eyes, as mine?
Alken. We taste the same reproaches.
Lio. Have seen the changes.
Rob. Are we not all changed,
Transformed from ourselves?
Lio. I do not know.
The best is silence.
Alken. And to wait the issue.
Rob. The dead or lazy wait for't! I will find it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forest as before.

The Witch's Dimble, cottage, oak, well, &c.

Enter MAUDLIN *in her proper shape, and* DOUCE *in the dress of Earine.*

Maud. Have I not left them in a brave confusion?
Amazed their expectation, got their venison,
Troubled their mirth and meeting, made them doubtful
And jealous of each other, all distracted,
And, in the close, uncertain of themselves?

This can your mother do, my dainty Douce!
Take any shape upon her, and delude
The senses best acquainted with their owners!—
The jolly Robin, who hath bid this feast,
And made this solemn invitation,
I have possessed so with syke dislikes
Of his own Marian, that allbe he know her,
As doth the vauting hart his venting hind,
He ne'er fra' hence sall neis her in the wind,
To his first liking.

Douce. Did you so distaste him?

Maud. As far as her proud scorning him could 'bate,
Or blunt the edge of any lover's temper.

Douce. But were ye like her, mother?

Maud. So like, Douce,
As had she seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker of the twa—
This can your mother do, I tell you, daughter!—
I ha' but dight ye yet in the out-dress,
And 'parel of Earine; but this raiment,
These very weeds sall make ye, as but coming
In view or ken of Æglamour, your form
Shall show too slippery to be look'd upon,
And all the forest swear you to be she!
They shall rin after ye, and wage the odds,
Upon their own deceived sights, ye are her;
Whilst she, poor lass, is stock'd up in a tree:
Your brother Lorel's prize! for so my largess
Hath lotted her to be,—your brother's mistress,
Gif she can be reclaim'd; gif not, his prey!
And here he comes new claithed, like a prince
Of swineherds! syke he seems, dight in the spoils
Of those he feeds, a mighty lord of swine!
He's comand now to woo. Let's step aside,
And hear his love-craft. [*They stand aside.*

Enter LOREL *gaily dressed, and releases* EARINE *from the oak.*

See, he opes the door,
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth:
This is true courtship, and becomes his ray.[5]
Lor. [*leading Earine forward.*] Ye kind to others, but ye coy to me,[6]
Deft mistress![7] whiter than the cheese new prest,
Smoother than cream, and softer than the curds!
Why start ye from me ere ye hear me tell
My wooing errand, and what rents I have?
Large herds and pastures! swine and kie mine own!
And though my nase be camused,[8] my lips thick,

[5] ——— *and becomes his* ray.] i. e. his dress, alluding to what she had just said,

"And here he comes new claithed, like a prince."

Whalley appears, I know not how, to have found some difficulty in this trite expression.

[6] There is much natural beauty in these speeches of Lorel; and the rustic cast of the imagery is entirely conformable to the grotesque character of the speaker. I must not omit observing that the whole is sketch'd out from the song of Polyphemus to his mistress Galatea, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lib. 13. WHAL.

Jonson has borrowed many traits of his Lorel from the Polyphemus of Theocritus, but with a freedom, which evinces the hand of a master. There is nothing in the Syracusian poet more beautiful than the descriptive parts of the Cyclop's soliloquy, and not much in the poetry of our own language that surpasses the rustic courtship of the witch's son. What resemblance Whalley could find in it to Ovid, I am at a loss to discover.

[7] *Deft mistress! whiter than the cheese new prest,*
Why start ye from me, &c.]

Ω λευκα Γαλατεια, τι τον φιλεοντ' αποβαλλῃ;
Λευκοτερα πακτας ποτιδειν, απαλωτερα δ' αρνος. Idyl. xi. 45.

[8] *And though my nase be camused.*] i. e. broad and flat. Th

And my chin bristled, Pan, great Pan, was such,
Who was the chief of herdsmen, and our sire!
I am na fay, na incubus, na changlin,
But a good man, that lives o' my awn geer:
This house, these grounds, this stock is all my awn.

Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were not known!

Maud. She likes it not; but it is boasted well.

Lor. An hundred udders for the pail I have,
That give me milk and curds, that make me cheese
To cloy the markets! twenty swarm of bees,
Whilk all the summer hum about the hive,
And bring me wax and honey in bilive.[9]

feature also, is from the Greek poet—πλατεια δε ρις επι χειλει—In Lorel's next speech, there is a perpetual recurrence to Theocritus:

——— Βοΐα χιλια βοσκω,
Κη'κ τουτων το κρατιςον αμελγομενῳ γαλα πινω·
Τυρος δ' ὁ λειπει μ' ουτ' εν θερει, ουτ' εν οπωρῃ,
Ου χειμωνος ακρῳ·

Jonson mentions "a swarm of bees:" it is singular that this species of rural wealth should be overlooked by the Sicilian bard, when the introduction of it would have been so characteristic both of the scenery and the lover. Lorel's dwelling too is embellished with a richness which does not appear in the original description, (beautiful as it is,) and which being at once appropriate and tasteful, evinces the fancy no less than the fertility of the copyist. The reader may compare the passages.

Ενθι δαφναι τηνει, ενθι ῥαδιναι κυπαρισσοι,
Ενθι μελας κισσος, εντ' αμπελῳ ἁ γλυκυκαρπῳ,
Ενθι ψυχρον ὑδωρ, το μοι ἁ πολυδενδρεῳ Αἰδνα
Λευκας εκ χιονῳ, πολον αμβροσιον, πρωϊητι.

Jonson's description of the oak, however, (as Mr. Waldron has observed in his Supplement,) is in a great measure borrowed from the *Shepherd's Calendar.*

[9] *And bring me wax and honey in* bilive.] This word, which is derived by some from *by le eve*, and by others, from combinations equally fantastic, is composed of *be* (with) and *life*, and means freely, actively, readily, &c.

An aged oak, the king of all the field,
With a broad breech there grows before my dur,
That mickle mast unto the ferm doth yield.
A chestnut, whilk hath larded mony a swine,
Whose skins I wear to fend me fra' the cold;
A poplar green, and with a kerved seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat;
And thence can see gang out and in my neat.
Twa trilland brooks, each, from his spring, doth meet,
And make a river to refresh my feet;
In which each morning, ere the sun doth rise,
I look myself, and clear my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe; for therein I have skill
'Bove other swineherds. Bid me, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melody.

Ear. By no means. Ah! to me all minstrelsy
Is irksome, as are you.

Lor. Why scorn you me?
Because I am a herdsman, and feed swine!
I am a lord of other geer:—This fine
Smooth bawson cub, the young grice of a gray,
Twa tyny urshins, and this ferret gay.

[1] ——— *This fine*
Smooth bawson's cub, *the young* grice *of a gray.*] A bear's *cub*, and the *young ones* of a badger. WHAL.

Whalley appears to have missed the meaning of the poet, who, though he probably alludes to the σχυμνως αρκλων of Theocritus, (Ovid is out of the question,) was much too strict an observer of propriety to people the forest of Sherwood with bears young or old. The *bawson* cub (for so it should be read) and the young grice of a gray, are one and the same thing, namely, a young badger. *Bawson* indeed, as a substantive, (like brock which follows,) is a badger; but the word is used here as an adjective, and means bulky, overgrown, or when taken in a complimentary sense, as in this place, plump and sleek. *Grice*, Whalley says, is properly a sucking pig." It is commonly used in this sense,

Ear. Out on 'em! what are these?
Lor. I give 'em ye,
As presents, mistress.
Ear. O the fiend on thee!
Gae, take them hence; they fewmand all the claithes,[2]
And prick my coats: hence with 'em, limmer lown,[3]
Thy vermin and thyself, thyself art one!
Ay, lock me up—all's well when thou art gone.
[*Lorel leads her to the tree and shuts her in.*
[*Maudlin and Douce come forward.*
Lor. Did you hear this? she wish'd me at the fiend,
With all my presents!

I believe; but it is as *properly* the suckling of a badger or even of a bear, as a swine. It is in short, a young cub. *Smooth* could not be said of a (bear or) badger, whose hair is harsh and rough; though the epithet might be aptly applied to the grice, or suckling.

[2] *Gae, take them hence*, &c.] The fol. reads *Gar*, which Mr. Waldron corrects, as in the text. It is somewhat singular that Earine should speak the rustic language of Lorel, unless it was meant as a ridicule upon it in this place. So little of her part appears in what remains of this play, that we have no means of ascertaining her real character; it is however to be presumed that the "beautiful" shepherdess who could kindle such a flame in the breast of Æglamour, was of no vulgar strain, and that her accomplishments were no ways inferior to those of Mellifleur and Amie. Had Jonson lived to print the *Sad Shepherd*, or even the portion which we now have of it, we might have hoped for more regularity in the appropriation of the different dialects, which are now apparently confounded. He had taken much pains to acquire the northern phraseology from Lacy the player, (a native of Yorkshire,) and he would have used it with strict propriety. As it is, the orthography of the folio is changeful, uncertain, and of little authority.

[3] *Limmer.*] i. e. vile, worthless, &c. Literally, it means a night-robber; but our Saxon ancestors used the word in a variety of senses, all, however, strongly expressive of contempt, or baseness. It is still current in the north of England; but is confined, I believe, to females.

Maud. A tu lucky end
She wishand thee, foul limmer, dritty lown!
Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy mother:
And see, thy sister scorns thee for her brother.
Thou woo thy love, thy mistress, with twa hedge-hogs:
A stinkand brock, a polecat? out, thou houlet!
Thou shouldst have given her a madge-owl, and then
Thou'dst made a present o' thy self, owl-spiegle![4]
Douce. Why, mother, I have heard ye bid to give;
And often as the cause calls.
Maud. I know well,
It is a witty part sometimes to give;
But what? to wham? no monsters, nor to maidens.
He suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things natural, and what all women covet
To see, the common parent of us all,
Which maids will twire at 'tween their fingers thus![5]

[4] Owl-spiegle.] The same with *ulen-spiegle*, or *owl-glass*. Whal. See vol. iv. p. 61.

[5] *Which maids will* twire *at 'tween their fingers thus!*] To twire is to leer affectedly, to glance at obliquely, or surreptitiously, at intervals, &c. It is frequent in our old writers. Thus Marston: "I saw a thing stir under a hedge, and I peeped, and I peered, and I *twired* underneath," &c. *Ant. and Mellida.* And Fletcher.

"I saw the wench that *twired* and twinkled at thee
The other day, the young smug wench," &c.
Woman Pleased.

It occurs also in Shakspeare:

"When sparkling stars *twire* not, thou gildst the even."
Son. xxviii. v. 12.

i. e. When the stars do not gleam, or appear at intervals.

"Perhaps," says Mr. Malone, "for *twire* we should here read

With which his sire gat him, he's get another,
And so beget posterity upon her:
This he should do!—False gelden, gang thy gait,
And do thy turns betimes; or I'se gar take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy dublet tu:—
The tailleur and the sowter sall undu'
All they have made, except thou manlier woo!
[*Exit Lorel.*

Douce. Gud mother, gif you chide him, he'll do wairs.

Maud. Hang him! I geif him to the devil's eirs.

But ye, my Douce, I charge ye, shew your sell
Tu all the shepherds bauldly; gaing amang 'em,
Be mickel in their eye, frequent and fugeand:
And gif they ask ye of Earine,
Or of these claithes, say, that I gave 'em ye,
And say no more. I have that wark in hand,
That web upon the luime, shall gar 'em think
By then, they feeling their own frights and fears,
I'se pu' the world or nature 'bout their ears.—
But, hear ye, Douce, because ye may meet me
In mony shapes to-day, where'er you spy
This browder'd belt with characters, 'tis I.
A Gypsan lady, and a right beldame,

twirl!" To my amazement, Mr. Steevens does not acquiesce in this exquisite conjecture; but, having learned from Tyrwhitt, that *twire* (spoken of a bird,) is probably a translation of *susurro*, he inclines to think that twire means quire, and consequently that the sense of the line is, "When sparkling stars *sing* not in concert," &c. This is surely "the best fooling of all," as sir Andrew observes, even though Mr. Steevens immediately adds, "Still *twire* may be a corruption." Well might he wind up this farrago with exclaiming, as he does, "So much for guess work!"

Twire should not have been suffered to grow obsolete, for we have no word now in use that can take its place, or be considered as precisely synonymous with it in sense: leer and twinkle are merely shades of it.

Wrought it by moonshine for me, and star-light,
Upon your grannam's grave, that very night
We earth'd her in the shades; when our dame Hecate[6]
Made it her gaing night over the kirk-yard,
With all the barkand parish-tikes set at her,[7]
While I sat whyrland of my brazen spindle:
At every twisted thrid my rock let fly
Unto the sewster, who did sit me nigh,
Under the town turnpike; which ran each spell

[6] *We earth'd her in the shades; when our dame* Hecate] Mr. Davies, who is much disturbed at Jonson's presuming to pronounce Hecate as a trisyllable in his *Masque of Queens*, while Shakspeare is pleased to use it only as a dissyllable, might have quieted his spirit if he had looked into this passage, and pronounced the word just as he liked. In making Hecate a trisyllable, our poet, it seems, "intended to show his learning," and enjoy a mean triumph over the *small Latin and no Greek* of his "adversary!" *Dram. Miscel.* v. ii.

Yet the spleen of Davies is more tolerable than the tedious absurdity of the other commentators, who labour to justify our great poet's pronunciation of this word from a mass of contemporary authorities, as if it was not a matter of the utmost indifference, and determined, in every case, by the measure of the verse. Shakspeare gave the word as he found it in Middleton, without caring whether it were a dissyllable or a trisyllable, and Jonson was too well acquainted with rhythm not to know that there were few places in English verse in which it would not stand as either. In his "addycions to Jeronymo," he had this line,

"And yonder pale faced Hecate there, the moon,"

little forseeing, poor man, when he lightly slurred over the three syllables, that he should be accused of insulting the memory of Shakspeare, if he ventured, hereafter, to lay any stress upon the last.

[7] *With all the* barkand *parish-tikes set at her.*] The progress of Hecate over new made graves, and the barking of the dogs, are taken from the superstitions of antiquity; Theocritus describes her in the same manner:

——— Ἑκαία, ταν και σκυλακες τρομεουσι
Ερχομεναν νεκυων ανα τ' ηρια, και μελαν αιμα. Idyll. 2.

WHAL.

She stitched in the work, and knit it well.
See ye take tent to this, and ken your mother.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Forest.

The Entrance to Robin Hood's *Bower.*

AMIE *discovered lying on a bank,* MARIAN *and* MELLIFLEUR *sitting by her.*

Mar. How do you, sweet Amie, yet?
Mel. She cannot tell;
If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.
She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot show
Any least sign, that she is hurt or no:
Her pain's not doubtful to her, but the seat
Of her pain is: her thoughts too work and beat,
Opprest with cares; but why she cannot say:
All matter of her care is quite away.
Mar. Hath any vermin broke into your fold?
Or any rot seized on your flock, or cold?
Or hath your feighting ram burst his hard horn,
Or any ewe her fleece, or bag hath torn,
My gentle Amie?
Amie. Marian, none of these.
Mar. Have you been stung by wasps, or angry bees,
Or rased with some rude bramble or rough briar?
Amie. No, Marian, my disease is somewhat nigher.
I weep, and boil away myself in tears;
And then my panting heart would dry those fears:
I burn, though all the forest lend a shade;
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were made.

Mar. Alas!
Amie. I often have been torn with thorn and briar,
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher;
Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these.
[*sighs.*
I often have been stung too with curst bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my company or mirth for it. [*sighs again.*
And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,
It enter'd in me, nor least print can see,
I feel, afflicts me more than briar or bee. [*again.*
How often, when the sun, heaven's brightest birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heat! but now no shady tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing be.
Oft when the meadows were grown rough with frost,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warm fleece I wore, was my defence;
Or large good fires I made, drave winter thence:
But now my whole flock's fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold and heat that does outgo
All sense of winters, and of summers so.

Enter ROBIN HOOD, CLARION, LIONEL, *and* ALKEN.

Rob. O are you here, my mistress?
Mar. I, my love! [*Runs to embrace him.*
Where should I be but in my Robin's arms,
The sphere which I delight in so to move?

Rob. [*He puts her back.*] What, *the rude ranger, and spied spy! hand off;*
You are for no such rustics.
Mar. What means this,
Thrice worthy Clarion, or wise Alken? know ye?
Rob. 'Las, no, not they: *a poor starv'd mutton's carcase*
Would better fit their palates, than your venison.
Mar. What riddle's this? unfold yourself, dear Robin.
Rob. You have not sent your venison hence by Scathlock,
To mother Maudlin?
Mar. I, to mother Maudlin!
Will Scathlock say so?
Rob. Nay, we will all swear so.
For all did hear it when you gave the charge so,
Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, and myself.
Mar. Good honest shepherds, masters of your flocks,
Simple and virtuous men, no others' hirelings;
Be not you made to speak against your conscience,
That which may soil the truth. I send the venison
Away by Scathlock, and to mother Maudlin!
I came to shew it here to Mellifleur,
I do confess; but Amie's falling ill
Did put us off it: since, we employ'd ourselves
In comforting of her.

Enter SCATHLOCK.

O, here he is!
Did I, sir, bid you bear away the venison
To mother Maudlin?
Scath. Ay, gud faith, madam,
Did you, and I ha' done it.

Mar. What have you done?
Scath. Obey'd your hests, madam; done your commands.
Mar. Done my commands, dull groom! fetch it again,
Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the arts,
[*Weeps.*
Robin, you read your rude ones of the wood,
To countenance your quarrels and mistakings?
Or are the sports to entertain your friends
Those formed jealousies? ask of Mellifleur,
If I were ever from her, here, or Amie,
Since I came in with them; or saw this Scathlock
Since I related to you his tale of the raven.
Scath. Ay, say you so! [*Exit.*
Mel. She never left my side
Since I came here, nor I hers.
Cla. This is strange:
Our best of senses were deceived, our eyes, then!
Lio. And ears too.
Mar. What you have concluded on,
Make good, I pray you.
Amie. O my heart, my heart!
Mar. My heart it is wounded, pretty Amie;
Report not you your griefs: I'll tell for all.
Mel. Somebody is to blame, there is a fault.
Mar. Try if you can take rest: a little slumber
Will much refresh you, Amie. [*Amie sleeps.*
Alken. What's her grief?
Mar. She does not know; and therein she is happy.

Enter JOHN *and* MAUDLIN.

John. Here's mother Maudlin come to give you thanks,
Madam, for some late gift she hath received—

Which she's not worthy of, she says, but cracks,
And wonders of it; hops about the house,
Transported with the joy.
Maud. Send me a stag,
A whole stag, madam, and so fat a deer!
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too,
When all your friends were here!
[*Skips and dances.*
Rob. Do you mark this, Clarion?
Her own acknowledgment!
Maud. 'Twas such a bounty
And honour done to your poor beadswoman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you;
And that I come to do: I shall go round,
And giddy with the joy of the good turn.[8]

Look out, look out, gay folk about,
And see me spin the ring I am in
Of mirth and glee, with thanks for fee
The heart puts on, for th' venison
My lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of wine, to fume up fine
Into the brain, and down again
Fall in a swoun, upon the groun.
[Turns rapidly round as she speaks, till she falls.

Rob. Look to her, she is mad.
Maud. [*rising.*] My son hath sent you
A pot of strawberries gather'd in the wood,
His hogs would else have rooted up, or trod;

[8] *And giddy with the* joy.] The folio, which is full of blunders, reads "*toy* of the good turn." The genuine expression occurs in the concluding line of John's last speech. "Transported with the *joy*."—

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald
And mingle with your cream.
Mar. Thank you, good Maudlin,
And thank your son. Go, bear them in to Much,
The acater, let him thank her. Surely, mother,
You were mistaken, or my woodmen more,
Or most myself, to send you all our store
Of venison, hunted for ourselves this day:
You will not take it, mother, I dare say,
If we entreat you, when you know our guests;
Red deer is head still of the forest feasts.
Maud. But I knaw ye, a right free-hearted lady,
Can spare it out of superfluity;
I have departit it 'mong my poor neighbours,
To speak your largess.
Mar. I not gave it, mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My gifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my courtesies.
Maud. Count you this thrown away?
Mar. What's ravish'd from me
I count it worse, as stolen; I lose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you nor me,
Maudlin, contentions of this quality.—

Re-enter SCATHLOCK.

How now!
Scath. Your stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
He has found his way into the kitchen again
With his two legs; if now your cook can dress him.—
'Slid, I thought the swineherd would have beat me,
He look'd so big! the sturdy karl, lewd Lorel!

Mar. There, Scathlock, for thy pains, [*Gives him money.*] thou hast deserv'd it.

[*Exit Scath.*

Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, madam?

Mar. No, Maudlin, *you had imparted to your neighbours;*
And much good do it them! I have done no wrong.

Maud. *The spit stand still, no broches turn*
Before the fire, but let it burn
Both sides and hanches, till the whole
Converted be into one coal!

Cla. What devil's pater noster mumbles she?

Alken. Stay, you will hear more of her witchery.

Maud. *The swill and dropsy enter in*
The lazy cuke, and swell his skin;
And the old mortmal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.[1]

Cla. Speak out, hag, we may hear your devil's mattins.

Maud. *The pain we call St. Anton's fire,*
The gout, or what we can desire,
To cramp a cuke, in every limb,
Before they dine, yet, sieze on him.

[1] *And the old* mortmal *on his shin*
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.] i. e. an *old sore*, or *gangrene.* So Chaucer, (from whom Jonson has taken the expression.)

" But great harme was it, as it thought me,
That on his shynne a *mor-mal* had he."

Withouten blin, is without ceasing. WHAL.

Alken. A foul ill spirit hath possessed her.
Amie. [*starting.*] O Karol, Karol! call him back again.
Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in her slumber,
And may express some part of her disease.
Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her ease.
Amie. O, O!
Mar. How is it, Amie?
Mel. Wherefore start you?
Amie. O Karol! he is fair and sweet.
Maud. What then?
Are there not flowers as sweet and fair as men?
The lily is fair, and rose is sweet.
Amie. Ay, so!
Let all the roses and the lilies go:
Karol is only fair to me.
Mar. And why?
Amie. Alas, for Karol, Marian, I could die!
Karol, he singeth sweetly too.
Maud. What then?
Are there not birds sing sweeter far than men?
Amie. I grant the linet, lark, and bull-finch sing,
But best the dear good angel of the spring,
The nightingale.[a]

[a] *But best, the dear good angel of the spring,*
The nightingale.] This exquisitely poetical description of the nightingale is a literal translation from the Greek of Sappho: *angel* is used in its original signification of a *messenger*, or *harbinger*:

Ηρος αγγελος ιμεροφωνος αηδων. WHAL.

Bentley has formed the scholiast's quotation into a Sapphic, more to the credit of his learning, however, than of his poetic feelings:

Ηρος αγγελλ' ἱμεροφων' αηδοι.

Maud. Then why, then why, alone,
Should his notes please you?
Amie. I not long agone
Took a delight with wanton kids to play,
And sport with little lambs a summer's-day,
And view their frisks: methought it was a sight
Of joy to see my two brave rams to fight!
Now Karol only all delight doth move,
All that is Karol, Karol I approve!
This very morning but—I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will I know)
A single kiss upon the silly swain,
And now I wish that very kiss again.
His lip is softer, sweeter than the rose,
His mouth, and tongue, with dropping honey flows;
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.
Maud. Yet, like the bees, it had a little sting.
Amie. And sunk, and sticks yet in my marrow deep;
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.
Mar. Alas, how innocent her story is!
Amie. I do remember, Marian, I have oft
With pleasure kist my lambs and puppies soft;
And once a dainty fine roe-fawn I had,
Of whose out-skipping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health; and him I oft would kiss;

The office of announcing the spring is given by Simonides to the swallow, in a very picturesque line:

Αγγελος κλυτα εαρ' αδυοσμα, κυανεα χελιδων.

The speeches given to Maudlin in this part of the dialogue, do not seem to belong to her. There is indeed a spirit of contradiction in them; but of far too gentle a nature for the witch. I believe that they should be set down to Marian's account.

Yet had his no such sting or pain as this:
They never prick'd or hurt my heart; and, for
They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please; this sweet[3]
Mingled with sour, I wish again to meet:
And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
That keeps or hinders me of Karol's kiss.

Mar. We'll send for him, sweet Amie, to come to you.

Maud. But I will keep him off, if charms will do it. [*Exit muttering.*

Cla. Do you mark the murmuring hag, how she doth mutter?

Rob. I like her not: and less her manners now.

Alken. She is a shrewd deformed piece, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her body.

Rob. I believe
She can take any shape, as Scathlock says.

Alken. She may deceive the sense, but really
She cannot change herself.

Rob. Would I could see her
Once more in Marian's form! for I am certain
Now, it was she abused us; as I think
My Marian, and my love, now innocent:
Which faith I seal unto her with this kiss,
And call you all to witness of my pennance.
[*Kisses Marian.*

Alken. It was believed before, but now confirm'd,
That we have seen the monster.

[3] *But this that hurts and pricks, doth please.*] Thus Shakspeare, beautifully:

"If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired." *Ant. and Cleopatra.*

Enter Friar TUCK, JOHN, MUCH, *and* SCARLET.

Tuck. Hear you how
Poor Tom the cook is taken! all his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back;
A gout or cramp now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before.
Alken. He is bewitch'd.
Cla. This is an argument
Both of her malice and her power, we see.
Alken. She must by some device restrained be,
Or she'll go far in mischief.
Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd; we shall put it straight in practice.
Alken. Send forth your woodmen then, into the walks,
Or let them prick her footing hence; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,[4]
And will be found or sitting in her fourm,
Or else, at relief, like a hare.
Cla. You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,
Or starting of a hag.

Enter GEORGE.

Rob. Go, sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her;

[4] ——————————*a witch*
Is sure a creature of melancholy,] This comparison is supported by the popular opinion, which considered a hare as a melancholy creature, from her always sitting solitary in her form. WHAL.
At *relief* in the next line, means, at feed.

Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the dinner,
In the cook's stead.

Much. We'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come, Marian, let's withdraw into the bower.

[*Exeunt all but John, Scarlet, Scathlock, and George.*

John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the witch
Will make us.

Scar. Let's advise upon't like huntsmen.

George. An we can spy her once, she is our own.

Scath. First, think which way she fourmeth, on what wind;
Or north, or south.

George. For as the shepherd said,
A witch is a kind of hare.

Scath. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.

John. Where shall we hope to find her?

Re-enter ALKEN.

Alken. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jolly huntsmen,
If an old shepherd may be heard among you;
Not jeer'd or laugh'd at.[5]

John. Father, you will see
Robin Hood's household know more courtesy.

Scath. Who scorns at eld, peels off his own young hairs.

Alken. Ye say right well: know ye the witch's dell?

Scar. No more than I do know the walks of hell.

Alken. Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a pit, o'ergrown with brakes and briars,

[5] *Not jeer'd*, &c.] Alken has not forgotten the rudeness of Scathlock, (see p. 272,) but the worthy huntsman was then nettled at the doubt which his question seemed to cast on the veracity of Marian's story respecting the raven and the brisket bone.

Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey,
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves and grots, near an old charnel-
house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourm,
As fearful and melancholic as that
She is about; with caterpillars' kells,
And knotty cob-webs, rounded in with spells.
Thence she steals forth to relief in the fogs,
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their
farrow,
The housewives tun not work, nor the milk churn!
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath
in sleep,
Get vials of their blood! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with,[6] and to rivet charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.

George. I thought a witch's banks
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.

Scar. Yes, her malice more.

Scath. As it would quickly appear had we the
store
Of his collects.

[6] *When the sea*
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with.] This is copied by Shadwell, in the *Lancashire Witches:*

"From the sea's slimy ouse a weed
I fetch'd to open locks at need."

But he honestly refers to the original: "See (he says) the renown'd Jonson in the second act of his *Sad Shepherd.*"

George. Ay, this gud learned man
Can speak her right.
Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts.
Alken. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd plants
Wherewith she kills! where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful; the dead-numbing night-shade,
The stupifying hemlock, adder's tongue,
And martagan: the shrieks of luckless owls
We hear, and croaking night-crows in the air!
Green-bellied snakes, blue fire-drakes in the sky,
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings!
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of trees, white faies do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool,
With each a little changeling in their arms!
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire to kiss the moon!
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,
Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,
And binding characters, through which she wounds
Her puppets, the sigilla of her witchcraft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And shew you her sitting in her fourm; I'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her skut
Along her back, when she doth start before us.
But you must give her law:[7] and you shall see her
Make twenty leaps and doubles; cross the paths,
And then squat down beside us.

[7] *But you must give her law.*] "When a hare is put up, you must give her ground (i. e. law) twelve score yards or more, according to the country where she sitteth." *Turberville*, p. 248.

John. Crafty croan!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. We'll make this hunting of the witch as famous,
As any other blast of venery.
Scath. Hang her, foul hag! she'll be a stinking chase.
I had rather ha' the hunting of her heir.
George. If we should come to see her, cry, *So ho!* once.
Alken. That I do promise, or I am no good hag-finder. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Forest.

Enter PUCK-HAIRY.

Puck. The fiend hath much to do, that keeps a school,[1]
Or is the father of a family;
Or governs but a country academy:

[1] *The fiend hath much to do*, &c.] This passage probably alludes to the singular employments imposed upon demons by the caprice or anger of the persons to whom their services were engaged for a certain period, on condition of commanding, in their turn, for ever afterwards. The books on Demonology, by Bodin, Remigius, Dalrio, Wierus, and other learned drivellers, abound in stories of this nature.

Puck-hairy, about whom much has been written to very little purpose, is not the fairy, or oriental Puck, though often confounded with him; but a fiend, engendered in the moody minds, and rude and gloomy fancies of the barbarous invaders of the north.

His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent them.
This dame of mine here, Maud, grows high in evil,
And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her devil,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her.
She's confident in mischief, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her;
But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
Of other consequence, which I must look to,
Not let her be surprized on the first catch.
I must go dance about the forest now,
And firk it like a goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation,
When not expected of her; when the help
Meets the necessity, and both do kiss,
'Tis call'd the timing of a duty, this. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Same.

Enter KAROL, *and* DOUCE *in the dress of Earine.*

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceived
You had been she, seeing you run afore me:
For such a suit she made her 'gainst this feast,
In all resemblance, or the very same;
I saw her in it; had she lived to enjoy it,
She had been there an acceptable guest
To Marian, and the gentle Robin Hood,
Who are the crown and ghirland of the wood.
Douce. I cannot tell, my mother gave it me,
And bade me wear it.
Kar. Who, the wise good woman,
Old Maud of Paplewick?

Enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Douce. Yes;—this sullen man
I cannot like him. I must take my leave. [*Exit.*
Æg. What said she to you?
Kar. Who?
Æg. Earine.
I saw her talking with you, or her ghost;
For she indeed is drown'd in old Trent's bottom.
Did she not tell who would have pull'd her in,
And had her maidenhead upon the place,
The river's brim, the margin of the flood?
No ground is holy enough, (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in kings' palaces,
And yet their majesties not violated!
No words! [*Exit.*
Kar. How sad and wild his thoughts are! gone?

Re-enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. But she, as chaste as was her name, Earine,
Died undeflower'd: and now her sweet soul hovers
Here in the air above us, and doth haste
To get up to the moon and Mercury;
And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring
Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,
Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself
Just in the midst with Phœbus, tempering all
The jarring spheres, and giving to the world
Again his first and tuneful planetting.
O what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightful harmony! to rock old sages,

Twice infants, in the cradle of speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!
[*Exit.*

Kar. A cogitation of the highest rapture!

Re-enter ÆGLAMOUR.

Æg. The loudest seas, and most enraged winds,
Shall lose their clangor; tempest shall grow hoarse,
Loud thunder dumb, and every speece of storm,
Laid in the lap of listening nature, hush'd
To hear the changed chime of this eighth sphere.
Take tent, and hearken for it, lose it not. [*Exit.*

Enter CLARION *and* LIONEL.

Cla. O here is Karol! was not that the Sad Shepherd slipp'd from him?

Lio. Yes, I guess it was.
Who was that left you, Karol?

Kar. The lost man;
Whom we shall never see himself again,
Or ours, I fear; he starts away from hand so,
And all the touches or soft strokes of reason
You can apply! no colt is so unbroken,
Or hawk yet half so haggard or unmann'd!
He takes all toys that his wild phant'sie proffers,
And flies away with them: he now conceives
That my lost sister, his Earine,
Is lately turn'd a sphere amid the seven;
And reads a music-lecture to the planets!
And with this thought he's run to call 'em hearers.

Cla. Alas, this is a strain'd, but innocent phant'sie!
I'll follow him, and find him if I can:

Meantime, go you with Lionel, sweet Karol;
He will acquaint you with an accident,
Which much desires your presence on the place.
[*Exit.*

Kar. What is it, Lionel, wherein I may serve you?
Why do you so survey and circumscribe me,
As if you stuck one eye into my breast,
And with the other took my whole dimensions?[a]

Lio. I wish you had a window in your bosom,
Or in your back, I might look thorough you,
And see your in-parts, Karol, liver, heart;
For there the seat of Love is: whence the boy,
The winged archer, hath shot home a shaft
Into my sister's breast, the innocent Amie,
Who now cries out, upon her bed, on Karol,
Sweet-singing Karol, the delicious Karol,
That kiss'd her like a Cupid! In your eyes,
She says, his stand is, and between your lips
He runs forth his divisions to her ears,
But will not 'bide there, less yourself do bring him.
Go with me, Karol, and bestow a visit
In charity, upon the afflicted maid,
Who pineth with the languor of your love.

[*As they are going out, enter Maudlin (in the shape of Marian,) and Douce.*

Maud. Whither intend you? Amie is recover'd,
Feels no such grief as she complain'd of lately.
This maiden hath been with her from her mother
Maudlin, the cunning woman, who hath sent her
Herbs for her head, and simples of that nature,

[a] *As if you stuck one eye into my breast,*
And with the other took my whole dimensions.] The metaphor borrowed from measuring things with a compass, which hath one foot fixed, and the other extended to form the circle.
WHAL.

Have wrought upon her a miraculous cure;
Settled her brain to all our wish and wonder.
Lio. So instantly! you know I now but left her,
Possess'd with such a fit almost to a phrensie:
Yourself too fear'd her, Marian, and did urge
My haste to seek out Karol, and to bring him.
Maud. I did so: but the skill of that wise woman,
And her great charity of doing good,
Hath by the ready hand of this deft lass,
Her daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,
And to astonishment; we can but thank,
And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.
[*Exit with Douce.*
Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so help nature
In her extremes.
Kar. Then it appears most real,
When the other is deficient.

Enter ROBIN HOOD.

Rob. Wherefore stay you
Discoursing here, and haste not with your succours
To poor afflicted Amie, that so needs them?
Lio. She is recovered well, your Marian told us
But now here:

Re-enter MAUDLIN, *as before.*

See, she is return'd to affirm it!
Rob. My Marian!
Maud. Robin Hood! is he here?
[*Attempts to run out.*

Rob. Stay;
What was't you told my friend?
[*He seizes Maud by the girdle, and runs out with her, but returns immediately with the broken girdle in his hand, followed at a distance by the witch, in her own shape.*
Maud. Help, murder, help!
You will not rob me, outlaw? thief, restore
My belt that ye have broken!
Rob. Yes, come near.
Maud. Not in your gripe.
Rob. Was this the charmed circle,
The copy that so cozen'd and deceived us?
I'll carry hence the trophy of your spoils:
My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you soundly.
Maud. I shall make them sport,
And send some home without their legs or arms.
I'll teach them to climb stiles, leap ditches, ponds,
And lie in the waters, if they follow me.
Rob. Out, murmuring hag.
[*Exeunt all but Maud.*
Maud. I must use all my powers,
Lay all my wits to piecing of this loss.
Things run unluckily: where's my Puck-hairy?
Hath he forsook me?

Enter PUCK-HAIRY.

Puck. At your beck, madam.
Maud. O Puck, my goblin! I have lost my belt,
The strong thief, Robin Outlaw, forced it from me.
Puck. They are other clouds and blacker threat you, dame;
You must be wary, and pull in your sails,
And yield unto the weather of the tempest.

You think your power's infinite as your malice,
And would do all your anger prompts you to;
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:
Sail in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A cobweb all your cloth, and pass unseen,
Till you have 'scaped the rocks that are about you.
Maud. What rocks about me?
Puck. I do love, madam,
To shew you all your dangers,—when you 're past them!
Come, follow me, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thank me. [*Exit.*
Maud. Lucky, my loved goblin!
[*As she is going out, Lorel meets her.*
Where are you gaang now?
Lor. Unto my tree,
To see my maistress.
Maud. Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thysel.*—

* I cannot but lament with the reader, the loss of the remaining parts of this play, which we could have born with the greater patience, had even this act been fortunately completed. We have no account how it came down to us in this mutilated condition; and conjectures can be at best but precarious. Possibly it might have been in the number of those pieces, which were accidentally burnt; though indeed there is no particular mention of it in the *Execration upon Vulcan:* or Jonson might have undertaken it in the decline of his days, and did not live to finish it; as was the case with his tragedy of *Mortimer:* and to this conjecture we are induced by the first line of the prologue,

"He that hath feasted you these forty years."

There is indeed one reason, which might lead us to believe, that the poet left it unfinished by design. He beheld with great indignation the ungenerous treatment, which Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* met with from the people, at its first appearance; and he was witness also to the small encouragement that was shewn to its revival, under the patronage of Charles I. Possibly these circumstances deterred him from going through with the performance. As his composition was of a kindred nature to

that of Fletcher, he might presage the same unfortunate event, should he ever introduce it on the stage. So that posterity can only bewail the perversity of taste, in their injudicious ancestors, whose discouragement of the first, contributed to deprive us of the second pastoral drama, that would do honour to the nation. What we now have, serveth only to encrease our regret; like the remains of some ancient master, which beget in us the most inexpressible desire of a perfect statue by the same hand. When a work is not completed by its author, or maimed by the hand of time, one would either wish the remains to be inconsiderable, or the beauties less exquisite and charming. In the former case the deficiency is not so much deplored, from our inability to judge of the perfection of the whole; and in the latter, we are very little anxious for what appears to be hardly worth preserving; but when a piece is so far advanced, as to convince us of the excellence of the artist, and of its own superior delicacy, we are naturally touched with concern for what is lost, and set a proper value on the parts which still subsist.

WHAL.

I cannot compliment my predecessor either on the taste or judgment displayed in this summary, which is drawn up somewhat in the formal style of Vellum. The gravity with which he ventures to *conjecture* a circumstance which Jonson himself had expressly *affirmed*, is of a ludicrous cast; but indeed Whalley appears inconsequential and confused throughout. Jonson had already "feasted the public forty years;" this brings down the date of the *Sad Shepherd* to 1636; yet the critic imagines that the conclusion of it might have perished when his study was burnt, which took place at least a dozen years before; since Howell, in a letter written on the appearance of the *Magnetic Lady*, reminds Jonson that he had prevented his study from taking fire, and alludes to the former accident, in which his papers perished, as of a remote date.

The next conjecture, namely that Jonson might have left this drama unfinished on account of the ungenerous treatment which the *Faithful Shepherdess* experienced on its first appearance, is incredibly wild: that pastoral was brought out in 1610, perhaps before, and not heard of again till 1633, when it was acted at court, so that Jonson, after suffering the terrors of its expulsion from the stage to hang over him near thirty years, must have been finally overcome by them, just as the play had acquired a certain degree of favour, and appeared again on the stage. But how little does Whalley seem to know of Jonson! He was not a man to regulate his expectations of good or ill success by the fate of any other person; and though he might, and, in fact,

did express his indignation at the audience who witnessed the fall of his friend's piece, he was far more likely to brave the censure of what he calls "the many-headed bench," than to be deterred by it from following his example.

I know not, however, why such clamour should be raised against those who disapproved of the *Faithful Shepherdess*. As a poem it is insufferably tedious, and as a drama of action, its heaviness can only be equalled by its want of art. The lyric part of it indeed, (that which is most easily written) is highly poetical, and there is occasionally great beauty in the language of Clorin; but the genius of the author may be said to come in and go out with the Satyr. The whining and the wanton lovers, who appear, "vent their folly," and vanish in succession, without order, connection, or apparent purpose, would exhaust all the patience of good humour itself. Add to this, that the supernatural parts of the story (the holy well, &c.) are foreign from our native and traditionary superstitions, and can therefore excite little emotion, or interest, in any perceptible degree, the faith and feelings of the spectator.

In the *Sad Shepherd*, (written, as the judicious Mr. Weber positively assures us, "in emulation of Fletcher's poem, but far short of it,") there is nothing of this. With equal felicity and judgment, Jonson has resorted to the agency of witches, with which all were familiar, and which all were prepared to receive, without hesitation. The thoughts are natural and elegant, the style appropriate, the language inexpressibly beautiful, and, in some detached passages, worthy of the highest praise: the various turns of fortune too, though surprising, are yet probable, and according to the established creed; and the persons of the drama supported with the characteristic discrimination of the author's golden days.

Whalley believes that this drama was left unfinished by the author: I can scarcely think that we should have found a prologue to it, in that case; a prologue, too, which manifestly refers to a piece ready for representation. On the margin of his copy, he observes, from Mr. Waldron, that lord Falkland seems to confirm his opinion in some lines on Jonson's death, first printed in the *Jonsonius Virbius*.

> "Not long before his death, our woods he meant
> To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent."

But this is merely an allusion to the poet's own words, in the prologue:

> ——"if the end crown all,
> Old Trent will send you more such tales as these,
> And shall grow young again, as one doth please."

I lament with Whalley, and with every reader of taste, that the whole of the *Sad Shepherd* has not reached us. That it was completed, I have little doubt; its mutilated state is easily accounted for by the confusion which followed the author's death. Into whose hands his papers fell, as he left, apparently, no will, nor testamentary document of any kind, cannot now be told; perhaps, into those of the woman who resided with him, as his nurse, or some of her kin; but they were evidently careless or ignorant, and put his manuscripts together in a very disorderly manner, losing some, and misplacing others. Had they handed down to us the *Sad Shepherd* in its complete state, we should have possessed a poem, which might have been confidently opposed to the proudest effort of dramatic genius that time has yet bequeathed us.

THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

THE FALL OF MORTIMER.] This fragment, *the last draught of Jonson's quill*, appears in the folio, 1640. It seems to have been overlooked at first, and is awkwardly shuffled in among the poetry at the end of the volume. The title page has this motto from Horace:

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Hor. Art. Poetic.

and at the conclusion, we have "Left Unfinished;" a memorandum, that seems to confirm the conjecture hazarded on the *Sad Shepherd*, of which the abrupt termination is followed by no such notice.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mortimer,	*Earl of March.*
Adam d'Orlton,	*Bishop of Worcester.*
Edward III.	*King of England.*
John, *the King's brother,*	*Earl of Cornwall.*
Henry, *the King's cousin,*	*Earl of Lancaster.*
W. Mountacute,	*King's servant.*
Ro. d'Eland,	*Constable of Nottingham Castle.*
Nuncius,	*Or a herald.*
Isabel,	*Queen Mother.*

Chorus of ladies, knights, esquires, &c.

THE

ARGUMENT.

The First Act comprehends Mortimer's pride and security, raised to the degree of an earl, by the queen's favour and love; with the counsels of Adam d'Orlton, the politic bishop of Worcester, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of ladies, celebrating the worthiness of the queen, in rewarding Mortimer's services, and the bishop's.

The Second Act shews the king's love and respect to his mother, that will hear nothing against Mortimer's greatness, or believe any report of her extraordinary favours to him; but imputes all to his cousin Lancaster's envy, and commands thereafter an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of courtiers celebrating the king's worthiness of nature, and affection to his mother, who will hear nothing that may trench upon her honour, though delivered by his kinsman, of such nearness; and thereby take occasion to extol the king's piety, and their own happiness under such a king.

The Third Act relates (by the occasion of a vision the blind earl of Lancaster had) to the king's brother, earl of Cornwall, the horror of their father's death, and the cunning making away of their uncle, the earl of Kent, by Mortimer's hired practice.

The Chorus of country justices, and their wives, telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old king lived, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife like the old king, &c. with the description of the feigned lights and masques there, that deceived them, all which came from the court.

The Fourth Act expresseth, by conference between the king and his brother, a change, and intention to explore

the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the keys of the castle of Nottingham into the king's power, and draw the constable, sir Robert d'Eland, to their party.

Mortimer's security, scorn of the nobility, too much familiarity with the queen, related by the Chorus. The report of the king's surprising him in his mother's bed chamber: a general gladness. His being sent to execution.

The Fifth Act, the Earl of Lancaster's following the cry, and meeting the report. The celebration of the king's justice.

THE FALL OF MORTIMER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter MORTIMER.

Mor. This rise is made yet, and we now stand rank'd,
To view about us, all that were above us!
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walk upon a level. Mortimer
Is a great lord of late, and a new thing!
A prince, an earl, and cousin to the king.
At what a divers price,[1] do divers men
Act the same things! another might have had
Perhaps the hurdle, or at least the axe,
For what I have this crownet, robes, and wax.
There is a fate that flies with towering spirits
Home to the mark, and never checks at conscience.
Poor plodding priests, and preaching friars may make
Their hollow pulpits, and the empty iles
Of churches ring with that round word: but we

[1] *At what a divers price*, &c.]

—— *Multi*
Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato;
Ille crucem sceleris pretium tulit, hic diadema.
Juv. Sat. xiii.

That draw the subtile and more piercing air,
In that sublimed region of a court,
Know all is good, we make so; and go on
Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.
To-day is Mortimer made earl of March.
For what? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a citizen start; some politic tradesman
Curl with the caution of a constable!
But I, who am no common-council-man,
Knew injuries of that dark nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
To fear of a revenge: they are light offences
Which admit that: the great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of folly
To his high temper, and brave soul, than that
Of fancying goodness, and a scale to live by
So differing from man's life. As if with lions,
Bears, tygers, wolves, and all those beasts of prey,
He would affect to be a sheep! Can man
Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
As rather he will call on his own ruin,
Than work to assure his safety? I should think
When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
(I mean, so absolutely good and perfect,
As our religious confessors would have us)
It is enough we do decline the rumour
Of doing monstrous things: And yet, if those
Were of emolument unto our ends,
Even of those, the wise man will make friends,
For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
As usurers rob, or our physicians kill.

Enter ISABEL.

Isab. My lord! sweet Mortimer!
Mor. My queen! my mistress!

My sovereign, nay, my goddess, and my Juno!
What name or title, as a mark of power
Upon me, should I give you?
Isab. Isabel,
Your Isabel, and you my Mortimer:
Which are the marks of parity, not power,
And these are titles best become our love.
Mor. Can you fall under those?
Isab. Yes, and be happy.
Walk forth, my loved and gentle Mortimer,
And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
And fill of thee, my fair-shaped, godlike man:
Thou art a banquet unto all my senses:
Thy form doth feast mine eye, thy voice mine ear,
Thy breath my smell, thy every kiss my taste,
And softness of thy skin, my very touch,
As if I felt it ductile through my blood.
I ne'er was reconciled to these robes,
This garb of England, till I saw thee in them.
Thou mak'st they seem not boisterous nor rude,
Like my rough haughty lords *de Engle-terre,*
With whom I have so many years been troubled.
Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
Queen of yourself and them—*

* Had the poet lived to have completed this poem with the same spirit in which he began it, we should have been able to boast of one perfect tragedy at least, formed upon the Grecian model, and giving us the happiest imitation of the ancient drama.
WHAL.

This is saying, I think, more than the fragment warrants. It is not indeed given us to anticipate what superior genius may fabricate out of the most untractable materials; but it cannot be concealed that this motley group of "ladies, country justices, and their wives," &c. affords no well-grounded expectation of a very *happy imitation* of the ancient model.

In the vast theatres of Greece, where the laws of the drama admitted but three or four speakers at a time, a chorus was necessary to fill the eye, and was, indeed, the perfection of the scenic art; but our poor and contracted stage had neither occasion, nor accommodation for them—this, however, is from

the purpose, as Whalley ought to have been aware that Jonson proposed to himself no imitation of the choruses of the Greek drama, but of those of his contemporaries; such, in fact, as he had already given in his *Catiline*, and of which the original is to be sought in the tragedies of Seneca.

THE

CASE IS ALTERED.

THE CASE IS ALTERED.] This Comedy, which should have stood as the head of Jonson's works, had chronology only been consulted, was first printed in 4to. 1609, but must have been written at least ten or a dozen years before, since it is familiarly spoken of by Nash, in his *Lenten Stuff*, which appeared in 1599. "Is it not right of the merry cobler's cutte in that witty play of the *Case is Altered*." p. 68.

The old title page runs thus. "A pleasant Comedy called the *Case is Altered;* as it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of the Black-friars. Written by Ben Jonson." Notwithstanding this, we are magisterially informed by Mr. Stephen Jones, that "there is a question whether it was written by him." It is one of the evils of setting incompetent persons to edite books of reference, that time, which might be more pleasantly occupied, is necessarily taken up with the refutation of the crude assertions to which intrepid ignorance is perpetually giving vent.

"It has no dedication or preface (he says) which are customarily prefixed to this author's plays, and it is omitted in *all* the folio editions printed in his life time." *Biog. Dram.* All these editions, Mr. Jones will be astonished to hear, are simply that of 1616, which also *omits Bartholomew Fair*, though he is pleased to assert the contrary. The fact is, that this comedy, though written by Jonson, was not published by him, as a mere inspection of the mountebank title would have proved to any one acquainted with his manner. In the quartos that came from his hands there is everywhere a careful and consistent distribution of the text, while the *Case is Altered* is printed with a degree of negligence and ignorance beyond example. In the first and second act, there is a ridiculous attempt to mark the scenes; the rest of the play has no division at all: foreign languages, which, in the rest of Jonson's plays, are correctly given, are here invariably corrupt and unintelligible: and every thing serves to shew that he had nothing to do with the publication, and therefore could prefix no "dedication" to it.

In 1609, Jonson was in the height of his reputation, and probably gave himself little concern about his earlier works, of which, indeed, the property might not be vested in him. He had written much before *Every Man in his Humour;* and more perhaps was printed, than is now to be found. Had he chosen to disclaim the piece, as his character leads us to believe he would have done had it been falsely attributed to him, he wanted not opportunities:—but this is a mere waste of words; the *Case is Altered*, though ignorantly, and perhaps imperfectly given, bears yet the clearest marks of Jonson's hand, and is, beyond all rational question, one of those works which he composed

before he "undertook (as Aubrey says) to write playes a second time, and hitt it admirably well."

Whalley has done little for this unfortunate piece: every page bears tokens of negligence and haste; and he has even added to the blunders of the original. In revenge, I have given a double portion of attention to it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Ferneze.
Lord Paulo Ferneze, *his son.*
Camillo Ferneze, *supposed Gasper.*
Maximilian, *general of the forces,*
Chamont, *friend to Gasper.*
Angelo, *friend to Paulo.*
Francisco Colonnia.
Jaques de Prie, *a beggar.*
Antonio Balladino, *pageant poet.*
Christophero, *Count Ferneze's steward.*
Sebastian.
Martino.
Vincentio. } *his servants.*
Balthasar.
Valentine, *servant to Colonnia.*
Peter Onion, *groom of the hall.*
Juniper, *a cobler.*
Pacue, *page to Gasper.*
Finio, *page to Camillo.*
Page to Paulo.

Aurelia,
Phœnixella, } *daughters to Count Ferneze.*
Rachel de Prie.

Sewer, Messenger, Servants, &c.

SCENE, Milan.

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

ACT I. SCENE I.

After a Flourish.

JUNIPER *is discovered, sitting at work in his shop, and singing.*[1]

Jun. *You woful wights, give ear a while,*
And mark the tenor of my style,
Which shall such trembling hearts unfold,
As seldom hath to-fore been told.
Such chances rare, and doleful news,

Enter ONION *in haste.*

Oni. Fellow Juniper! peace a God's name.
Jun. *As may attempt your wits to muse.*
Oni. Od's so, hear, man! a pox on you!
Jun. *And cause such trickling tears to pass,*
Except your hearts be flint, or brass:
Oni. Juniper! Juniper!
Jun. *To hear the news which I shall tell,*
That in Castella once befel.—

[1] To understand something of this scenery (if indeed it be at all intelligible) it may be right to remember that Juniper is at work in the *hall* or *atrium* of Ferneze's palace, which is still the shop (to say no worse of it) of many of the lower artizans in the great towns of Italy. His song is something like the captain's in Roderic Random:

"Would you task the moon-ty'd hair," &c.

'Sblood, where didst thou learn to corrupt a man in the midst of a verse, ha?

Oni. Od'slid, man, service is ready to go up, man; you must slip on your coat, and come in; we lack waiters pitifully.

Jun. A pitiful hearing; for now must I of a merry cobler become [a] mourning creature.[a]

Oni. Well, you'll come?

Jun. Presto. Go to, a word to the wise; away, fly, vanish! [*Exit Onion.*

Lie there the weeds that I disdain to wear.

Enter ANTONIO BALLADINO.

Ant. God save you, master Juniper!

Jun. What, signior Antonio Balladino! welcome, sweet ingle.

Ant. And how do you, sir?

Jun. Faith you see, put to my shifts here, as poor retainers be oftentimes. Sirrah Antony, there's one of my fellows mightily enamour'd of thee; and i'faith, you slave, now you are come, I'll bring you together: it's Peter Onion, the groom of the hall; do you know him?

Ant. No, not yet, I assure you.

Jun. O, he is one as right of thy humour as may be, a plain simple rascal, a true dunce; marry, he hath been a notable villain in his time: he is in love, sirrah, with a wench, and I have preferred thee to him; thou shalt make him some pretty paradox, or some allegory. How does my coat sit? well?

Ant. Ay, very well.

[a] *A mourning creature.*] i. e. by putting on a *black* coat. It appears that the family were in mourning for the death of the lady Fernese.

Re-enter ONION.

Oni. Nay, God's so, fellow Juniper, come away.

Jun. Art thou there, mad slave? I come with a powder! Sirrah, fellow Onion, I must have you peruse this gentleman well, and do him good offices of respect and kindness, as instance shall be given. [*Exit.*

Ant. Nay, good master Onion, what do you mean? I pray you, sir—you are too respective, in good faith.

Oni. I would not you should think so, sir; for though I have no learning, yet I honour a scholar in any ground of the earth, sir. Shall I request your name, sir?

Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.

Oni. Balladino! you are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, sir, are you?[3]

[3] *Balladino! you are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, sir, are you?*] Anthony Munday, against whom all this wicked pleasantry is directed, was city poet, and, for many years, had the chief hand in devising and directing those pageants, which amused and edified the apprentices on festivals and holidays. Anthony ran through many occupations: he was, it is said, originally an actor, he then rambled over a great part of Europe, and finally returned to his first vocation.

It might have been well for poor Balladino if his tranquillity had been molested by nothing more formidable than an attack on his poetry; but, unluckily for himself, he published a detection of the Popish Conspiracy in 1582, which drew down the vengeance of the catholics, and embittered many years of his life by the personal assaults to which it exposed him.

It would be unjust to dismiss Anthony Munday without adding that he appears to have been an industrious and worthy man. It is sufficient indeed to look into our old annalists, to be convinced that the city pageants (those, at least, which were exhibited previously to the appearance of this comedy) were not a little risible; but Antony kept pace with the times, and was not outstripped till a gigantic race of men arose, who were destined to render competition desperate, and success hopeless.

Ant I supply the place, sir, when a worse cannot be had, sir.

Oni. I cry you mercy, sir; I love you the better for that, sir; by Jesu, you must pardon me, I knew you not; but I would pray to be better acquainted with you, sir, I have seen of your works.

Ant. I am at your service, good master Onion; but concerning this maiden that you love, sir, what is she?

Oni. O, did my fellow Juniper tell you? Marry, sir, she is, as one may say, but a poor man's child indeed, and for mine own part, I am no gentleman born, I must confess; but *my mind to me a kingdom is.*

Ant. Truly a very good saying.

Oni. 'Tis somewhat stale; but that's no matter.

Ant. O 'tis the better; such things ever are like bread, which the staler it is, the more wholesome.

Oni. This is but a hungry comparison, in my judgment.

Ant. Why I'll tell you, master Onion, I do use as much stale stuff, though I say it myself, as any man does in that kind, I am sure. Did you see the last pageant I set forth?

Oni. No faith, sir; but there goes a huge report on't.

Ant. Why you shall be one of my Mæcen-asses; I'll give you one of the books; O you'll like it admirably.

Oni. Nay, that's certain; I'll get my fellow Juniper to read it.

He died in a good old age, and was honoured with an epitaph, which, for dull prolixity, exceeds any "speech" to be found in any pageant of which he was ever guilty.

Ant. Read it, sir! I'll read it to you.

Oni. Tut, then I shall not choose but like it.

Ant. Why look you, sir, I write so plain, and keep that old decorum, that you must of necessity like it; marry you shall have some now (as for example, in plays) that will have every day new tricks, and write you nothing but humours: indeed this pleases the gentlemen, but the common sort they care not for't; they know not what to make on't; they look for good matter they, and are not edified with such toys.

Oni. You are in the right, I'll not give a halfpenny to see a thousand of them. I was at one the last term; but an ever I see a more roguish thing, I am a piece of cheese, and no Onion: nothing but kings and princes in it; the fool came not out a jot.

Ant. True, sir; they would have me make such plays; but as I tell them, an they'll give me twenty pounds a play, I'll not raise my vein.

Oni. No, it were a vain thing an you should, sir.

Ant. Tut, give me the penny, give me the penny, I care not for the gentlemen, I; let me have a good ground, no matter for the pen, the plot shall carry it.

Oni. Indeed that's right, you are in print already for the best plotter.[4]

[4] *You are in print already for the* best plotter.] This is levelled at Meres, who in his *Wits Treasurie*, published in 1598, when the stage was already in possession of some of Shakspeare's noblest pieces, absurdly pronounced Anthony to be *our best plotter*, in the same breath with which he had been speaking of our great poet, Chapman, Heywood, and others. For this well-merited reproof of the critic, Jonson is thus complimented by Mr. Malone. "The *malignity* of old Ben, which endeavoured to *tear a wreath* from the brow of Shakspeare,

Ant. Ay, I might as well have been put in for a dumb shew too.

Oni. Ay, marry, sir, I marle you were not. Stand aside, sir, a while.— [*Exit Antonio.*

[*An armed Sewer, followed by Juniper, Sebastian, Martino, Balthasar, Vincentio, and other Servants in mourning, with dishes, &c. passes over the stage.*

Enter VALENTINE.

How now, friend, what are you there? be

would certainly not spare inferior writers." It must be admitted that the name of Shakspeare is very appositely introduced on this occasion. "But," continues Mr. Malone, "he might be a man of talents notwithstanding."—Here the matter ends; and the reader is left (according to the established mode) to conclude that the abilities of Antony were never questioned but by "the malignity of old Ben." Yet Antony (*cogging Antony*, as his enemies called him) was a very common subject of ridicule. The *Triumphs of Truth*, written by Middleton, to celebrate the entrance of Sir T. Middleton into the mayoralty, has many reflections on "the pageant poet" of the city. "All these pageants (says the author) have been redeemed by me from the ignorance of former times, and their *common writer*." And again: "How careful ought those to be to whom the weight of providing these shows is committed, to have all things correspondent to that noble freeness of cost! a knowledge that may take the true height of such an honourable solemnity—the miserable want of both which in the *impudent common writer*," (so marked in the original), "hath often forced from me much pity and sorrow." There is more of this; but I forbear.

Anthony seems to have lost his credit in 1611; in 1612 Decker was employed, in 1613 Middleton; but in 1614 the worthy citizens had recourse again to their old poet, whose giants continued to stalk before them, with great applause, for several successive years. It is probable too that most if not all of the annual pageants from 1591 to the death of Elizabeth were produced by Antony, who was also keeper of the properties of the dragons, and other monsters of the show. Even Middleton was compelled to apply to him for "porters" to set in motion his paste-board gods.

uncovered. Would you speak with any man here?

Val. Ay, or else I must have returned you no answer.

Oni. Friend, you are somewhat too peremptory, let's crave your absence; nay, never scorn it, I am a little your better in this place.

Val. I do acknowledge it.

Oni. Do you acknowledge it? nay, then you shall go forth; I'll teach you how [you] shall acknowledge it another time; go to, void, I must have the hall purged; no setting up of a rest here; pack, begone!

Val. I pray you, sir, is not your name Onion?

Oni. Your friend as you may use him, and master Onion; say on.

Val. Master Onion, with a murrain! come, come, put off this lion's hide, your ears have discovered you. Why, Peter! do not I know you, Peter?

Oni. God's so, Valentine!

Val. O, can you take knowledge of me now, sir?

Oni. Good Lord, sirrah, how thou art altered with thy travel!

Val. Nothing so much as thou art with thine office; but, sirrah Onion, is the count Ferneze at home?

Oni. Ay, bully, he is above, and the lord Paulo Ferneze, his son, and madam Aurelia and madam Phœnixella, his daughters; but, O Valentine!

Val. How now, man! how dost thou?

Oni. Faith, sad, heavy, as a man of my coat ought to be.

Val. Why, man, thou wert merry enough even now.

Oni. True; but thou knowest

All creatures here sojourning,
Upon this wretched earth,
Sometimes have a fit of mourning,
As well as a fit of mirth.

O Valentine, mine old lady is dead, man.

Val. Dead!

Oni. I'faith.

Val. When died she?

Oni. Marry, to-morrow shall be three months, she was seen going to heaven, they say, about some five weeks agone—how now? trickling tears, ha!

Val. Faith, thou hast made me weep with this news.

Oni. Why I have done but the part of an Onion; you must pardon me.

Re-enter the Sewer, followed by the Servants with dishes, as before: they all pass over the stage but JUNIPER.

Jun. What, Valentine! fellow Onion, take my dish, I prithee. [*Exit Onion with the dish.*] You rogue, sirrah, tell me how thou dost, sweet ingle.

Val. Faith, Juniper, the better to see thee thus frœlich.

Jun. Nay! slid I am no changling, I am Juniper still. I keep the pristinate; ha, you mad hieroglyphic, when shall we swagger?

Val. Hieroglyphic! what meanest thou by that?

Jun. Mean! od'so, is it not a good word, man? what, stand upon meaning with your friends? Puh! abscond.

Val. Why, but stay, stay; how long has this sprightly humour haunted thee?

Jun. Foh, humour! a foolish natural gift we have in the Æquinoxial.

Val. Natural! slid it may be supernatural, this.

Jun. Valentine, I prithee ruminate thyself welcome. What, *fortuna de la guerra!*

Val. O how pitifully are these words forced! as though they were pumpt out on's belly.

Jun. Sirrah ingle, I think thou hast seen all the strange countries in Christendom since thou went'st.

Vul. I have seen some, Juniper.

Jun. You have seen Constantinople?

Val. Ay, that I have.

Jun. And Jerusalem, and the Indies, and Goodwin-sands, and the tower of Babylon, and Venice, and all?

Val. Ay, all; no marle an he have a nimble tongue, if he practise to vault thus from one side of the world to another. [*Aside.*

Jun. O, it's a most heavenly thing to travel, and see countries; especially at sea, an a man had a patent not to be sick.

Val. O, sea-sick jest, and full of the scurvy!

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, MARTINO, VINCENTIO, *and* BALTHASAR.

Seb. Valentine! welcome, i'faith; how dost, sirrah?

Mar. How do you, good Valentine?

Vin. Troth, Valentine, I am glad to see you.

Bal. Welcome, sweet rogue.

Seb. Before God, he never look'd better in his life.

Bal. And how is't, man? what *allo coragio!*

Val. Never better, gentlemen, i'faith.

Jun. 'Swill! here comes the steward.

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. Why, how now, fellows! all here, and nobody to wait above, now they are ready to rise? look up, one or two. [*Exeunt Juniper, Martino, and Vincentio.*] Signior Francisco Colonnia's man, how does our good master?

Val. In health, sir; he will be here anon.

Chris. Is he come home, then?

Val. Ay, sir; he is not past six miles hence; he sent me before to learn if count Ferneze were here, and return him word.

Chris. Yes, my lord is here; and you may tell your master, he shall come very happily to take his leave of lord Paulo Ferneze; who is now instantly to depart, with other noble gentlemen, upon special service.

Val. I will tell him, sir.

Chris. I pray you do; fellows, make him drink.

Val. Sirs, what service is it they are employed in?

Seb. Why, against the French; they mean to have a fling at Milan again, they say.

Val. Who leads our forces, can you tell?

Seb. Marry, that does Signior Maximilian; he is above now.

Val. Who! Maximilian of Vicenza?

Balt. Ay, he; do you know him?

Val. Know him! O yes, he's an excellent brave soldier.

Balt. Ay, so they say; but one of the most vain-glorious men in Europe.

Val. He is, indeed; marry, exceeding valiant.

Seb. And that is rare.

Balt. What?

Seb. Why, to see a vain-glorious man valiant.

Val. Well, he is so, I assure you.

Re-enter JUNIPER.

Jun. What, no further yet! come on, you precious rascal, sir Valentine, I'll give you a health i'faith, for the heavens, you mad Capricio, hold hook and line. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter lord PAULO FERNEZE, *followed by his* Page.

Pau. Boy!
Page. My lord.
Pau. Sirrah, go up to signior Angelo,
And pray him, if he can, devise some means
To leave my father, and come speak with me.
Page. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Pau. Well, heaven be auspicious in the event,
For I do this against my Genius!
And yet my thoughts cannot propose a reason
Why I should fear, or faint thus in my hopes,
Of one so much endeared to my love.
Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sense,
That propagates this timorous suspect;

s *I'll give you a health, i'faith,* for the heavens.] i. e. by heaven! Enough, perhaps, has been said of this petty oath, vol. ii. p. 67; but as I have an example or two before me, I will subjoin them.

"I was liquored soundly, my guts were rinced, *for the heavens.*" *What you will.*

Again: An't please the gods now, you shall see me tickle the measure, *for the heavens!* *Ant. and Mellida.*

Assurance is now "made doubly sure," I trust; and we may finally hope to hear no more of, *for the haven,* or *to the heavens.*

His actions never carried any face
Of change, or weakness; then I injure him
In being thus cold-conceited of his faith.
O, here he comes.

Re-enter Page *with* ANGELO.

Ang. How now, sweet lord, what's the matter?
Pau. Good faith, his presence makes me half ashamed
Of my stray'd thoughts.—Boy, bestow yourself.— [*Exit Page.*
Where is my father, signior Angelo?
Ang. Marry, in the gallery, where your lordship left him.
Pau. That's well. Then, Angelo, I will be brief,
Since time forbids the use of circumstance.
How well you are received in my affection,
Let it appear by this one instance only,
That now I will deliver to your trust
The dearest secrets, treasured in my bosom.
Dear Angelo, you are not every man,
But one, whom my election hath design'd,
As the true proper object of my soul.
I urge not this to insinuate my desert,
Or supple your tried temper with soft phrases;
True friendship loathes such oily compliment:
But from the abundance of that love that flows
Through all my spirits, is my speech enforced.
Ang. Before your lordship do proceed too far,
Let me be bold to intimate thus much;
That whatsoe'er your wisdom hath to expose,
Be it the weightiest and most rich affair
That ever was included in your breast,
My faith shall poise it, if not——
Pau. O, no more;
Those words have rapt me with their sweet effects,

So freely breath'd, and so responsible
To that which I endeavour'd to extract;
Arguing a happy mixture of our souls.
Ang Why, were there no such sympathy, sweet lord,
Yet the impressure of those ample favours
I have derived from your unmatched spirit,
Would bind my faith to all observances.
Pau. How! favours, Angelo! O speak not of them,
They are mere paintings, and import no merit.
Looks my love well? thereon my hopes are placed;
Faith, that is bought with favours, cannot last.

Re-enter Page.

Page. My lord.
Pau. How now!
Page. You are sought for all about the house within; the count your father calls for you.
Pau. Lord!
What cross events do meet my purposes!
Now will he violently fret and grieve
That I am absent.—Boy, say I come presently.
[*Exit Page.*
Sweet Angelo, I cannot now insist
Upon particulars, I must serve the time;
The main of all this is, I am in love.
Ang. Why starts your lordship?
Pau. I thought I heard my father coming hitherward,
List, ha!
Ang. I hear not any thing,
It was but your imagination sure.
Pau. No!
Ang. No, I assure your lordship.
Pau. I would work safely.
Ang. Why,

Has he no knowledge of it then?
Pau. O no;
No creature yet partakes it but yourself,
In a third person; and believe me, friend,
The world contains not now another spirit,
To whom I would reveal it. Hark! hark!
Servants within.] Signior Paulo! lord Ferneze!
Ang. A pox upon those brazen-throated slaves!
What are they mad, trow?
Pau. Alas, blame not them,
Their services are, clock-like, to be set
Backward and forward, at their lord's command.
You know my father's wayward,[6] and his humour
Must not receive a check; for then all objects
Feed both his grief and his impatience.
And those affections in him are like powder,
Apt to inflame with every little spark,
And blow up reason; therefore, Angelo, peace.
Count F. [*within.*] Why, this is rare; is he not in the garden?
Chris. [*within.*] I know not, my lord.
Count F. [*within.*] See, call him.
Pau. He is coming this way, let's withdraw a little. [*Exeunt.*
Ser. [*within.*] Signior Paulo! lord Ferneze! lord Paulo!

[6] *You know my father's wayward*, &c.] This is a skilful and judicious anticipation of the violent and impatient character of Ferneze. It merits notice too on another account, as serving to shew at how early a period of his dramatic career, Jonson had formed his opinion on the nature and conduct of it. This preparation of the scene for the person who is about to appear, is the distinguishing mark of all his dramas. It should be added that the poet is singularly happy in delineating what he has conceived, although his minute descriptions occasionally disappoint the spectator's sagacity, and pall the ardent curiosity which every well-formed plot should naturally excite. The reader will find more on this subject in the notes to *Every Man out of his Humour*.

Enter count FERNEZE, MAXIMILIAN, AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, SEBASTIAN, *and* BALTHASAR.

Count F. Where should he be, trow? did you look in the armory?
Seb. No, my lord.
Count F. No? why there! O, who would keep such drones!— [*Exeunt Seb. and Bal.*

Enter MARTINO.

How now, have you found him?
Mart. No, my lord.
Count F. No, my lord!
I shall have shortly all my family speak nought but, *No, my lord.* Where is Christophero? Look how he stands! you sleepy knave—
[*Exit Martino.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

What, is he not in the garden?
Chris. No, my good lord.
Count F. Your *good lord!* O, how this smells of fennel![1]

[1] *Your good lord! O, how this smells of fennel!*]. i. e. says Whalley, "How *jealous* it shews!" If this were the meaning of the phrase, its application would not be much to the purpose in this place—but in truth, it has no such import. To smell of *fennel!* is simply, to smell of *flattery;* and the allusion is to "*good lord,*" which Christophero had just called the fractious and impatient count. An example or two of this sense of the word may be worth subjoining. Thus Lilly:
"Flatter, I mean lie: little things catch light minds, and fancie is a worm that feeds upon *fennel.*" i. e. love feeds upon flattery. *Sappho and Phaon.* A. II. S. 4.
And Bancroft:
"You that the eyes of this faire Island are,
How much concernes it you to have a care,

You have been in the garden, it appears: well, well.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN *and* BALTHASAR.

Bal. We cannot find him, my lord.
Seb. He is not in the armory.
Count F. He is not! he is no where, is he?
Max. Count Ferneze!
Count F. Signior.
Max. Preserve your patience, honourable count.
Count F. Patience!
A saint would lose his patience, to be crost
As I am, with a sort of motley brains;
See, see, how like a nest of rooks they stand
Gaping on one another!—

Enter ONION.

Now, Diligence!
What news bring you?
Oni. An't please your honour—
Count F. Tut, tut, leave pleasing of my honour, Diligence;
You double with me, come.
Oni. How! does he find fault with *please his honour?* 'Swounds, it has begun a serving-man's speech, ever since I belonged to the blue order;[s]

That you from filmes of ignorance be free,
Nor in the *flatterer's fennel* take delight,
But hearbe of grace that purifies the sight. *Epig.* 137.

Alliteration seems to have led our ancestors to most of these fanciful combinations; and fennel, perhaps, bears much about the same relation to flattery, that rosemary does to remembrance.

[s] *Ever since I belonged to the* blue order.] i. e. Ever since I have been a *servant*. *Blue coats* were the usual livery of servants. WHAL.

I know not how it may shew, now I am in black; but— [*Aside.*

Count F. What's that you mutter, sir; will you proceed?

Oni. An't like your good lordship—

Count F. Yet more! od'sprecious!

Oni. What, does not this like him neither? [*Aside.*

Count F. What say you, sir knave?

Oni. Marry, I say your lordship were best to set me to school again, to learn how to deliver a message.

Count F. What, do you take exceptions at me then?

Oni. Exceptions! I take no exceptions; but, by god's so, your humours——

Count F. Go to, you are a rascal; hold your tongue.

Oni. Your lordship's poor servant, I.

Count F. Tempt not my patience.

Oni. Why I hope I am no spirit, am I?

Max. My lord, command your steward to correct the slave.

Oni. Correct him! 'sblood, come you and correct him, an you have a mind to it. Correct him! that's a good jest, i'faith: the steward and you both come and correct him.

Count F. Nay, see! away with him, pull his cloth over his ears.

Oni. Cloth! tell me of your cloth! here's your cloth; nay, an I mourn a minute longer, I am the rottenest Onion that ever spake with a tongue. [*They thrust him out.*

Max. What call [you] your hind's [name,] count Ferneze?

Count F. His name is Onion, signior.

Max. I thought him some such saucy companion.

Count F. Signior Maximilian.

Max. Sweet lord.

Count F. Let me entreat you, you would not regard
Any contempt flowing from such a spirit;
So rude, so barbarous.

Max. Most noble count,
Under your favour—

Count F. Why, I'll tell you, signior;
He'll bandy with me word for word; nay more,
Put me to silence, strike me perfect dumb;
And so amaze me, that often-times I know not
Whether to check or cherish his presumption:
Therefore, good signior—

Max. Sweet lord, satisfy yourself, I am not now to learn how to manage my affections; I have observed, and know the difference between a base wretch and a true man; I can distinguish them: the property of the wretch is, he would hurt, and cannot; of the man, he can hurt, and will not. [*Aurelia smiles.*

Count F. Go to, my merry daughter; O, these looks
Agree well with your habit, do they not?

Enter JUNIPER *in his cobler's dress.*

Jun. Tut, let me alone. By your favour,—this is the gentleman, I think: sir, you appear to be an honourable gentleman; I understand, and could wish for mine own part, that things were conden't otherwise than they are: but, the world knows, a foolish fellow, somewhat proclive and hasty, he did it in a prejudicate humour; marry now, upon better computation, he wanes, he melts, his poor eyes are in a cold sweat. Right noble signior, you can have but compunction; I love the man; tender your compassion.

Max. Doth any man here understand this fellow?

Jun. O Lord, sir! I may say *frustra* to the comprehension of your intellection.

Max. Before the Lord, he speaks all riddle, I think. I must have a comment ere I can conceive him.

Count F. Why he sues to have his fellow Onion pardon'd; and you must grant it, signior.

Max. O, with all my soul, my lord; is that his motion?

Jun. Ay, sir; and we shall retort these kind favours with all alacrity of spirit we can, sir, as may be most expedient, as well for the quality as the cause; till when, in spite of this compliment, I rest a poor cobler, servant to my honourable lord here, your friend and Juniper. [*Exit.*

Max. How, Juniper!

Count F. Ay, signior.

Max. He is a sweet youth, his tongue has a happy turn when he sleeps.

Enter PAULO FERNEZE, FRANCISCO COLONNIA, ANGELO, *and* VALENTINE.

Count F. Ay, for then it rests.—O, sir, you're welcome.
Why, God be thanked, you are found at last:
Signior Colonnia, truly you are welcome,
I am glad to see you, sir, so well return'd.

Fran. I gladly thank your honour; yet, indeed,
I am sorry for such cause of heaviness
As hath possest your lordship in my absence.

Count F. O, Francisco, you knew her what she was!

Fran. She was a wise and honourable lady.

Count F. Ay, was she not! well, weep not, she is gone.

Passion's dull'd eye can make two griefs of one.
Whom death marks out, virtue nor blood can save;
Princes, as beggars, all must feed the grave.

Max. Are your horses ready, lord Paulo?

Pau. Ay, signior; they stay for us at the gate.

Max. Well, 'tis good.—Ladies, I will take my leave of you; be your fortunes, as yourselves, fair!—Come, let us to horse; Count Ferneze, I bear a spirit full of thanks for all your honourable courtesies.

Count F. Sir, I could wish the number and value of them more, in respect of your deservings. But, signior Maximilian, I pray you a word in private.

[*They walk aside.*

Aur. I'faith, brother you are fitted for a general yonder. Beshrew my heart if I had Fortunatus' hat here, an I would not wish myself a man, and go with you, only to enjoy his presence.

Pau. Why, do you love him so well, sister?

Aur. No, by my troth; but I have such an odd pretty apprehension of his humour, methinks, that I am e'en tickled with the conceit of it. O, he is a fine man.

Ang. And methinks another may be as fine as he.

Aur. O, Angelo! do you think I urge any comparison against you? no, I am not so ill bred, as to be a depraver of your worthiness: believe me, if I had not some hope of your abiding with us, I should never desire to go out of black whilst I lived; but learn to speak in the nose, and turn puritan presently.

Ang. I thank you, lady; I know you can flout.

Aur. Come, do you take it so? i'faith, you wrong me.

Fran. Ay, but madam,
Thus to disclaim in all the effects of pleasure,

May make your sadness seem too much affected;
And then the proper grace of it is lost.
Phœn. Indeed, sir, if I did put on this sadness
Only abroad, and in society,
And were in private merry, and quick humour'd,
Then might it seem affected, and abhorr'd:
But, as my looks appear, such is my spirit,
Drown'd up with confluence of grief and melancholy;
That, like to rivers, run through all my veins,
Quenching the pride and fervour of my blood.
Max. My honourable lord, no more.
There is the honour of my blood engaged
For your son's safety.
Count F. Signior, blame me not
For tending his security so much;
He is mine only son, and that word *only*
Hath, with his strong and repercussive sound,
Struck my heart cold, and given it a deep wound.
Max. Why, but stay, I beseech you; had your lordship ever any more sons than this?
Count F. Why, have not you known it, Maximilian?
Max. Let my sword fail me then.
Count F. I had one other, younger born than this,
By twice so many hours as would fill
The circle of a year, his name Camillo,
Whom in that black and fearful night I lost,
('Tis now a nineteen years agone at least,
And yet the memory of it sits as fresh
Within my brain as 'twere but yesterday)
It was that night wherein the great Chamont,
The general for France, surprised Vicenza;
Methinks the horror of that clamorous shout
His soldiers gave, when they attain'd the wall,
Yet tingles in mine ears: methinks I see

With what amazed looks, distracted thoughts,
And minds confused, we, that were citizens,
Confronted one another; every street
Was fill'd with bitter self-tormenting cries,
And happy was that foot, that first could press
The flowery champain bordering on Verona.
Here I, employ'd about my dear wife's safety,
Whose soul is now in peace, lost my Camillo;
Who sure was murder'd by the barbarous soldiers,
Or else I should have heard—my heart is great.
"Sorrow is faint, and passion makes me sweat."

Max. Grieve not, sweet count, comfort your spirits; you have a son, a noble gentleman, he stands in the face of honour; for his safety let that be no question; I am master of my fortune, and he shall share with me. Farewell, my honourable lord: ladies, once more adieu. For yourself, madam, you are a most rare creature, I tell you so, be not proud of it: I love you.—Come, lord Paulo, to horse.

Pau. Adieu, good signior Francisco; farewell, sisters. [*A tucket sounds.*[1] *Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

The street before Jaques de Prie's *house.*

Enter PAULO FERNEZE, *and* ANGELO, *followed by* MAXIMILIAN.

Ang. How shall we rid him hence?

Pau. Why well enough.—Sweet signior Maximilian,

[1] *A tucket sounds.*] A corruption of *toccato*, Ital. a slight flourish on the trumpet.

I have some small occasion to stay;
If it may please you but take horse afore,
I'll overtake you ere your troops be ranged.
Max. Your motion doth taste well; lord Ferneze, I go. [*Exit.*
Pau. Now, if my love, fair Rachel, were so happy
But to look forth.—See, fortune doth me grace

Enter RACHEL.

Before I can demand.—How now, love!
Where is your father?
Rach. Gone abroad, my lord.
Pau. That's well.
Rach. Ay, but I fear he'll presently return.
Are you now going, my most honour'd lord?
Pau. Ay, my sweet Rachel.
Ang. Before God, she is a sweet wench. [*Aside.*
Pau. Rachel, I hope I shall not need to urge
The sacred purity of our affects,
As if it hung in trial or suspense;
Since, in our hearts, and by our mutual vows,
It is confirm'd and seal'd in sight of heaven.
Nay, do not weep; why start you? fear not, love!
Your father cannot be return'd so soon.
I prithee do not look so heavily;
Thou shalt want nothing.
Rach. No! is your presence nothing?
I shall want that, and wanting that, want all;
For that is all to me.
Pau. Content thee, sweet!
I have made choice here of a constant friend,
This gentleman; one, [on] whose zealous love
I do repose more, than on all the world,
Thy beauteous self excepted; and to him
Have I committed my dear care of thee,

As to my genius, or my other soul.
Receive him, gentle love! and what defects
My absence proves, his presence shall supply.
The time is envious of our longer stay.
Farewell, dear Rachel!

Rach. Most dear lord, adieu!
Heaven and honour crown your deeds and you.
[*Exit.*

Paul. Faith, tell me, Angelo, how dost thou like her?

Ang. Troth, well, my lord; but, shall I speak my mind?

Pau. I prithee do.

Ang. She is derived too meanly to be wife
To such a noble person, in my judgment.

Pau. Nay, then thy judgment is too mean, I see:
Didst thou ne'er read, in difference of good,
'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Ang. Come, you are so sententious, my lord.

Enter JAQUES.

Pau. Here comes her father.—How dost thou, good Jaques?

Ang. God save thee, Jaques!

Jaq. What should this mean?—Rachel! open the door. [*Exit.*

Ang. S'blood how the poor slave looks [aghast], as though
He had been haunted by the spirit, Lar;
Or seen the ghost of some great Satrapas
In an unsavory sheet.

Pau. I muse he spake not;
Belike he was amazed, coming so suddenly,
And unprepared.—Well, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court-yard, at the back of Jaques' *House.*

Enter JAQUES.

So, now enough, my heart, beat now no more;
At least for this affright. What a cold sweat
Flow'd on my brows, and over all my bosom!
Had I not reason? to behold my door
Beset with unthrifts, and myself abroad?
Why, Jaques! was there nothing in the house
Worth a continual eye, a vigilant thought,
Whose head should never nod, nor eyes once wink?
Look on my coat, my thoughts, worn quite threadbare,
That time could never cover with a nap,
And by it learn, never with naps of sleep
To smother your conceits of that you keep.
But yet, I marvel why these gallant youths
Spoke me so fair, and I esteem'd a beggar!
The end of flattery is gain, or lechery:
If they seek gain of me, they think me rich;
But that they do not: for their other object,
'Tis in my handsome daughter, if it be:
And, by your leave, her handsomeness may tell them
My beggary counterfeits, and, that her neatness
Flows from some store of wealth, that breaks my coffers
With this same engine, love to mine own breed;
But this is answer'd: Beggars will keep fine
Their daughters, being fair, though themselves pine.

Well, then, it is for her; ay, 'tis sure for her:
And I make her so brisk for some of them.
That I might live alone once with my gold!
O, 'tis a sweet companion! kind and true;
A man may trust it when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O, wondrous pelf!
That which makes all men false, is true itself.—
But now, this maid is but supposed my daughter;
For I being steward to a lord of France,
Of great estate and wealth, call'd lord Chamont,
He gone into the wars, I stole his treasure;
(But hear not any thing) I stole his treasure,
And this his daughter, being but two years old,
Because it loved me so, that it would leave
The nurse herself, to come into mine arms;
And had I left it, it would sure have died.
Now herein I was kind, and had a conscience:
And since her lady-mother, that did die
In child-bed of her, loved me passing well,
It may be nature fashion'd this affection,
Both in the child and her: but he's ill bred
That ransacks tombs, and doth deface the dead.
I'll therefore say no more; suppose the rest.
Here have I changed my form, my name and hers,
And live obscurely, to enjoy more safe
My dearest treasure:[1] But I must abroad.—
Rachel!

[1] This soliloquy is very inartificial; but Jonson was led into the palpable absurdity of addressing the spectators by his model, Plautus, whose prologue to the *Aulularia* he had here in view. Plautus had been commended for the introductory speech of his Lar, on account of the difficulty, or as the critics were pleased to term it, the impossibility of the circumstances which he announces being disclosed to the audience by any other mode; and this was more than sufficient to induce our poet, in the infancy of his acquaintance with the stage, and while his admiration of the ancients was yet undisciplined by any severe

Enter RACHEL.

Rach. What is your pleasure, sir?
Jaq. Rachel, I must abroad.
Lock thyself in, but yet take out the key;
That whosoever peeps in at the key-hole
May yet imagine there is none at home.
Rach. I will, sir.
Jaq. But hark thee, Rachel; say a thief should come,
And miss the key, he would resolve indeed
None were at home, and so break in the rather:
Ope the door, Rachel; set it open, daughter;
But sit in it thyself, and talk aloud,
As if there were some more in th' house with thee:
Put out the fire,[a] kill the chimney's heart,

exercise of judgment, to follow the example. Both writers are wrong; but the old dramatist finds a ready excuse in the slovenly practice of the Greek and Roman stage, where a god was always at hand to extricate the poet from the difficulties in which his own awkwardness had involved him. It was necessary, perhaps, to account for the wealth both of Euclio and Jaques; but this might have been done without a set speech, and much of the interest now lost by anticipation, preserved through the greater part of the respective pieces.

[a] *Put out the fire*, &c.] This is from Plautus. In a play long subsequent to this (*the Devil is an Ass*) Jonson imitated at large the passage on which he has here but slightly touched.

Quod quispiam ignem quærat extingui volo;
Ne causæ quid sit, quod te quisquam quæritet:
Nam si ignis vivet, tu extinguere extemplo.
Cultrum, securim, pistillum, mortarium,
Quæ utenda vasa semper vicini rogant,
Fures venisse, atque abstulisse dicito.
Profectò in ædes meas me absente neminem
Volo intromitti; atque etiam hoc prædico tibi,
Si Bona Fortuna veniat, ne intromiseris." AUL. A. 1. S. 1.

Here our author found the "Good Fortune, and God's Bless

That it may breathe no more than a dead man;
The more we spare, my child, the more we gain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO, JUNIPER, *and* ONION.

Chris. What says my fellow Onion? come on.

Oni. All of a house, sir, but no fellows; you are my lord's steward: but, I pray you, what think you of love, sir?

Chris. Of love, Onion? why, it is a very honourable humour.

Oni. Nay, if it be but worshipful, I care not.

Jun. Go to, it is honourable; check not at the conceit of the gentleman.

Oni. But, in truth, sir, you shall do well to think well of love: for it thinks well of you, in me, I assure you.

Chris. Gramercy, fellow Onion; I do think well, thou art in love; art thou?

Oni. Partly, sir; but I am ashamed to say wholly.

Chris. Well, I will further it in thee, to any honest woman, or maiden, the best I can.

Jun. Why, now you come near him, sir; he doth vail, he doth remunerate, he doth chew the cud, in the kindness of an honest imperfection to your worship.

Chris. But, who is it thou lovest, fellow Onion?

Oni. Marry, a poor man's daughter; but none of the honestest, I hope.

of which he has made so pleasant an application. See vol. v. p. 50.

Chris. Why, wouldst thou not have her honest?

Oni. O no, for then I am sure she would not have me. 'Tis Rachel de Prie.

Chris. Why she hath the name of a very virtuous maiden.

Jun. So she is, sir; but the fellow talks in quiddits, he.

Chris. What wouldst thou have me do in the matter?

Oni. Do nothing, sir, I pray you, but speak for me.

Chris. In what manner?

Oni. My fellow Juniper can tell you, sir.

Jun. Why as thus, sir. Your worship may commend him for a fellow fit for consanguinity, and that he shaketh with desire of procreation, or so.

Chris. That were not so good, methinks.

Jun. No, sir! why so, sir? What if you should say to her, Corroborate thyself, sweet soul, let me distinguish thy paps with my fingers, divine Mumps, pretty Pastorella! lookest thou so sweet and bounteous? comfort my friend here.

Chris. Well, I perceive you wish I should say something may do him grace, and further his desires; and that, be sure, I will.

Oni. I thank you, sir; God save your life, I pray, sir.

Jun. Your worship is too good to live long: you'll contaminate me no service.

Chris. Command, thou wouldst say; no, good Juniper.

Jun. Health and wealth, sir.

[*Exeunt Onion and Juniper.*

Chris. This wench will I solicit for myself,
Making my lord and master privy to it;

And if he second me with his consent,
I will proceed, as having long ere this,
Thought her a worthy choice to make my wife.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter AURELIA, *and* PHŒNIXELLA.

Aur. Room for a case of matrons, colour'd black.
How motherly my mother's death hath made us!
I would I had some girls now to bring up.
O I could make a wench so virtuous,
She should say grace to every bit of meat,
And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness;
And she should make French court'sies so most low,
That every touch should turn her over backward.
Phœn. Sister, these words become not your attire,
Nor your estate; our virtuous mother's death
Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,
Than may be worn out in so little time.
Aur. Sister, i' faith, you take too much tobacco,
It makes you black within, as you are without.
What, true-stitch, sister! both your sides alike!
Be of a slighter work; for of my word,
You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer.
Will you be bound to customs and to rites?
Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,
Or else do all things as you are inclined:
Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
Not at eleven and six.[3] So if your humour

[3] *Not at eleven and six.*] The usual hours of dining and supping, when this was written.

Be now affected with this heaviness,
Give it the reins, and spare not, as I do
In this my pleasurable appetite.
It is precisianism to alter that
With austere judgment, that is given by nature.
I wept, you saw too, when my mother died;
For then I found it easier to do so,
And fitter with my mood, than not to weep:
But now 'tis otherwise; another time
Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of her,
That I shall weep afresh some twelvemonth hence;
And I will weep, if I be so disposed,
And put on black as grimly then as now.
Let the mind go still with the body's stature,
Judgment is fit for judges, give me nature.

Enter FRANCISCO COLONNIA, *and* ANGELO.

Fran. See, signior Angelo, here are the ladies;
Go you and comfort one, I'll to the other.
Ang. Therefore I come, sir; I will to the eldest.
God save you, ladies! these sad moods of yours,
That make you choose these solitary walks,
Are hurtful for your beauties.
Aur. If we had them.
Ang. Come, that condition might be for your hearts,
When you protest faith, since we cannot see them:
But this same heart of beauty, your sweet face,
Is in mine eye still.
Aur. O, you cut my heart
With your sharp eye.
Ang. Nay, lady, that's not so,
Your heart's too hard.
Aur. My beauty's heart?
Ang. O no.

I mean that regent of affection, madam,
That tramples on all love with such contempt
In this fair breast.
Aur. No more, your drift is savour'd;
I had rather seem hard-hearted——
Ang. Than hard favour'd;
Is that your meaning, lady?
Aur. Go to, sir;
Your wits are fresh, I know, they need no spur.
Ang. And therefore you will ride them.
Aur. Say I do,
They will not tire, I hope.
Ang. No, not with you.
Hark you, sweet lady. [*Walks aside with Aur.*
Fran. 'Tis much pity, madam,
You should have any reason to retain
This sign of grief, much less the thing design'd.
Phæn. Griefs are more fit for ladies than their pleasures.
Fran. That is for such as follow nought but pleasures.
But you that temper them so well with virtues,
Using your griefs so, it would prove them pleasures;
And you would seem, in cause of griefs and pleasures,
Equally pleasant.
Phæn. Sir, so I do now.
It is the excess of either that I strive
So much to shun, in all my proved endeavours,
Although perhaps, unto a general eye,
I may appear most wedded to my griefs;
Yet doth my mind forsake no taste of pleasure,
I mean that happy pleasure of the soul,
Divine and sacred contemplation
Of that eternal and most glorious bliss,
Proposed as the crown unto our souls.

Fran. I will be silent; yet that I may serve
But as a decade in the art of memory,
To put you still in mind of your own virtues,
When your too serious thoughts make you too sad,
Accept me for your servant, honour'd lady.
Phœn. Those ceremonies are too common, signior,
For your uncommon gravity and judgment,
And fit them only that are nought but ceremony.
Ang. Come, I will not sue stately to be your servant,
But a new term, will you be my refuge?
[*Comes forward with Aur.*
Aur. Your refuge! why, sir?
Ang. That I might fly to you when all else fail me.
Aur. An you be good at flying, be my plover.
Ang. Nay, take away the P.
Aur. Tut, then you cannot fly.
Ang. I'll warrant you: I'll borrow Cupid's wings.
Aur. Mass, then I fear me you will do strange things.
I pray you blame me not, if I suspect you;
Your own confession simply doth detect you.
Nay, an you be so great in Cupid's books,
'Twill make me jealous. You can with your looks,
I warrant you, inflame a woman's heart,
And at your pleasure take Love's golden dart,
And wound the breast of any virtuous maid.
Would I were hence! good faith, I am afraid
You can constrain one, ere they be aware,
To run mad for your love.
Ang. O, this is rare!

Enter count FERNESE.

Count F. Close with my daughters, gentlemen! well done,
'Tis like yourselves: nay, lusty Angelo,
Let not my presence make you baulk your sport;
I will not break a minute of discourse
'Twixt you and one of your fair mistresses.
Ang. One of my mistresses! why thinks your lordship
I have so many?
Count F. Many! no, Angelo,
I do not think thou hast many; some fourteen
I hear thou hast, even of our worthiest dames
Of any note, in Milan.
Ang. Nay, good my lord, fourteen! it is not so.
Count F. By the mass that is't; here are their names to shew,
Fourteen or fifteen to one. Good Angelo,
You need not be ashamed of any of them,
They are gallants all.
Ang. 'Sblood! you are such a lord. [*Exit.*
Count F. Nay, stay, sweet Angelo, I am disposed
A little to be pleasant past my custom—
He's gone, he's gone! I have disgraced him shrewdly.—
Daughters, take heed of him, he's a wild youth;
Look what he says to you, believe him not,
He will swear love to every one he sees.
Francisco, give them counsel, good Francisco,
I dare trust thee with both, but him with neither.
Fran. Your lordship yet may trust both them with him.
Count F. Well, go your ways, away!—
[*Exeunt Aur. Phœn. and Francisco.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

How now, Christophero! What news with you?
Chris. I have an humble suit to your good lordship.
Count F. A suit, Christophero! what suit, I prithee?
Chris. I would crave pardon at your lordship's hands,
If it seem vain or simple in your sight.
Count F. I'll pardon all simplicity, Christophero;
What is thy suit?
Chris. Perhaps, being now so old a batchelor,
I shall seem half unwise, to bend myself
In strict affection to a poor young maid.
Count F. What, is it touching love, Christophero?
Art thou disposed to marry? why, 'tis well.
Chris. Ay, but your lordship may imagine now,
That I, being steward of your honour's house,
If I be married once, will more regard
The maintenance of my wife, and of my charge,
Than the due discharge of my place and office.
Count F. No, no, Christophero, I know thee honest.
Chris. Good faith, my lord, your honour may suspect it;
But——
Count F. Then I should wrong thee; thou hast ever been
Honest and true; and wilt be still, I know.
Chris. Ay, but this marriage alters many men,
And you may fear it will do me, my lord;
But ere it do so, I will undergo
Ten thousand several deaths.
Count F. I know it, man.
Who wouldst thou have, I prithee?

Chris. Rachel de Prie,
If your good lordship grant me your consent.
Count F. Rachel de Prie! what, the poor beggar's daughter?
She's a right handsome maid, how poor soever,
And thou hast my consent with all my heart.
Chris. I humbly thank your honour; I'll now ask
Her father. [*Exit.*
Count F. Do so, Christophero; thou shalt do well.
'Tis strange, she being so poor, he should affect her!
But this is more strange that myself should love her.
I spied her lately at her father's door,
And if I did not see in her sweet face
Gentry and nobleness, ne'er trust me more;
But this persuasion fancy wrought in me,
That fancy being created with her looks;
For where love is, he thinks his basest object
Gentle and noble: I am far in love,
And shall be forced to wrong my honest steward,
For I must sue and seek her for myself.
How much my duty to my late dead wife,
And my own dear renown, soe'er it sways:
I'll to her father strait, love hates delays. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the Same.

Enter ONION, JUNIPER, VALENTINE, SEBASTIAN, BALTHASAR, MARTINO.

Oni. Come on, i'faith, let's to some exercise or other, my hearts.—Fetch the hilts.
[*Exit Martino.*
——Fellow Juniper, wilt thou play?

Jun. I cannot resolve you: 'tis as I am fitted with the ingenuity, quantity, or quality of the cudgel.

Val. How dost thou bastinado the poor cudgel with terms!

Jun. O ingle, I have the phrases, man, and the anagrams, and the epitaphs, fitting the mystery of the noble science.

Oni. I'll be hang'd an he were not misbegotten of some fencer.

Seb. Sirrah, Valentine, you can resolve me now, have they their masters of defence in other countries, as we have here in Italy?

Val. O Lord, ay; especially they in Utopia:[4] there they perform their prizes and challenges with as great ceremony as the Italian, or any nation else.

Bal. Indeed! how is the manner of it, for God's love, good Valentine?

Jun. Ingle, I prithee make recourse unto us; we are thy friends and familiars, sweet ingle.

Val. Why thus, sir—

Oni. God a mercy, good Valentine; nay, go on.

[4] *Especially they in* Utopia.] i. e. England. This is a curious picture of the state of the stage at this period. Jonson is less cynical here than in some of his subsequent remarks, but the substance of what he says is, in effect, much the same. He never stooped to flatter or cajole the audience, and it must not therefore be wondered at, that the "capricious gallants" (the leaders of the public judgment) repaid his plain dealing with interest, and sought all opportunities to discredit his dramatic efforts. It is evident, from the Apologue to the *Poetaster*, that he did not escape from this scene with impunity: but no personal consideration could prevail on him to soften his strictures, or compromise the exalted character which he had formed in his fancy of the dramatic and ethic muse.

Jun. Silentium, bonus socius Onionus, good fellow Onion, be not so ingenious and turbulent. So, sir; and how? how, sweet ingle?

Val. Marry, first they are brought to the public theatre.

Jun. What have they theatres there?

Val. Theatres! ay, and plays too, both tragedy and comedy, and set forth with as much state as can be imagined.

Jun. By god's so, a man is nobody till he has travelled.

Seb. And how are their plays? as ours are, extemporal?

Val. O no; all premeditated things, and some of them very good, i'faith; my master used to visit them often when he was there.

Bal. Why how, are they in a place where any man may see them?

Val. Ay, in the common theatres, I tell you. But the sport is at a new play, to observe the sway and variety of opinion that passeth it. A man shall have such a confused mixture of judgment, poured out in the throng there, as ridiculous as laughter itself. One says he likes not the writing, another likes not the plot, another not the playing: and sometimes a fellow, that comes not there past once in five years, at a parliament time, or so, will be as deep mired in censuring as the best, and swear by god's foot he would never stir his foot to see a hundred such as that is.

Oni. I must travel to see these things, I shall never think well of myself else.

Jun. Fellow Onion, I'll bear thy charges, an thou wilt but pilgrimize it along with me to the land of Utopia.

Seb. Why, but methinks such rooks as these should be ashamed to judge.

Val. Not a whit; the rankest stinkard of them all will take upon him as preremptory, as if he had writ himself *in artibus magister.*

Seb. And do they stand to a popular censure for any thing they present?

Val. Ay, ever, ever; and the people generally are very acceptive, and apt to applaud any meritable work; but there are two sorts of persons that most commonly are infectious to a whole auditory.

Bal. What be they?

Jun. Ay, come, let's know them.

Oni. It were good they were noted.

Val. Marry, one is the rude barbarous crew, a people that have no brains, and yet grounded judgments; these will hiss any thing that mounts above their grounded capacities; but the other are worth the observation, i'faith.

Omnes. What be they, what be they?

Val. Faith, a few capricious gallants.

Jun. Capricious! stay, that word's for me.

Val. And they have taken such a habit of dislike in all things, that they will approve nothing, be it never so conceited or elaborate; but sit dispersed, making faces, and spitting, wagging their upright ears, and cry, *filthy! filthy!* simply uttering their own condition, and using their wryed[5]

[5] *Using their wryed countenances instead of a vice.*] We have this sentiment in the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour:*

"Using his wryed looks,
"In nature of a vice to wrest and turn
"The good aspect of those that shall sit near him."

And this shews *The Case is Altered* to have been in the number

countenances instead of a vice, to turn the good aspects of all that shall sit near them, from what they behold.

Re-enter MARTINO *with cudgels.*

Oni. O that's well said; lay them down; come, sirs, who plays? fellow Juniper, Sebastian, Balthasar? somebody take them up, come.

Jun. Ingle Valentine.

Val. Not I, sir, I profess it not.

Jun. Sebastian.

Seb. Balthasar.

Bal. Who, I?

Oni. Come, but one bout; I'll give them thee, i'faith.

Bal. Why, here's Martino.

Oni. Foh, he! alas, he cannot play a whit, man.

Jun. That's all one; no more could you *in statu quo prius.*—Martino play with him; every man has his beginning and conduction.

Mart. Will you not hurt me, fellow Onion?

Oni. Hurt thee! no; an I do, put me among pot-herbs, and chop me to pieces. Come on.

Jun. By your favour, sweet bullies, give them room, back, so!—Martino, do not look so thin upon the matter.

[*Mart. and Onion play a bout at cudgels.*

of Jonson's earliest productions; for we often find him repeating a thought or expression in his later plays, which he had before made use of, in some former piece. WHAL.

Whalley's premises are better than his conclusion, which is somewhat whimsical. "If two men ride upon a horse, one must ride behind" we all know:—the *Case is Altered*, may therefore ride before, as well as another.—Indeed we learn from the *dates* of our author's respective plays, that it did so: but setting aside this, Whalley's "pollusion" like Goodman Dull's, "would not necessarily have held good in the exchange."

Oni. Ha! well play'd, fall over to my leg now: so, to your guard again; excellent! to my head now; make home your blow; spare not me, make it home, good, good again!

[*Mart. breaks his head.*

Seb. Why how now, Peter!

Val. Odso, Onion has caught a bruise.

Jun. Coragio! be not capricious; what!

Oni. Capricious! not I, I scorn to be capricious for a scratch. Martino, I must have another bout; come.

Jun. No, no, play no more, play no more.

Oni. Foh, tis nothing, a fillip, a device; fellow Juniper, prithee get me a plantain; I had rather play with one that had skill by half.

Mart. By my troth, fellow Onion, 'twas against my will.

Oni. Nay, that's not so, 'twas against my head; but come, we'll have one bout more.

Jun. Not a bout, not a stroke.

Omnes. No more, no more. [*Exit Martino.*

Jun. Why, I'll give you demonstration how it came: thou open'dst the dagger to falsify over with the backsword trick, and he interrupted, before he could fall to the close.

Oni. No, no, I know best how it was, better than any man here. I felt his play presently; for look you, I gathered upon him thus, thus, do you see, for the double lock, and took it single on the head.

Val. He says very true, he took it single * on the head.

Seb. Come, let's go.

* He took it *single.*] i. e. weakly, simply, &c. vol. ii. p. 74. Foote has imitated this scene in his *Commissary.*

Re-enter MARTINO *with a cobweb.*

Mart. Here, fellow Onion, here's a cobweb.

Oni. How! a cobweb, Martino! I will have another bout with you. 'Swounds, do you first break my head, and then give me a plaister in scorn? Come, to it, I will have a bout.

Mart. God's my witness.—

Oni. Tut! your witness cannot serve.

Jun. 'Sblood, why what! thou art not lunatic, art thou? an thou be'st, avoid, Mephostophilus! Say the sign should be in Aries now, as it may be for all us, where were your life? answer me that?

Seb. He says well, Onion.

Val. Indeed does he.

Jun. Come, come, you are a foolish naturalist; go, get a white of an egg, and a little flax,[6]

[6] *Go, get a white of an egg and a little flax.*] In *Lear* a servant says that he will "fetch some flax and whites of eggs to apply to Gloster's bleeding face." "This passage (observes Steevens) is *ridiculed* by Ben Jonson in the *Case is Altered*, 1609. The date is not subjoined without cause; for as *Lear* was not written before 1604 or 1605, there is a chance that some may take the critic on his word. Now Steevens well knew, and has, indeed, expressly mentioned it in another place, that the *Case is Altered*, preceded *King Lear* by many years: the *ridicule*, therefore, if any there be, (which assuredly there is not) is Shakspeare's.—But now comes Mr. Malone,—(who is much too just to fabricate dates, or to conceal them for a bad purpose, but whose hatred of Jonson is so excessive that he will consent to avail himself of the insinuation which he would not make,)—exposes Steevens's dishonesty with respect to the priority of the present drama; but unwilling to lose a charge against Jonson, seeks to bolster up his crazy accusation by a supposition as full of malice, as the other is of falsehood. "The *sneer* at Shakspeare," he says, "though not originally there, might be introduced by Jonson between the appearance of *King Lear* and the publication of his own play."

and close the breach of the head, it is the most conducible thing that can be. Martino, do not insinuate upon your good fortune, but play an honest part, and bear away the bucklers. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before JAQUES DE PRIE'S *House.*

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. My young and simple friend, Paulo Ferneze,
Bound me with mighty solemn conjurations
To be true to him, in his love to Rachel;
And to solicit his remembrance still
In his enforced absence. Much, i'faith![7]
True to my friend in cases of affection!
In women's cases! what a jest it is,
How silly he is that imagines it?
He is an ass that will keep promise strictly
In any thing that checks his private pleasure,
Chiefly in love. 'Sblood, am not I a man,
Have I not eyes that are as free to look,
And blood to be inflamed as well as his?
And when it is so, shall I not pursue

And all this grovelling in baseness (for it is no better) is founded on a harmless allusion to a method of cure common, in Jonson's time, to every barber-surgeon and old woman in the kingdom.

[7] ——— *Much, i'faith!*] This ironical use of the word *much*, as a term of disdain, hath been remarked before. WHAL.

Not of *disdain* surely; but of strong doubt or negation. In this sense it has, indeed, occurred before, and in this sense it occurs in all our old writers.

Mine own love's longings, but prefer my friends'?
Ay, 'tis a good fool, do so; hang me then.
Because I swore? alas, who does not know
That lovers' perjuries are ridiculous?
Have at thee, Rachel; I'll go court her sure,
For now I know her father is abroad—
'Sblood, see, he's here.

Enter JAQUES.

O what damn'd luck is this!
This labour's lost, I must by no means see him.
Tau, dery, dery. [*Exit singing.*
Jaq. Mischief and hell! what is this man? a spirit!
Haunts he, my house's ghost, still at my door?—
He has been at my door, he has been in,
In my dear door; pray God my gold be safe!

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Od's pity, here's another!—Rachel! ho, Rachel!
Chris. God save you, honest father.
Jaq. Rachel! odslight, come to me; Rachel! Rachel! [*Exit.*
Chris. Now in God's name what ails he? this is strange!
He loves his daughter so, I'll lay my life
That he's afraid, having been now abroad,
I come to seek her love unlawfully.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. 'Tis safe, 'tis safe, they have not robb'd my treasure. [*Aside.*
Chris. Let it not seem offensive to you, sir.

Jaq. *Sir!* God's my life, *sir!* *sir!* call me *sir!*[8] [*Aside.*

Chris. Good father, hear me.

Jaq. You are most welcome, sir;
I meant almost: and would your worship speak,
Would you abase yourself to speak to me?

Chris. 'Tis no abasing, father: my intent
Is to do further honour to you, sir,
Than only speak; which is, to be your son.

Jaq. My gold is in his nostrils, he has smelt it;
Break breast, break heart, fall on the earth, my entrails,
With this same bursting admiration!
He knows my gold, he knows of all my treasure—
[*Aside.*
How do you know, sir? whereby do you guess?

Chris. At what, sir? what is it you mean?

Jaq. I ask,
An't please your gentle worship, how you know—
I mean, how I should make your worship know

[8] Jaq. *Sir! God's my life, sir! sir! call me—sir!*] The character of Jaques is formed upon that of Euclio in the *Aulularia* of Plautus: and is drawn with that masterly expression which distinguishes the works of Jonson. The scene between Christophero and Jaques, with what follows between the count and him, is copied from what passes between Euclio and Megadorus; but with so high an improvement, as determines the palm of applause in favour of our author. The original here is,

Non temerarium est, ubi dives blande appellat pauperem.

WHAL.

The translator of Plautus does not subscribe to the alleged superiority of our author; and I am not sure that he has not reason on his side. Whalley might commend the copy with justice, for it is truly excellent; but he should not have sacrificed the original to it. The spirit, and arch simplicity of Plautus even when it borders on rudeness, is not easily outdone; and though Jonson perhaps, is richer in circumstance, yet the critic should have recollected the admission of a very competent judge—*facile est inventis addere*, and have abated somewhat of his panegyric on that score.

That I have nothing——
To give with my poor daughter? I have nothing:
The very air, bounteous to every man,
Is scant to me, sir.
Chris. I do think, good father,
You are but poor.
Jaq. He thinks so; hark! but thinks so:
He thinks not so, he knows of all my treasure.
[*Aside and exit.*
Chris. Poor man, he is so overjoy'd to hear
His daughter may be past his hopes bestow'd,
That betwixt fear and hope, if I mean simply,
He is thus passionate.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Yet all is safe within: is none without?
Nobody break my walls?
Chris. What say you, father, shall I have your daughter?
Jaq. I have no dowry to bestow upon her.
Chris. I do expect none, father.
Jaq. That is well.
Then I beseech your worship make no question
Of that you wish; 'tis too much favour to me.
Chris. I'll leave him now to give his passions breath,
Which being settled, I will fetch his daughter;
I shall but move too much, to speak now to him.
[*Exit.*
Jaq. So! he is gone; would all were dead and gone,
That I might live with my dear gold alone!

Enter count FERNEZE.

Count F. Here is the poor old man.
Jaq. Out o' my soul, another! comes he hither?

Count F. Be not dismay'd, old man, I come to cheer you.

Jaq. To me, by heaven!
Turn ribs to brass, turn voice into a trumpet,
To rattle out the battles of my thoughts;
One comes to hold me talk, while t'other robs me.
[*Aside and exit.*

Count F. He has forgot me sure; what should this mean?
He fears authority, and my want of wife
Will take his daughter from him to defame her:
He that has nought on earth but one poor daughter,
May take this extasy of care to keep her.

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. And yet 'tis safe: they mean not to use force,
But fawning cunning. I shall easily know,
By his next question, if he think me rich. [*Aside.*
Whom see I? my good lord?

Count F. Stand up, good father,
I call thee not [good] father for thy age,
But that I gladly wish to be thy son,
In honour'd marriage with thy beauteous daughter.

Jaq. O, so, so, so, so, so! this is for gold.
Now it is sure this is my daughter's neatness
Makes them believe me rich. [*Aside.*]—No, my good lord,
I'll tell you all, how my poor hapless daughter
Got that attire she wears from top to toe.

Count F. Why, father, this is nothing.

Jaq. O yes, good my lord.

Count F. Indeed it is not.

Jaq. Nay, sweet lord, pardon me; do not dissemble;

Hear your poor beadsman speak: 'tis requisite
That I, so huge a beggar, make account
Of things that pass my calling. She was born
To enjoy nothing underneath the sun;
But that, if she had more than other beggars,
She should be envied: I will tell you then
How she had all she wears. Her warm shoes, God wot,
A kind maid gave her, seeing her go barefoot
In a cold frosty morning; God requite her!
Her homely stockings——

Count F. Father, I'll hear no more, thou mov'st too much
With thy too curious answer for thy daughter,
That doth deserve a thousand times as much.
I'll be thy son-in-law, and she shall wear
The attire of countesses.

Jaq. O, good my lord,
Mock not the poor; remembers not your lordship
That poverty is the precious gift of God,
As well as riches? tread upon me, rather [*Kneels.*
Than mock my poorness.

Count F. Rise, I say;
When I mock poorness, then heaven make me poor. [*Exit Jaques.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. See, here's the count Ferneze, I will tell him
The hapless accident of his brave son,
That he may seek the sooner to redeem him.—
God save your lordship!

Count F. You are right welcome, sir.

Mes. I would I brought such news as might deserve it.

Count F. What! bring you me ill news?

Mes. 'Tis ill, my lord,
Yet such as usual chance of war affords,
And for which all men are prepared that use it,
And those that use it not but in their friends,
Or in their children.
Count F. Ill news of my son,
My dear and only son, I'll lay my soul!
Ah me accurs'd! thought of his death doth wound me,
And the report of it will kill me quite.
Mes. 'Tis not so ill, my lord.
Count F. How then?
Mes. He's taken prisoner,
And that is all.
Count F. That is enough, enough;
I set my thoughts on love, on servile love,
Forget my virtuous wife, feel not the dangers,
The bands and wounds of mine own flesh and blood,
And therein am a madman; therein plagued
With the most just affliction under heaven.
Is Maximilian taken prisoner too?
Mes. No, good my lord; he is return'd with prisoners.
Count F. Is't possible! can Maximilian
Return and view my face without my son,
For whom he swore such care as for himself?
Mes. My lord, no care can change the events of war.
Count F. O, in what tempests do my fortunes sail!
Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
Than any northern gust, or southern flaw,
That ever yet inforced the sea to gape,
And swallow the poor merchant's traffic up.
First in Vicenza lost I my first son,
Next here in Milan my most dear-loved lady,

And now my Paulo prisoner to the French;
Which last being printed with my other griefs,
Doth make so huge a volume, that my breast
Cannot contain them. But this is my love!
I must make love to Rachel! heaven hath thrown
This vengeance on me most deservedly,
Were it for nought but wronging of my steward.

Mes. My lord, since only money may redress
The worst of this misfortune, be not grieved;
Prepare his ransom, and your noble son
Shall greet your cheered eyes with the more honour.

Conut F. I will prepare his ransom; gracious heaven
Grant his imprisonment may be his worst,
Honour'd and soldier-like imprisonment,
And that he be not manacled and made
A drudge to his proud foe! And here I vow,
Never to dream of seemless amorous toys,
Nor aim at any other joy on earth,
But the fruition of my only son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Court-yard, at the back of Jaques' *House.*

Enter JAQUES *with his gold, and a scuttle full of dung.*[9]

Jaq. He's gone: I knew it; this is our hot lover.
I will believe them, I! they may come in

[9] This is from Plautus, where Euclio also removes his gold to a new hiding-place. The speeches of the two misers however, have no circumstance in common; nor has the Latin poet any thing that can be set in comparison with this admirable and characteristic soliloquy of Jaques.

Like simple wooers, and be arrant thieves,
And I not know them! 'Tis not to be told
What servile villainies men will do for gold.—
O it began to have a huge strong smell,
With lying so long together in a place;
I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough;
And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
I'll set his burning nose once more a work,
To smell where I removed it. Here it is;
I'll hide, and cover it with this horse dung.
[*Digs a hole in the ground.*
Who will suppose that such a precious nest
Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement?
In, my dear life! sleep sweetly, my dear child!
Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
And that's enough. Rot all hands that come near thee,
Except mine own! burn out all eyes that see thee,
Except mine own! all thoughts of thee be poison
To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own!
I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
But see thee every minute: king of kings,
I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back
In going from thee, but go backward out,
With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.
None is within, none overlooks my wall;
To have gold, and to have it safe, is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Gallery in count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter MAXIMILIAN *with Soldiers,* CHAMONT, CAMILLO, *and* PACUE.

Max. Lord Chamont, and your valiant friend there, I cannot say, welcome to Milan; your thoughts and that word are not musical; but I can say, you are come to Milan.

Pac. Mort dieu!

Cha. Garçon! [*Takes Pacue aside.*

Max. Gentlemen, (I would call an emperor so,) you are now my prisoners; I am sorry: marry this, spit in the face of your fortunes, for your usage shall be honourable.

Cam. We know it, signior Maximilian;
The fame of all your actions sounds nought else
But perfect honour, from her swelling cheeks.

Max. It shall do so still, I assure you, and I will give you reason: there is in this last action, you know, a noble gentleman of our party, and a right valiant, semblably prisoner to your general, as your honour'd selves to me; for whose safety this tongue has given warrant to his honourable father, the count Ferneze. You conceive me?

Cam. Ay, signior.

Max. Well, then I must tell you your ransoms be to redeem him. What think you? your answer.

Cam. Marry, with my lord's leave here, I say, signior,
This free and ample offer you have made
Agrees well with your honour, but not ours;
For I think not but Chamont is as well born

As is Ferneze; then, if I mistake not,
He scorns to have his worth so underprised,
That it should need an adjunct in exchange
Of any equal fortune. Noble signior,
I am a soldier, and I love Chamont;
Ere I would bruise his estimation
With the least ruin of mine own respect
In this vile kind, these legs should rot with irons,
This body pine in prison, till the flesh
Dropt from my bones in flakes, like wither'd leaves,
In heart of autumn, from a stubborn oak.

Max. Monsieur Gasper, (I take it so is your name,) misprise me not; I will trample on the heart, on the soul of him that shall say I will wrong you: what I purpose you cannot now know, but you shall know, and, doubt not, to your contentment.—Lord Chamont, I will leave you, whilst I go in and present myself to the honourable count; till my regression, so please you, your noble feet may measure this private, pleasant, and most princely walk.—Soldiers, regard them and respect them. [*Exit.*

Pac. O ver bon! excellenta gull, he taka my lord Chamont for monsieur Gaspra, and monsieur Gaspra for my lord Chamont. Oh dis be brave for make a me laugha, ha, ha, ha! O, my heart tickla. [*Aside.*

Cam. Ay, but your lordship knows not what hard fate
Might have pursued us, therefore, howsoe'er,
The changing of our names was necessary,
And we must now be careful to maintain
This error strongly, which our own device
Hath thrust into their ignorant conceits;
For should we (on the taste of this good fortune)
Appear ourselves, 'twould both create in them

A kind of jealousy, and perchance invert
Those honourable courses they intend.
Cha. True, my dear Gasper; but this hang-by here
Will, at one time or other, on my soul,
Discover us. A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.—
But, sirrah, if I may but know thou utter'st it—
Pac. Uttera vat, monsieur?
Cha. That he is Gasper, and I true Chamont.
Pac. O pardonnez moy, fore my tongue shall put out de secreta, shall breed de cankra in my mouth.
Cam. Speak not so loud, Pacue.
Pac. Foh! you shall not hear de fool, for all your long ear. Regardez, monsieur: you be Chamont, Chamont be Gaspra.

Re-enter MAXIMILIAN *with count* FERNEZE, FRANCISCO, AURELIA, PHŒNIXELLA, *and* FINIO.

Cha. Peace, here comes Maximilian.
Cam. O, belike
That is the count Ferneze, that old man.
Cha. Are those his daughters, trow?
Cam. Ay sure, I think they are.
Cha. Fore God, the taller is a gallant lady.
Cam. So are they both, believe me.
Max. True, my honourable lord, that Chamont was the father of this man.
Count F. O that may be, for when I lost my son,
This was but young, it seems.
Fran. Faith, had Camillo lived,
He had been much about his years, my lord.
Count F. He had indeed! Well, speak no more of him.

Max. Signior, perceive you the error? 'twas no good office in us to stretch the remembrance of so dear a loss. Count Ferneze, let summer sit in your eye; look cheerfully, sweet count; will you do me the honour to confine this noble spirit within the circle of your arms?

Count F. Honour'd Chamont, reach me your valiant hand;
I could have wish'd some happier accident
Had made the way unto this mutual knowledge,
Which either of us now must take of other;
But since it is the pleasure of our fates,
That we should thus be rack'd on fortune's wheel,
Let us prepare with steeled patience
To tread on torment, and with minds confirm'd,
Welcome the worst of envy.

Max. Noble lord, 'tis thus. I have here, in mine honour, set this gentleman free, without ransom: he is now himself, his valour hath deserved it, in the eye of my judgment.—Monsieur Gasper, you are dear to me: *fortuna non mutat genus.* But, to the main;—if it may square with your lordship's liking, and his love, I could desire that he were now instantly employed to your noble general in the exchange of Ferneze for yourself; it is a business that requires the tender hand of a friend.

Count F. Ay, and it would be with more speed effected,
If he would undertake it.

Max. True, my lord.—Monsieur Gasper, how stand you affected to this motion?

Cha. My duty must attend his lordship's will.

Max. What says the lord Chamont?

Cam. My will doth then approve what these have urged.

Max. Why there is good harmony, good music

in this. Monsieur Gasper, you shall protract no time, only I will give you a bowl of rich wine to the health of your general, another to the success of your journey, and a third to the love of my sword. Pass. [*Exeunt all but Aur. and Phœnix.*

Aur. Why, how now, sister! in a motley muse?
Go to, there's somewhat in the wind, I see.
Faith, this brown study suits not with your black,
Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours.

Phœn. Good faith, methinks that this young lord Chamont
Favours my mother, sister; does he not?

Aur. A motherly conceit; O blind excuse,
Blinder than Love himself! Well, sister, well;
Cupid has ta'en his stand in both your eyes,
The case is altered.

Phœn. And what of that?

Aur. Nay, nothing:—But, a saint!
Another Bridget! one that for a face
Would put down Vesta, in whose looks doth swim
The very sweetest cream of modesty,
You, to turn tippet![1] fie, fie! Will you give

[1] *You to* turn tippet!] This phrase, like that of *turn Turk*, implies a change of conduct, condition, &c. and generally (when applied to females) from that of a single to a married state. Thus, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*: "Well, to be brief, the Nun will soon at night *turn tippet*; if I can but devise to quit her clearly of the Nunnery, she is mine!" Old Plays, vol. v. p. 283. Neither Dodsley nor Reed appears to have been aware of the sense of the passage, for they have printed it, "*turn Lippit*," as if it were a proper name.

The expression occurs also in Beaumont and Fletcher, where Dorothea says to her wild brother:

> ——— "You must *turn tippet*,
> And suddenly, and truly, and discreetly,
> Put on the shape of order," &c.
>
> *Mons. Thomas*, A. ii. S. 2.

This passage, as it was not to be found in the index to Dodsley, or the Variorum Shakspeare, is passed over in silence

A packing penny to virginity?
I thought you'd dwell so long in Cypres isle,
You'd worship madam Venus at the length:[a]
But come, the strongest fall, and why not you?
Nay, do not frown.

Phœn. Go, go, you fool. Adieu! [*Exit.*

Aur. Well, I may jest, or so; but Cupid knows
My taking is as bad, or worse than hers.
O, monsieur Gasper, if thou be'st a man,
Be not afraid to court me; do but speak,
Challenge thy right, and wear it; for I swear,
Till thou arriv'dst, ne'er came affection here.
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter PACUE *and* FINIO.

Fin. Come on, my sweet finical Pacue, the very prime of pages, here's an excellent place for us to practise in; nobody sees us here; come, let's to it.

by the last editor, though it seems nearly as worthy of explanation as "*carriage*, behaviour," or even as "*ever*, always."

[a] *I thought you'd dwell so long in Cypres isle,*
You'd worship madam Venus, &c.] This is a play on words —between Cypres, (or Cyprus,) the black gauze in which Phœnixella was dressed, and the island where Venus was peculiarly worshipped. Our old writers made no distinction in the orthography of the two words. This laxity of spelling, which was common to them all, in a greater or less degree, was the fruitful source of most of their puns.

Enter ONION.

Pac. Contenta; Regardez vous le premier.

Oni. Sirrah, Finio.

Pac. Mort dieu, le paisant!

Oni. Didst thou see Valentine?

Fin. Valentine! no.

Oni. No!

Fin. No. Sirrah Onion, whither goest?

Oni. O, I am vext; he that would trust any of these lying travellers.—

Fin. I prithee stay, good Onion.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, venez ça, come hidera, je vous prie. By gar, me ha see two, tree, four hundra tousand of your cousan hang. Lend me your hand, shall pray for know you bettra.

Oni. I thank you, good signior Parlez-vous. O that I were in another world, in the Ingies, or somewhere, that I might have room to laugh![3]

Pac. Ah, oui, fort bien! stand, you dere—now, me come,
Bon jour, monsieur.[4]

[3] *O that I were in the Ingies now, that I might have room to laugh.*] It appears that the two pages, Pacue and Finio, (the representatives of the French and Italian modes of courtship,) are introduced practising, that is caricaturing, the fashions of the two countries. The grimaces and extravagant gestures of these polite gentlemen were doubtless highly amusing to those who, like Onion, had the good fortune to witness them; but they are quite lost upon us for want of a perpetual commentary, which, to say the truth, to be useful must, like many other commentaries, have far exceeded the text.

This solemn buffoonery, however, must have been very acceptable to the people; for it is the ground work of the fastidious and fantastic modes of salutation which Jonson afterwards enlarged upon in *Cynthia's Revels.* See vol. ii. p. 339.

[4] *Bon jour, monsieur.*] Here the old copy has a marginal note "Under the arm." What it means I know not, unless it be

Fin. Good morrow, good signior.

Pac. By gar, me be much glad for see you.

Fin. I return you most kind thanks, sir.

Oni. How, how! 'sblood this is rare.

Pac. Nay, shall make you say rare, by and by; reguardez: monsieur Finio.

Fin. Signior Pacue.

Pac. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Fin. God save you, sweet signior.

Pac. Monsieur Onion, is not fort bien?

Oni. Bean, quoth he! would I were in debt of a pottle of beans, I could do as much!

Fin. Welcome, signior:—what's next?

Pac. O here; voyez de grand admiration, as should meet perchance monsieur Finio.

Fin. Monsieur Pacue.

Pac. By gar, who think we shall meete here?

Fin. By this hand, I am not a little proud of it, sir.

Oni. This trick is only for the chamber, it cannot be cleanly done abroad.

Pac. Vell, vat say you for dis den, monsieur?

Fin. Nay, pray, sir.

Pac. Par ma foy, vous voilà bien encountré!

Fin. What do you mean, sir? let your glove alone.

Pac. Comment se porte la santé?

Fin. Faith, exceeding well, sir.

Pac. Trot, be mush joy for hear.

Fin. And how is it with you, sweet signior Pacue?

making a profound bow, and conveying the hat, with the right hand, *under the left arm*, while perpendicular to the floor. Just below, there is a second note, "The shoulder," of which I understand as little as of the former. The reader sees that Pacue and his friend are exhibiting the ceremonious greeting of an accidental rencontre.

Pac. Fait, comme vous voyez.

Oni. Young gentlemen, spirits of blood, if ever you'll taste of a sweet piece of mutton, do Onion a good turn now.

Pac. Que, que? parlez, monsieur, vat ist?

Oni. Faith, teach me one of these tricks.

Pac. O me shall do presently; stand you dere, you signior dere, myself is here; so, fort bien! now I parlez to monsieur Onion, Onion pratla to you, you speaka to me, so: and as you parlez, change the bonet.—Monsieur Onion!

Oni. Monsieur Finio!

Fin. Monsieur Pacue!

Pac. Pray be covera.

Oni. Nay, I beseech you, sir.

Fin. What do you mean?

Pac. Pardonuez moi, shall be so.

Oni. O Lord, sir!

Fin. Not I, in good faith, sir.

Pac. By gar, you must.

Oni. It shall be yours.

Fin. Nay, then you wrong me.

Oni. Well, an ever I come to be great—

Pac. You be big enough for de Onion already.

Oni. I mean a great man.

Fin. Then thou'dst be a monster.

Oni. Well, God knows not what fortune may do, command me, use me from the soul to the crown, and the crown to the soul; meaning not only from the crown of the head, and the sole of the foot, but also the foot of the mind and the crowns of the purse. I cannot stay now, young gentlemen; but——*time was, time is, and time shall be.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter CHAMONT *and* CAMILLO.

Cha. Sweet Gasper, I am sorry we must part;
But strong necessity enforces it.
Let not the time seem long unto my friend,
Till my return; for, by our love I swear,
(The sacred sphere wherein our souls are knit,)
I will endeavour to effect this business
With all industrious care and happy speed.
Cam. My lord, these circumstances would come well
To one less capable of your desert
Than I; in whom your merit is confirm'd
With such authentical and grounded proofs.
Cha. Well, I will use no more. Gasper, adieu.
Cam. Farewell, my honour'd lord.
Cha. Commend me to the lady, my good Gasper.
Cam. I had remember'd that, had not you urged it.
Cha. Once more adieu, sweet Gasper.
Cam. My good lord. [*Exit.*
Cha. Thy virtues are more precious than thy name;
Kind gentleman, I would not sell thy love
For all the earthly objects that mine eyes
Have ever tasted. Sure thou art nobly born,
However fortune hath obscured thy birth;
For native honour sparkles in thine eyes.
How may I bless the time wherein Chamont,
My honour'd father, did surprise Vicenza,

Where this my friend (known by no name) was found,
Being then a child, and scarce of power to speak,
To whom my father gave this name of Gasper,
And as his own respected him to death;
Since when we two have shared our mutual fortunes
With equal spirits, and, but death's rude hand,
No violence shall dissolve this sacred band. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

JUNIPER *is discovered in his shop, singing.*

Enter ONION.

Oni. Fellow Juniper, no more of thy songs and sonnets; sweet Juniper, no more of thy hymns and madigrals; thou sing'st, but I sigh.

Jun. What's the matter, Peter, ha? what, in an academy still! still in sable and costly black array, ha?

Oni. Prithee rise, mount, mount, sweet Juniper; for I go down the wind, and yet I puff, for I am vext.

Jun. Ha, bully, vext! what, intoxicate! is thy brain in a quintessence, an idea, a metamorphosis, an apology, ha, rogue? Come, this love feeds upon thee, I see by thy cheeks, and drinks healths of vermilion tears, I see by thine eyes.

Oni. I confess Cupid's carouse, he plays super negulum with my liquor of life.[5]

[5] *He plays* super negulum *with my liquor of life.*] i. e. drinks it all up: the allusion is to the custom of topers, who, to prove that they had emptied the cup, turned it bottom up, poured the last drop on their thumb nail, (super ungulum, as the phrase was,) and supt it off.

Jun. Tut, thou art a goose to be Cupid's gull; go to; no more of these contemplations and calculations; mourn not, for Rachel's thine own.

Oni. For that let the higher powers work; but, sweet Juniper, I am not sad for her, and yet for her in a second person, or if not so, yet in a third.

Jun. How, second person! away, away. In thy crotchets already! longitude and latitude! what second, what person, ha?

Oni. Juniper, I'll bewray myself before thee, for thy company is sweet unto me; but I must intreat thy helping hand in the case.

Jun. Tut, no more of this surquedry; I am thine own ad unguem, upsie freeze, pell mell; come, what case, what case?

Oni. For the case, it may be any man's case, as well as mine. Rachel I mean; but I'll meddle with her anon: in the mean time, Valentine is the man hath wronged me.

Jun. How, my ingle wrong thee! is't possible?

Oni. Your ingle! hang him, infidel. Well, and if I be not revenged on him, let Peter Onion (by the infernal gods) be turned to a leek, or a scallion. I spake to him for a ditty for this handkerchief.

Jun. Why, has he not done it?

Oni. Done it? not a verse, by this hand.

Jun. O in diebus illis! O preposterous! well, come, be blithe; the best inditer of them all is sometimes dull. Fellow Onion, pardon mine ingle; he is a man has imperfections and declinations, as other men have; his muse sometimes cannot curvet, nor prognosticate and come off, as it should; no matter, I'll hammer out a paraphrase for thee myself.

Oni. No, sweet Juniper, no; danger doth breed

delay: love makes me choleric, I can bear no longer.

Jun. Not bear what, my mad meridian slave? not bear what?

Oni. Cupid's burthen; 'tis too heavy, too tolerable; and as for the handkerchief and the posie, I will not trouble thee; but if thou wilt go with me into her father's back-side, old Jaques' back-side, and speak for me to Rachel, I will not be ingratitude: the old man is abroad and all.

Jun. Art thou sure on't?

Oni. As sure as an obligation.

Jun. Let's away then; come, we spend time in a vain circumference; trade, I cashier thee till to-morrow: fellow Onion, for thy sake I finish this workiday.

Oni. God-a-mercy; and for thy sake I'll at any time make a holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Court-yard at the back of Jaques' *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* RACHEL.

Ang. Nay, I prithee, Rachel; I come to comfort thee,
Be not so sad.

Rach. O, signior Angelo,
No comfort but his presence can remove
This sadness from my heart.

Ang. Nay, then you are fond,
And want that strength of judgment and election
That should be attendant on your years and form.
Will you, because your lord is taken prisoner,

Blubber and weep, and keep a peevish stir,
As though you would turn turtle with the news.
Come, come, be wise. 'Sblood, say your lord should die,
And you go mar your face as you begin,
What would you do, trow? who would care for you?
But this it is, when nature will bestow
Her gifts on such as know not how to use them;
You shall have some, that had they but one quarter
Of your fair beauty, they would make it shew
A little otherwise than you do this,
Or they would see the painter twice an hour;
And I commend them, I, that can use art
With such judicial practice.

Rach. You talk idly;
If this be your best comfort, keep it still,
My senses cannot feed on such sour cates.

Ang. And why, sweet heart?

Rach. Nay, leave, good signior.

Ang. Come, I have sweeter viands yet in store.

Jun. [*within.*] Ay, in any case.—Mistress Rachel!

Ang. Rachel!

Rach. Od's pity, signior Angelo, I hear my father; away for God's sake.

Ang. 'Sblood, I am bewitch'd, I think; this is twice now I have been served thus. [*Exit.*

Rach. Pray God he meet him not. [*Exit.*

Enter ONION *and* JUNIPER.

Oni. O brave! she's yonder: O terrible! she's gone.

Jun. Yea, so nimble in your dilemmas, and your hyperboles! *Hey my love! O my love!* at the first sight, by the mass.

Oni. O how she scudded! O sweet scud, how she tripped! O delicate trip and go!

Jun. Come, thou art enamoured with the influence of her profundity; but, sirrah, hark a little.

Oni. O rare! what, what? passing, i'faith! what is't, what is't?

Jun. What wilt thou say now, if Rachel stand now, and play hity-tity through the key-hole, to behold the equipage of thy person?

Oni. O sweet equipage! try, good Juniper, tickle her, talk, talk; O rare!

Jun. Mistress Rachel!—watch then if her father come—[*Goes to the door.*]—Rachel! Madona! Rachel! No?

Oni. Say I am here; Onion, or Peter, or so.

Jun. No, I'll knock; we'll not stand upon horizons and tricks, but fall roundly to the matter.

Oni. Well said, sweet Juniper. Horizons, hang 'em! knock, knock. [*Juniper knocks.*

Rach. [*within.*] Who's there? father?

Jun. Father! no; and yet a father, if you please to be a mother.

Oni. Well said, Juniper; to her again; a smack or two more of the mother.

Jun. Do you hear, sweet soul, sweet Radamant, sweet Machavel? one word, Melpomene, are you at leisure?

Rach. [*within*] At leisure! what to do?

Jun. To do what! to do nothing, but to be liable to the extacy of true love's exigent, or so; you smell my meaning.

Oni. *Smell!* filthy, fellow Juniper, filthy! smell! O most odious!

Jun. How, filthy?

Oni. Filthy, by this finger! Smell! smell a rat, smell a pudding. Away, these tricks are for

trulls; a plain wench loves plain dealing; I'll upon her myself. *Smell!* to a marchpane wench?

Jun. With all my heart: I'll be legitimate and silent as an apple-squire; I'll see nothing, and say nothing.

Oni. Sweet heart! sweet heart!

Jun. And bag pudding, ha, ha, ha!

Jaq. [*within.*] What, Rachel, my girl! what, Rachel!

Oni. Od's lid.

Jaq. [*within*] What, Rachel!

Rach. [*within.*] Here I am.

Oni. What rakehell calls Rachel? O treason to my love!

Jun. It is her father, on my life; how shall we intrench and edify ourselves from him?

Oni. O coney-catching Cupid!

[*Gets up into a tree.*[6]

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. How, in my back-side! where? what come they for?
Where are they? Rachel! thieves! thieves!
Stay, villain, slave! [*Seizes Jun. as he is running out.*] Rachel, untie my dog.
Nay, thief, thou canst not 'scape.

Jun. I pray you, sir.

[6] This too is from the *Aulularia;* where Strobilus gets up into a tree to watch Euclio. The motive however is different. In Plautus the discovery of the treasure is the prime object; in Jonson, it is merely incidental, and forms no necessary part of the plot. Rachel might have obtained a husband had Jaques been as poor as every one thought him; whereas the Lar kindly informs us in the prologue, that the treasure was expressly bestowed on Euclio, that he might be enabled to give a marriage portion with his daughter to a youth of quality, who, as the stage-custom was, *eam compresserat.*

Oni. [*above.*] Ah, pitiful Onion, that thou hadst a rope!

Jaq. Why, Rachel, when, I say! let loose my dog,
Garlick, my mastiff, let him loose, I say.

Jun. For God's sake hear me speak, keep up your cur.

Oni. [*above.*] I fear not Garlick, he'll not bite Onion, his kinsman; pray God he come out, and then they'll not smell me.

Jaq. Well then deliver; come, deliver, slave.

Jun. What should I deliver?

Jaq. O thou wouldst have me tell thee, wouldst thou? Shew me thy hands, what hast thou in thy hands?

Jun. Here be my hands.

Jaq. Stay, are thy fingers' ends begrimed with dirt? no, thou hast wiped them.

Jun. Wiped them!

Jaq. Ay, thou villain; thou art a subtle knave. Put off thy shoes; come, I will see them;[7] give me a knife here, Rachel, I'll rip the soles.

Oni. [*above.*] No matter, he's a cobler, he can mend them.

Jun. What, are you mad, are you detestable?

[7] Jun. *Wiped them!*]
Jaq. *Ay, thou villain; thou art a subtle knave. Put off thy shoes; come, I will see them.*] This scene is an imitation of that in which Strobilus is examined by the miser. But its pleasantries are within the bounds of nature; and severer judgment instructed Jonson not to outrage his characters, as Plautus did before him. Jaques examines both the hands of Juniper, but he does not, like Euclio, bid him produce his third hand:

Euc. *Ostende huc manus.*
Strob. *Hem tibi ostendi, eccas.*
Euc. *Video, age ostende etiam tertiam.*

No degree of avarice could lead one to suppose, that a man has three hands. WHAL.

would you make an anatomy of me? think you I am not true orthography?

Jaq. Orthography! anatomy!

Jun. For God's sake be not so inviolable, I am no ambuscado. What predicament call you this? why do you intimate so much?

Jaq. I can feel nothing.

Oni. [*above.*] By'r lady, but Onion feels something.

Jaq Soft, sir, you are not yet gone; shake your legs, come; and your arms, be brief:—stay, let me see these drums, these kilderkins, these bombard slops, what is it crams them so?

Jun. Nothing but hair.

Jaq. That's true, I had almost forgot this rug, this hedgehog's nest, this hay-mow, this bear's skin, this heath, this furze-bush.

[*Pulls him by the hair.*

Jun. O, let me go! you tear my hair, you revolve my brains and understanding.

Jaq. Heart, thou art somewhat eased; half of my fear
Hath ta'en his leave of me, the other half
Still keeps possession in despight of hope,
Until these amorous eyes court my fair gold.
Dear, I come to thee. [*Aside.*]—Fiend, why art not gone?
Avoid, my soul's vexation! Satan, hence!
Why dost thou stare on me? why dost thou stay,
Why por'st thou on the ground with thievish eyes?
What seest thou there, thou cur, what gap'st thou at?
Hence from my house.—Rachel, send Garlick forth.

Jun. I am gone, sir, I am gone; for God's sake, stay. [*Exit.*

Jaq. Pack; and thank God thou scap'st so well away.

Oni. [*above.*] If I scape this tree, destinies I defy you.

Jaq. I cannot see, by any characters
Writ on this earth, that any felon foot
Hath ta'en acquaintance of this hallow'd ground.
None sees me: knees, do homage to your lord.
[*Kneels down and removes the dung from his treasure.*
'Tis safe! 'tis safe! it lies and sleeps so soundly,
'Twould do one good to look on't. If this bliss
Be given to any man that hath much gold,
Justly to say *'tis safe*, I say 'tis safe.
O! what a heavenly round these two words dance
Within me and without me! first I think them;
And then I speak them; then I watch their sound,
And drink it greedily with both mine ears:
Then think, then speak, then drink their sound again,
And racket round about this body's court,
These two sweet words, *'tis safe*. Stay, I will feed
My other senses. [*Takes up some of the gold and smells to it.*] O how sweet it smells!

Oni. [*above.*] I marle he smells not Onion, being so near it.

Jaq. Down to thy grave again, thou beauteous ghost!
Angels, men say, are spirits; spirits be
Invisible, bright angels, are you so?—
Be you invisible to every eye,
Save only these: sleep, I'll not break your rest,
Though you break mine. Dear saints, adieu, adieu!
My feet part from you, but my soul dwells with you. [*Rises and exit.*

Oni. Is he gone? O Fortune my friend, and not *Fortune my foe*,
I come down to embrace thee, and kiss thy great toe. [*Comes down from the tree.*

Re-enter JUNIPER.

Jun. Fellow Onion! Peter!

Oni. Fellow Juniper.

Jun. What's the old Panurgo gone, departed, cosmografied, ha?

Oni. O, ay! and hark, sirrah.—Shall I tell him? no.

Jun. Nay, be brief, and declare; stand not upon conundrums now: thou knowest what contagious speeches I have suffered for thy sake: an he should come again and invent me here—

Oni. He says true, it was for my sake: I will tell him.—Sirrah, Juniper!—and yet I will not.

Jun. What sayst thou, sweet Onion?

Oni. An thou hadst smelt the scent of me when I was in the tree, thou wouldst not have said so; but, sirrah, *the case is altered* with me, my heart has given love a box of the ear, made him kick up the heels, i'faith.

Jun. Sayst thou me so, mad Greek! how haps it, how chances it?

Oni. I cannot hold it.—Juniper, have an eye, look; have an eye to the door; the old proverb's true, I see, Gold is but muck. Nay, god's so, Juniper, to the door; an eye to the main chance. [*Removes the dung, and shews him the gold.*] Here, you slave, have an eye!

Jun. O inexorable! O infallible; O intricate, divine, and superficial fortune!

Oni. Nay, it will be sufficient anon; here, look here!

Jun. O insolent good luck! how didst thou produce the intelligence of the gold minerals?

Oni. I'll tell you that anon; here, make shift, convey, cram. I'll teach you how you shall call for Garlick again, i'faith.

Jun. 'Sblood, what shall we do with all this? we shall never bring it to a consumption.

Oni. Consumption! why we'll be most sumptuously attired, man.

Jun. By this gold, I will have three or four most stigmatical suits presently.

Oni. I'll go in my foot-cloth, I'll turn gentleman.[8]

Jun. So will I.

Oni. But what badge shall we give, what cullison?

[8] Oni. *I'll go in my foot-cloth; I'll turn gentleman.*] i. e. I'll have my horse dress'd in his caparisons and housings, as gentlemen use to ride; and hence they (the horses, I presume,) were called *foot-cloth nags.*—*What badge shall we give, what* cullison? So in *Every Man out of his Humour*, "I'll give coats, that's my humour: but I lack a cullisen." It seems to be something relative to a coat of arms, or a crest to point out whose livery the servants wore; but if it ever was a term in heraldry, it is no longer in use, and now unknown to the heralds themselves. WHAL.

This is the second time that Whalley has stumbled at this trite word. See vol. ii. p. 36. Surely it was as easy to discover cognizance under *cullison*, as scutcheon under gudgeon: but he wanted an Onion to interpret for him.

In a humorous production called the *Owles Almanack* for 1617, cullison is repeatedly used for badge or cognizance. "A blew coat," (a servant's) "without a *cullizon* will be like halberdine without mustard." p. 39.

Again: "All the cullizons (crests or badges) in the zodiac, drew their pedigree from some animal, &c. p. 12.

Thus too the pedlar, in the *Love-sick King*, by Antony Brewer: "Then will I have fifty beadsmen, and on their gowns their *cullisance* shall be six Millan needles." It may now be hoped that the meaning of the term is finally settled.

Jun. As for that, let's use the infidelity and commiseration of some harrot of arms, he shall give us a gudgeon.

Oni. A gudgeon! a scutcheon thou wouldst say, man.

Jun. A scutcheon, or a gudgeon, all is one.

Oni. Well, our arms be good enough, let's look to our legs.

Jun. Content; we'll be jogging.

Oni. Rachel, we retire; Garlick, god b'ye.

Jun. Farewell, sweet Jaques!

Oni. Farewell, sweet Rachel! sweet dog, adieu! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter Maximilian, *count* Ferneze, Aurelia, Phœnixella, *and* Pacue.

Max. Nay, but sweet count.

Count F. Away! I'll hear no more;
Never was man so palpably abused:—
My son so basely marted, and myself
Am made the subject of your mirth and scorn.

Max. Count Ferneze, you tread too hard upon my patience; do not persist, I advise your lordship.

Count F. I will persist, and unto thee I speak;
Thou, *Maximilian*, thou hast injured me.

Max. Before the Lord—

Aur. Sweet signior.

Phœn. O my father.

Max. Lady, let your father thank your beauty.

Pac. By gar, me shall be hang for tella dis same; me tella mademoiselle, she tell her fadera.

Count F. The true Chamont set free, and one left here
Of no descent, clad barely in his name!
Sirrah, boy, come hither, and be sure you speak the simple truth.

Pac. O pardonnez moy, monsieur.

Count F. Come, leave your pardons, and directly say,
What villain is the same that hath usurp'd
The honour'd name and person of Chamont.

Pac. O, monsieur, no point villain, brave chevalier, monsieur Gasper.

Count F. Monsieur Gasper!
On what occasion did they change their names,
What was their policy, or their pretext?

Pac. Me canno tell, par ma foy, monsieur.

Max. My honourable lord!

Count F. Tut, tut, be silent.

Max. Silent, count Ferneze! I tell thee, if Amurath, the great Turk, were here, I would speak, and he should hear me.

Count F. So will not I.

Max. By my father's hand, but thou shalt, count. I say, till this instant I was never touch'd in my reputation. Hear me, you shall know that you have wrong'd me, and I will make you acknowledge it; if I cannot, my sword shall.

Count F. By heaven I will not, I will stop mine ears,
My senses loath the savour of thy breath;
'Tis poison to me; I say, I will not hear.
What shall I know? 'tis you have injured me.
What will you make? make me acknowledge it!

Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit.
I'll make him to your face approve your wrongs.

Enter Servants with CAMILLO.

Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont,[9]
Had you none else to work upon but me?
Was I your fittest project? well, confess
What you intended by this secret plot,
And by whose policy it was contrived.
Speak truth, and be intreated courteously;
But double with me, and resolve to prove
The extremest rigour that I can inflict.

Cam. My honour'd lord, hear me with patience;
Nor hope of favour, nor the fear of torment,
Shall sway my tongue from uttering of truth.

Count F. 'Tis well, proceed then.

[9] *Fetch forth that Gasper, that lewd counterfeit.*
Enter Servants with Camillo.
Come on, false substance, shadow to Chamont.] The whole incident of Paulo Ferneze's being taken prisoner on the one side, and Chamont and Camillo on the other, with the exchanging their names, and Camillo's being left for Chamont, is taken from the *Captivi* of Plautus. The son of Hegio is taken prisoner; and with a view to ransom his son by the exchange, Hegio buys Philocrates and Tyndarus, two Elian captives. Tyndarus is slave to Philocrates, and is left under his master's name, while the true Philocrates is sent to Elis, under the name of Tyndarus, to effect the liberty of Philoptolemus the son of Hegio. The fraud however is discovered to Hegio, before the return of Philocrates; and Tyndarus is put to the torture, and sent to the mines. At the return of Philoptolemus and Philocrates, with whom also there comes Stalagmus, a fugitive slave of Hegio, it is discovered that Tyndarus is the son of Hegio, who was carried away by Stalagmus at the age of four years, and sold by him to the father of Philocrates. The reader will perceive from this account, the exact similitude between the copy and the original; and I have been thus particular in pointing out the resemblance, for the assistance of those who may want the ability of comparing them together. WHAL.

Cam. The morn before this battle did begin,
Wherein my lord Chamont and I were ta'en,
We vow'd one mutual fortune, good or bad,
That day should be embraced of us both;
And urging that might worse succeed our vow,
We there concluded to exchange our names.
Count F. Then Maximilian took you for Chamont?
Cam. True, noble lord.
Count F. 'Tis false, ignoble wretch;
'Twas but a complot to betray my son.
Max. Count, thou liest in thy bosom, count.
Count F. Lie!
Cam. Nay, I beseech you, honour'd gentlemen,
Let not the untimely ruin of your love
Follow these slight occurrents; be assured
Chamont's return will heal these wounds again,
And break the points of your too piercing thoughts.
Count F. Return! ay, when? when will Chamont return?
He'll come to fetch you, will he? ay, 'tis like!
You'd have me think so, that's your policy.
No, no, young gallant, your device is stale;
You cannot feed me with so vain a hope.
Cam. My lord, I feed you not with a vain hope;
I know assuredly he will return,
And bring your noble son along with him.
Max. Ay, I dare pawn my soul he will return.
Count F. O impudent derision! open scorn!
Intolerable wrong! is't not enough
That you have play'd upon me all this while,
But still to mock me, still to jest at me?
Fellows, away with him: thou ill-bred slave,
That sett'st no difference 'twixt a noble spirit
And thy own slavish humour, do not think
But I'll take worthy vengeance on thee, wretch.

Cam. Alas, these threats are idle, like the wind,
And breed no terror in a guiltless mind.

Count F. Nay thou shalt want no torture, so resolve;[1]
Bring him away. [*Exit.*

Cam. Welcome the worst, I suffer for a friend,
Your tortures will, my love shall never, end.
[*Exeunt Servants with Camillo and Pacue.*

Phœn. Alas, poor gentleman! my father's rage
Is too extreme, too stern and violent.
O that I knew with all my strongest powers
How to remove it from thy patient breast!
But that I cannot, yet my willing heart
Shall minister, in spite of tyranny,
To thy misfortune; something there is in him
That doth enforce this strange affection
With more than common rapture in my breast:
For being but Gasper, he is still as dear
To me, as when he did Chamont appear.
[*Aside and exit.*

Aur. But in good sadness, signior, do you think Chamont will return?

Max. Do I see your face, lady?

Aur. Ay, sure, if love have not blinded you.

Max. That is a question; but I will assure you no: I can see, and yet love is in mine eye. Well, the count your father simply hath dishonour'd me, and this steel shall engrave it on his burgonet.

Aur. Nay, sweet signior!

Max. Lady, I do prefer my reputation to my life;—but you shall rule me. Come, let's march.
[*Exit.*

Aur. I'll follow, signior. O sweet queen of love!

[1] *So* resolve.] i. e. so assure yourself: the word occurs just above in the same sense, which was familiar to all our old writers.

Sovereign of all my thoughts, and thou, fair
Fortune,
Who, more to honour my affections,
Hast thus translated Gasper to Chamont!
Let both your flames now burn in one bright
sphere,
And give true light to my aspiring hopes:
Hasten Chamont's return, let him affect me,
Though father, friends, and all the world reject
me. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court at the back of Jaques' *House.*

Enter ANGELO *and* CHRISTOPHERO.

Ang. Sigh for a woman! Would I fold mine
arms,
Rave in my sleep, talk idly being awake,
Pine and look pale, make love-walks in the night,
To steal cold comfort from a day-star's eyes!
Kit, thou'rt a fool; wilt thou be wise? then, lad,
Renounce this boy-god's nice idolatry,
Stand not on compliment, and coying tricks;
Thou lov'st old Jaques' daughter, dost thou?
Chris. Love her!
Ang. Come, come, I know't; be ruled, and
she's thine own.
Thou'lt say, her father Jaques, the old beggar,
Hath pawn'd his word to thee, that none but thou
Shalt be his son-in-law.
Chris. He has.

Ang. He has!
Wilt thou believe him, and be made a cokes,[1]
To wait on such an antique weathercock?
Why, he is more inconstant than the sea,
His thoughts, camelion-like, change every minute:
No, Kit, work soundly, steal the wench away,
Wed her, and bed her; and when that is done,
Then say to Jaques, Shall I be your son?
But come, to our device; where is this gold?
Chris. Here, signior Angelo.
Ang. Bestow it, bid thy hands shed golden drops;
Let these bald French crowns be uncovered,
In open sight to do obeïsance
To Jaques' staring eyes when he steps forth;
The needy beggar will be glad of gold.—
So! now keep thou aloof, and as he treads
This gilded path, stretch out his ambling hopes
With scattering more and more, and as thou goest,
Cry Jaques! Jaques!
Chris. Tush, let me alone.
Ang. But first I'll play the ghost, I'll call him out;[2]
Kit, keep aloof.
Chris. But, signior Angelo,
Where will yourself and Rachel stay for me,
After the jest is ended?

[1] *And be made a* cokes.] i. e. a fool, a gull. This is the best sense which I can make out of the old reading, *kooke.*

[2] *But first I'll play the ghost, I'll call him out;*] This grave passage Mr. Malone verily believes to be a reflection on Shakspeare! So undoubtedly is the "ghost of that great satrapas in an unsavoury sheet," p. 346; the ghost of Andrea, in the old play of *Jeronymo;* and, in short, the ghost of every play that has appeared since the days of Thespis.

Ang. Mass, that's true:
At the old priory behind St. Foy's.
Chris. Agreed, no better place; I'll meet you there. [*Retires, dropping the gold.*
Ang. Do, good fool, do; but I'll not meet you there.
Now to this gear.—Jaques! Jaques! what, Jaques!
Jaq. [*within.*] Who calls? who's there?
Ang. Jaques!
Jaq. [*within.*] Who calls?
Ang. Steward, he comes, he comes.—Jaques! [*Retires.*

Enter JAQUES.

Jaq. What voice is this?
No body here! was I not call'd? I was;
And one cried Jaques with a hollow voice.
I was deceived; no, I was not deceived.
[*Sees the gold.*
See, see, it was an angel call'd me forth.
Gold, gold, man-making gold! another star!
Drop they from heav'n? no, no, my house, I hope,
Is haunted with a fairy. My dear Lar,
My household god, my fairy, on my knees—
Chris. [*within*] Jaques!
Jaq. My Lar doth call me; O sweet voice,
Musical as the spheres! see, see, more gold!
Chris. [*within.*] Jaques!
Jaq. What Rachel, Rachel!

Enter RACHEL.

Lock my door,
Look to my house.
Chris. [*within.*] Jaques!
Jaq. Shut fast my door.
A golden crown! Jaques shall be a king.
[*Exit, following the sound, and picking up the gold.*

Ang. [*comes forward.*] To a fool's paradise that path will bring
Thee and thy household Lar.
Rach. What means my father?
I wonder what strange humour——
Ang. Come, sweet soul,
Leave wondering, start not, 'twas I laid this plot,
To get thy father forth.
Rach. O, Angelo!
Ang. O me no O's, but hear; my lord, your love,
Paulo Ferneze, is return'd from war,
Lingers at Pont Valerio, and from thence,
By post, at midnight last, I was conjured
To man you thither. Stand not on replies,
A horse is saddled for you, will you go?
And I am for you; if you will stay, why so.
Rach. O Angelo, each minute is a day
Till my Ferneze come; come, we'll away. [*Exit.*
Ang. Sweet soul, I guess thy meaning by thy looks;
At Pont Valerio thou thy love shalt see,
But not Ferneze.—Steward, fare you well;
You wait for Rachel too: when! can you tell?
[*Exit hastily.*

Re-enter JAQUES *with his hands full of money.*

Jaq. O in what golden circle have I danced!
Milan, these odorous and enflower'd fields
Are none of thine; no, here's Elysium;
Here blessed ghosts do walk; this is the court
And glorious palace, where the god of gold
Shines like the sun, of sparkling majesty.
O [my] fair-feather'd, my red-breasted birds,
Come fly with me, I'll bring you to a choir,
Whose consort being sweeten'd with your sound,

The music will be fuller, and each hour
The ears shall banquet with your harmony.
O! O! O! [*Exit.*

Re-enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. At the old priory behind St. Foy's,
That was the place of our appointment sure;
I hope he will not make me lose my gold,
And mock me too; perhaps they are within;
I'll knock.

Jaq. [*within.*] O lord! THE CASE IS ALTERED

Chris. Rachel! Angelo! signior Angelo!

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. Angels! ay, where? mine angels! where's my gold?
Why, Rachel! O thou thievish cannibal!
Thou eat'st my flesh in stealing of my gold.

Chris. What gold?

Jaq. What gold? Rachel! call help, come forth!
I'll rip thine entrails, but I'll have my gold.
Rachel! why com'st thou not? I am undone.
Ah me, she speaks not! thou hast slain my child.
[*Exit.*

Chris. What is the man possest, trow! this is strange!
Rachel, I see, is gone with Angelo.
Well, I will once again unto the priory,
And see if I can meet them. [*Exit.*

Re-enter JAQUES.

Jaq. 'Tis too true,
Thou hast made away my child, thou hast my gold:

O what hyena call'd me out of doors?
The thief is gone, my gold's gone, Rachel's gone,
All's gone! save I that spend my cries in vain;
But I'll hence too, and die, or end this pain.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Street before count Ferneze's *House.*

Enter JUNIPER *and* ONION *richly dressed, and drunk, followed by* FINIO *and* VALENTINE.

Jun. 'Swounds, let me go; hey, catso! catch him alive; I call, I call, boy; I come, I come, sweetheart.

Oni. Page, hold my rapier, while I hold my friend here.

Val. O here's a sweet metamorphosis, a couple of buzzards turn'd to a pair of peacocks.

Jun. Signior Onion, lend me thy boy to unhang my rapier.

Oni. Signior Juniper, for once or so; but troth is, you must inveigle, as I have done, my lord's page here, a poor follower of mine.

Jun. Hey ho! your page then shall not be superintendant upon me? he shall not be addicted? he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, he shall not be incident, shall he?
[*He foins with his rapier.*

Fin. O sweet signior Juniper.

Jun. 'Sblood, stand away, princox! do not aggravate my joy.

Val. Nay, good master Onion.

Oni. Nay, an he have the heart to draw my blood, let him come.

Jun. I'll slice you, Onion; I'll slice you.

Oni. I'll cleave you, Juniper.

Val. Why hold, hold, ho! what do you mean?

Jun. Let him come, ingle; stand by, boy, his alabaster blade cannot fear me.

Fin. Why hear you, sweet signior, let not there be any contention between my master and you about me; if you want a page, sir, I can help you to a proper stripling.

Jun. Canst thou! what parentage, what ancestry, what genealogy is he?

Fin. A French boy, sir.

Jun. Has he his French linguist? has he?

Fin. Ay, sir.

Jun. Then transport him; here's a crusado for thee.

Oni. You will not imbezzle my servant with your benevolence, will you? hold, boy, there's a portmanteau for thee.

Fin. Lord, sir!

Oni. Do, take it, boy; it's three pounds ten shillings, a portmanteau.

Fin. I thank your lordship. [*Exit.*

Jun. Sirrah, ningle, thou art a traveller, and I honour thee. I prithee discourse, cherish thy muse, discourse.

Val. Of what, sir?

Jun. Of what thou wilt; 'sblood, hang sorrow.

Oni. Prithee, Valentine, assoil me one thing.

Val. 'Tis pity to soil you, sir, your new apparel—

Oni. Mass thou say'st true, apparel makes a man forget himself.

Jun. Begin, find your tongue, ningle.

Val. Now will I gull these ganders rarely. Gentlemen, having in my peregrination through Mesopotamia———

Jun. Speak legibly, this game's gone without

the great mercy of — Here's a fine tragedy indeed! there's a keisar royal! 'slid, nor king, nor keisar shall—

Re-enter FINIO *with* PACUE, BALTHASAR, *and* MARTINO.

Bal. Where, where, Finio, where be they?

Jun. Go to, I'll be with you anon.

Oni. O here's the page, signior Juniper.

Jun. What says monsieur Onion, boy?

Fin. What say you, sir?

Jun. Tread out, boy.

Fin. Take up, you mean, sir.

Jun. Tread out, I say; so! I thank you,—is this the boy?

Pac. Oui, monsieur.

Jun. Who gave you that name?

Pac. Give me de name, vat name?

Oni. He thought your name had been *We.* Young gentleman, you must do more than his legs can do for him, bear with him, sir.

Jun. Sirrah, give me instance of your carriage; you'll serve my turn, will you?

Pac. Vat turn? upon the toe!

Fin. O signior, no.

Jun. Page, will you follow me? I'll give you good exhibition.

Pac. By gar, shall not alone follow you, but shall lead you too.

Oni. Plaguy boy! he sooths his humour; these French villains have pocky wits.

Jun. Here, disarm me, take my semitary.

Val. O rare! this would be a rare man, an he had a little travel.—Balthasar, Martino, put off your shoes, and bid him cobble them.

Jun. Friends, friends, but pardon me for fel-

lows, no more in occupation, no more in corporation; 'tis so, pardon me; the case is alter'd; this is law, but I'll stand to nothing.

Pac. Fait, so me tink.

Jun. Well, then God save the duke's majesty; is this any harm now? speak, is this any harm now?

Oni. No, nor good neither, 'sblood!—

Jun. Do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me, do you laugh at me?

Val. Ay, sir, we do.

Jun. You do indeed?

Val. Ay, indeed, sir.

Jun. 'Tis sufficient; page carry my purse; dog me. [*Exit.*

Oni. Gentlemen, leave him not! you see in what case he is; he is not in adversity, his purse is full of money; leave him not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The open Country.

Enter ANGELO *with* RACHEL.

Ang. Nay, gentle Rachel!

Rach. Away! forbear, ungentle Angelo!
Touch not my body with those impious hands,
That, like hot irons, sear my trembling heart,
And make it hiss at your disloyalty.

Enter PAULO FERNEZE *and* CHAMONT *at a distance.*

Was this your drift, to use Ferneze's name?
Was he your fittest stale?[3] O vile dishonour!

[3] *Was he your fittest stale?*] i. e. decoy or cover: alluding to the stalking-horse, behind which sportsmen approach their game, unperceived.

Paul. Stay, noble sir. [*Holding back Chamont.*
Ang. 'Sblood, how like a puppet do you talk now!
Dishonour! what dishonour? come, come, fool;
Nay, then I see you are peevish. S'heart, dishonour!
To have you to a priest, and marry you,
And put you in an honourable state.
Rach. To marry me! O heaven! can it be,
That men should live with such unfeeling souls,
Without or touch or conscience of religion?
Or that their warping appetites should spoil
Those honoured forms, that the true seal of friendship
Had set upon their faces?
Ang. Do you hear?
What needs all this? say, will you have me, or no?
Rach. I'll have you gone, and leave me, if you would.
Ang. Leave you! I was accurst to bring you hither,
And make so fair an offer to a fool.
A pox upon you, why should you be coy,
What good thing have you in you to be proud of?
Are you any other than a beggar's daughter?—
Because you have beauty!—O god's light! a blast!
Pau. Ay, Angelo!
Ang. You scornful baggage,
I loved thee not so much, but now I hate thee.
Rach. Upon my knees,[4] you heavenly powers, I thank you,
That thus have tamed his wild affections.

[4] *Upon my knees*, &c.] The character of Rachel is exquisitely drawn: she is gentle and modest, yet steady, faithful and affectionate. Nothing less than this was requisite to justify the number of her admirers, Onion, Christophero, Angelo, Paulo,

Ang. This will not do, I must to her again. [*Aside.*

Rachel!
O that thou saw'st my heart, or didst behold
The place from whence that scalding sigh evented!
Rachel, by Jesu, I love thee as my soul,
Rachel, sweet Rachel!
Rach. What, again return'd
Unto this violent passion!
Ang. Do but hear me;
By heaven I love you, Rachel.
Rach. Pray forbear.
O that my lord Ferneze were but here!
Ang. 'Sblood! an he were, what would he do?
Pau. [*Rushes forward.*] This would he do, base villain. [*Flings him off.*
Rach. My dear lord! [*Runs into his arms.*
Pau. Thou monster, even the soul of treachery!
O what dishonour'd title of reproach
May my tongue spit in thy deserved face!
Methinks my very presence should invert
The steeled organs of those traitorous eyes,
To take into thy heart, and pierce it through.
Turn'st thou them on the ground? wretch, dig a grave

and the count, his father, all, in short, who see her, solicit her love. Jonson derived no assistance from Plautus in this part of his plot; for the young lady, who corresponds to Rachel, is not seen at all, nor, indeed, heard except on one pressing occasion, when she utters a scream behind the scenes. One pretty trait of her is however given by the Lar.———

Ea mihi cotidie
Aut ture aut vino, aut aliquo semper supplicat:
Dat mihi coronas, &c.

With their sharp points, to hide thy abhorred
head.—
Sweet love, thy wrongs have been too violent
Since my departure from thee, I perceive;
But now true comfort shall again appear,
And, like an armed angel, guard thee safe
From all the assaults of cover'd villainy.
Come, monsieur, let us go, and leave this
wretch
To his despair.
Ang. My noble [lord!] Ferneze!
Pau. What, canst thou speak to me, and not
thy tongue
Forced with the torment of thy guilty soul,
Break that infected circle of thy mouth,
Like the rude clapper of a crazed bell!
I, [I] that in thy bosom lodg'd my soul,
With all her train of secrets, thinking them
To be as safe and richly entertain'd
As in a prince's court, or tower of strength;
And thou to prove a traitor to my trust,
And basely to expose it! O this world!
Ang. My honourable lord.
Pau. The very owl,
Whom other birds do stare and wonder at,
Shall hoot at thee; and snakes, in every bush,
Shall deaf thine ears with their——
Cha. Nay, good my lord,
Give end unto your passions.
Ang. You shall see
I will redeem your lost opinion.
Rach. My lord, believe him.
Cha. Come, be satisfied:
Sweet lord, you know our haste; let us to horse,
The time for my engaged return is past.
Be friends again, take him along with you.

Pau. Come Angelo, hereafter prove more true.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in count FERNEZE'S *House.*

Enter count FERNEZE, MAXIMILIAN *and* FRANCISCO.

Count F. Tut, Maximilian, for your honour'd self
I am persuaded; but no words shall turn
The edge of purposed vengeance on that wretch.
Come bring him forth to execution.—

Enter Servants with CAMILLO *bound.*

I'll hang him for my son, he shall not 'scape,
Had he a hundred lives.—Tell me, vile slave,
Think'st thou I love my son? is he my flesh?
Is he my blood, my life? and shall all these
Be tortured for thy sake, and not revenged?—
Truss up the villain.

Max. My lord, there is no law to confirm this action: 'tis dishonourable.

Count F. Dishonourable, Maximilian!
It is dishonourable in Chamont:
The day of his prefix'd return is past,
And he shall pay for it.

Cam. My lord, my lord,
Use your extremest vengeance; I'll be glad
To suffer ten times more for such a friend.

Count F. O resolute and peremptory wretch!

Franc. My honour'd lord, let us intreat a word.

Count F. I'll hear no more; I say, he shall not live;
Myself will do it. Stay, what form is this
Stands betwixt him and me, and holds my hand?
What miracle is this? 'tis my own fancy
Carves this impression in me; my soft nature,
That ever hath retain'd such foolish pity
Of the most abject creature's misery,
That it abhors it. What a child am I
To have a child? ah me! my son, my son!
[*Weeps, and walks aside.*

Enter CHRISTOPHERO.

Chris. O my dear love, what is become of thee?
What unjust absence layest thou on my breast,
Like weights of lead, when swords are at my back,
That run me thorough with thy unkind flight!
My gentle disposition waxeth wild;
I shall run frantic: O my love, my love?

Enter JAQUES

Jaq. My gold, my gold, my life, my soul, my heaven!
What is become of thee? see, I'll impart
My miserable loss to my good lord.—
Let me have search, my lord, my gold is gone.
Count F. My son, Christophero, think'st thou it possible
I ever shall behold his face again?
Chris. O father, where's my love? were you so careless
To let an unthrift steal away your child?

Jaq. I know your lordship may find out my gold.
For God's sake pity me; justice, sweet lord!
Count F. Now they have young Chamont, Christophero,
Surely they never will restore my son.
Chris. Who would have thought you could have been so careless.
To lose your only daughter?
Jaq. Who would think
That looking to my gold with such hare's eyes,
That ever open, ay, even when they sleep,
I thus should lose my gold! my noble lord,
What says your lordship?
Count F. O my son, my son!
Chris. My dearest Rachel!
Jaq. My most honey gold!
Count F. Hear me, Christophero.
Chris. Nay, hear me, Jaques.
Jaq. Hear me, most honour'd lord.
Max. What rule is here?
Count F. O God, that we should let Chamont escape!
Chris. Ay, and that Rachel, such a virtuous maid,
Should be thus stolen away!
Jaq. And that my gold,
Being so hid in earth, should be found out!
Max. O confusion of languages, and yet no tower of Babel!

Enter AURELIA, *and* PHŒNIXELLA.

Fran. Ladies, beshrew me, if you come not fit
To make a jangling consort; will you laugh
To see three constant passions?

Max. Stand by, I will urge them.-
Sweet count, will you be comforted?
Count F. It cannot be
But he is handled the most cruelly
That ever any noble prisoner was.
Max. Steward, go cheer my lord.
Chris. Well, if Rachel took her flight willingly—
Max. Sirrah, speak you touching your daughter's flight.
Jaq. O that I could so soon forget to know
The thief again that had my gold, my gold!
Max. Is not this pure?
Count F. O thou base wretch, I'll drag thee through the streets;
And as a monster make thee wonder'd at.—

Enter BALTHASAR.

How now? [*Balthasar whispers with him.*
Phœn. Sweet gentleman, how too unworthily
Art thou thus tortured!—Brave Maximilian,
Pity the poor youth, and appease my father.
Count F. How! my son return'd! O Maximilian,
Francisco, daughters! bid him enter here.
Dost thou not mock me?—

Enter PAULO FERNEZE, RACHEL, CHAMONT, *and* ANGELO.

O, my dear Paulo, welcome.
Max. My lord Chamont!
Cha. My Gasper!
Chris. Rachel!
Jaq. My gold, Rachel, my gold!
Count F. Somebody bid the beggar cease his noise.

Chris. O signior Angelo, would you deceive
Your honest friend, that simply trusted you?—
Well, Rachel, I am glad thou art here again.
Ang. I'faith, she is not for you, steward.
Jaq. I beseech you, madam, urge your father.
Phœn. I will anon; good Jaques be content.
Aur. Now God a mercy Fortune, and sweet Venus.
Let Cupid do his part, and all is well.
Phœn. Methinks my heart's in heaven with this comfort.
Cha. Is this the true Italian courtesy?
Ferneze, were you tortured thus in France?
By my soul's safety——
Count F. My most noble lord, [*Kneels.*
I do beseech your lordship.
Cha. Honour'd count, [*Raises him.*
Wrong not your age with flexure of a knee,
I do impute it to those cares and griefs
That did torment you in your absent son.
Count F. O worthy gentlemen, I am ashamed
That my extreme affection to my son
Should give my honour so uncured a maim;
But my first son being in Vicenza lost—
Cha. How! in Vicenza! lost you a son there?
About what time, my lord?
Count F. O, the same night
Wherein your noble father took the town.
Cha. How long's that since, my lord, can you remember?
Count F. 'Tis now well nigh upon the twentieth year.
Cha. And how old was he then?
Count F. I cannot tell;
Between the years of three and four, I take it.
Cha. Had he no special note in his attire,
Or otherwise, that you can call to mind?

Count F. I cannot well remember his attire;
But I have often heard his mother say,
He had about his neck a tablet,
Given to him by the emperor Sigismund,
His godfather, with this inscription,
Under the figure of a silver globe,
In minimo mundus.

Cha. How did you call
Your son, my lord?

Count F. Camillo, lord Chamont.

Cha. Then, no more my Gasper, but Camillo,
Take notice of your father.—Gentlemen,
Stand not amazed; here is a tablet,
With that inscription, found about his neck,
That night and in Vicenza, by my father,
Who, being ignorant what name he had,
Christen'd him Gasper; nor did I reveal
This secret, till this hour, to any man.

Count F. O happy revelation! O blest hour!
O my Camillo!

Phœn. O strange! my brother!

Fran. Maximilian,
Behold how the abundance of his joy
Drowns him in tears of gladness.

Count F. O, my boy,
Forgive thy father's late austerity.

Max. My lord, I delivered as much before, but your honour would not be persuaded; I will hereafter give more observance to my visions; I dreamt of this.

Jaq. I can be still no longer; my good lord,
Do a poor man some grace 'mongst all your joys.

Count F. Why, what's the matter, Jaques?

Jaq. I am robb'd;
I am undone, my lord; robb'd and undone.
A heap of thirty thousand golden crowns
Stolen from me in one minute, and I fear

By her confederacy that calls me father;
But she is none of mine, therefore, sweet lord,
Let her be tortured to confess the truth.

Max. More wonders yet.

Count F. How, Jaques! is not Rachel then thy daughter?

Jaq. No, I disclaim in her; I spit at her:
She is a harlot, and her customers,
Your son, this gallant, and your steward here,
Have all been partners with her in my spoil;
No less than thirty thousand.

Count F. Jaques, Jaques,
This is impossible; how shouldst thou come
To the possession of so huge a heap,
Being always a known beggar?

Jaq. Out, alas!
I have betray'd myself with my own tongue;
The case is alter'd. [*Going.*

Count F. Some one stay him here.

Max. What, means he to depart?—Count Ferneze, upon my soul, this beggar is a counterfeit. Urge him.—Didst thou lose gold?

Jaq. O no, I lost no gold.

Max. Said I not true?

Count F. How! didst thou first lose thirty thousand crowns,
And now no gold? was Rachel first thy child,
And is she now no daughter? sirrah, Jaques,
You know how far our Milan laws extend
For punishment of liars.

Jaq. Ay, my lord.—
What shall I do? I have no starting-holes. [*Aside.*
Monsieur Chamont, stand you my honour'd lord.

Cha. For what, old man?

Jaq. Ill-gotten goods ne'er thrive;
I play'd the thief, and now am robb'd myself.
I am not what I seem, Jaques de Prie,

Nor was I born a beggar as I am;
But some time steward to your noble father.
Cha. What, Melun!
That robb'd my father's treasure, stole my sister?
Jaq. Ay, ay; that treasure's lost, but Isabel,
Your beauteous sister, here survives in Rachel;
And therefore on my knees———
Max. Stay, Jaques, stay;
The case still alters.
Count F. Fair Rachel, sister to the lord Chamont!
Ang. Steward, your cake is dough, as well as mine.
Pau. I see that honour's flames cannot be hid,
No more than lightning in the blackest cloud.
Max. Then, sirrah, it is true, you have lost this gold?
Jaq. Ay, worthy signior, thirty thousand crowns.
Count F. Mass, who was it told me, that a couple of my men were become gallants of late?
Fran. Marry 'twas I, my lord; my man told me.

Enter ONION *and* JUNIPER *dressed as before.*

Max. How now! what pageant is this?
Jun. Come, signior Onion, let's not be ashamed to appear; keep state, look not ambiguous now.
Oni. Not I, while I am in this suit.
Jun. Lordlings, equivalence to you all.
Oni. We thought good to be so good as see you, gentlemen.
Max. What, monsieur Onion!
Oni. How dost thou, good captain?
Count F. What, are my hinds turn'd gentlemen?
Oni. Hinds, sir! 'sblood, an that word will

bear an action, it shall cost us a thousand pound a piece, but we'll be revenged.

Jun. Wilt thou sell thy lordship, count?

Count F. What! peasants purchase lordships?

Jun. Is that any novels, sir?

Max. O transmutation of elements! it is certified you had pages.

Jun. Ay, sir; but it is known they proved ridiculous, they did pilfer, they did purloin, they did procrastinate our purses; for the which wasting of our stock, we have put them to the stocks.

Count F. And thither shall you two presently. These be the villains that stole Jaques' gold; Away with them, and set them with their men.

Max. Onion, you will now be peel'd.

Fran. The case is alter'd now.

Oni. Good my lord, good my lord!—

Jun. Away, scoundrel! dost thou fear a little elocution? shall we be confiscate now? shall we droop now? shall we be now in helogabolus?

Oni. Peace, peace, leave thy gabling.

Count F. Away, away with them; what's this they prate?

[*Exeunt Servants with Jun. and Onion.*

Keep the knaves sure, strict inquisition
Shall presently be made for Jaques' gold,
To be disposed at pleasure of Chamont.

Cha. She is your own, lord Paulo, if your father Give his consent.

Ang. How now, Christophero! The case is alter'd.

Chris. With you as well as me; I am content, sir.

Count F. With all my heart; and in exchange of her,

If with your fair acceptance it may stand,
I tender my Aurelia to your love.

Cha. I take her from your lordship with all thanks,
And bless the hour wherein I was made prisoner,
For the fruition of this present fortune,
So full of happy and unlook'd-for joys.—
Melun, I pardon thee; and for the treasure,
Recover it, and hold it as thine own:
It is enough for me to see my sister
Live in the circle of Ferneze's arms,
My friend, the son of such a noble father;
And my unworthy self rapt above all,
By being the lord to so divine a dame.

Max. Well, I will now swear the CASE IS ALTERED.—Lady, fare you well; I will subdue my affections.—Madam, as for you, you are a profest virgin, and I will be silent.—My honourable lord Ferneze, it shall become you at this time not be frugal, but bounteous, and open handed; your fortune hath been so to you.—Lord Chamont, you are now no stranger; you must be welcome; you have a fair, amiable, and splendid lady:—but, signor Paulo, signior Camillo, I know you valiant, be loving.—Lady, I must be better known to you.—Signiors, for you, I pass you not, though I let you pass; for in truth I pass not of you.—Lovers to your nuptials, lordings to your dances. March fair all, for a *fair March is worth a king's ransom!*[1] [*Exeunt.*

[1] There is a considerable degree of ingenuity in the construction of this lively comedy. The author probably found the plot of the *Aulularia* too simple for his purpose, and the dexterity with which he contrived to interweave that of the *Captivi* with it, so as to form a consistent whole, is very worthy of praise. To say that the characters are strongly conceived, and correctly sustained, is to say little more than that they came

from Jonson. Juniper perhaps was new to the stage, and we know him to have been exceedingly popular, as was probably Pacue, whose ludicrous attempts upon the English language, have been adopted by Mr. Pinkerton, as material improvements of its sense and sound.* The poetical part of this drama has an air of lightness and elegance which is not always discernible in Jonson's more celebrated works. It is true, that he here "dallies" with his subject, which partakes of the nature of farce; but it is to be regretted that he did not rather labour to perfect his early style, than to exchange it altogether for that more severe and masculine mode of composition which he subsequently adopted.

* Thus Pacue: "Uttera vata," &c. and thus his ingenious follower, "In mya morninga devotiona, I ascended thea hin hilla of Bagdat," &c. *Letters of Literature*, p. 255. Mr. Pinkerton has concealed his obligations to the *Case is Altered:* this, however, is so common a circumstance, that I should have passed it over, had he not ungratefully sought to take away the very possibility of detection, by hinting to his friends, that it would be expedient "to dedicate, not only the present comedy, but all the works of Ben Jonson to Cloaca!" *Ibid.* p. 302.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

PART OF

KING JAMES'S ENTERTAINMENT,

IN PASSING TO HIS

CORONATION.

PART OF KING JAMES'S ENTERTAINMENT, IN PASSING TO HIS CORONATION.] So runs the title of the folio, 1616, that of the 4to. 1604, had this additional matter—"Through the City of London, on Thursday the 15th of March, 1603. So much as was presented in the first and last of their triumphal arches.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos? Mart."

James had lingered on his journey, "banqueting and feasting by the way," as Wilson says, but chiefly hunting, in which he took great delight; the plague too intervened, and a journey to the north, which he made to receive his queen and son, so that nearly twelve months elapsed from the period of Elizabeth's death to his public entry from the Tower. Happily James was patient of these pageants, which were somewhat new to him, and had besides sufficient literature in them to interest his scholarship: yet it may be wondered how he held out to Whitehall.

Wilson accounts for it somewhat uncharitably, according to his custom; "The city and suburbs," he says, "were one great pageant; yet the king endured this day's brunt with patience, being assured, he should never have such another." *Life of King James*, p. 12.

PART OF

KING JAMES'S ENTERTAINMENT,[1] &c.

At Fen-Church.

The scene presented itself in a square and flat upright,[2] like to the side of a city: the top thereof, above the vent and crest, adorn'd with houses, towers, and steeples, set off in prospective. Upon the battlements in a great capital letter was inscribed,

LONDINIUM:

[1] *Part of King James's Entertainment*, &c.] This Entertainment was exhibited at the expense of the city of London; our poet was the inventor of the first and last pageants only; the intermediate ones, which were three in number, were devised by Decker, who was an associate with Jonson upon this occasion. He published his own work, in a book called, *The magnificent Entertainment given to king James, queen Anne his wife, and Henry Frederick the prince, upon the day of his majesty's triumphant passage from the Tower through his honourable city and chamber of London, being the 15th of March*, 1603. *Lond.* 4*to.* 1604. Whal.

[2] *The scene presented itself in a* square *and* flat upright.] Decker gives a more particular description of this: "It was an *upright flat square*, for it contained fifty foot in the perpendicular, and fifty foot in the ground line; the upper roof thereof, one (perhaps *on*) distinct grices, bore up the true models of all the notable houses, turrets, and steeples within the city. The gate under which his majesty did pass was 12 foot wide, and 18 foot high, a postern likewise, at one side of it, being 4 foot wide, and 8 foot in heighth: on either side of the gate stood a great French term of stone, advanced upon wooden pedestals; two half pilasters of rustic standing over their heads." Whal.

according to Tacitus, *Annal.* lib. 14. *At Suetonius mirâ constantiâ medios inter hosteis Londinium perrexit, cognomento quidem Coloniæ non insigne, sed copiâ negotiatorum, et commeatu maximè celebre.* Beneath that, in a less and different character, was written

CAMERA REGIA,

which title immediately after the Norman conquest it began to have; (*Cam. Brit.* 374.) and by the indulgence of succeeding princes, hath been hitherto continued. In the frieze over the gate it seemeth to speak this verse:

PAR DOMUS HÆC CŒLO,
SED MINOR EST DOMINO,

taken out of Martial (*lib.* 8. *epig.* 36.) and implying, that though this city (for the state and magnificence) might by hyperbole be said to touch the stars, and reach up to heaven, yet was it far inferior to the master thereof, who was his majesty; and in that respect unworthy to receive him. The highest person advanced therein, was

MONARCHIA BRITANNICA;

and fitly; applying to the abovementioned title of the city, THE KING'S CHAMBER, and therefore here placed as in the proper seat of the empire: for so the glory and light of our kingdom, M. Camden, (*Brit.* 3, 7.) speaking of London, saith, she is *totius Britanniæ cpitome, Britannicique imperii sedes, regumque Angliæ camera, tantum inter omneis eminet, quantum (ut ait ille) inter viburna cupressus.* She was a woman, richly attired in cloth of gold and tissue; a rich mantle; over her state two crowns hanging, with pensile

shields thorough them; the one limned with the particular coat of England, the other of Scotland: On either side also a crown, with the like scutcheons, and peculiar coats of France and Ireland. In her hand she holds a sceptre; on her head a fillet of gold, interwoven with palm and laurel; her hair bound into four several points, descending from her crowns; and in her lap a little globe, inscribed upon

ORBIS BRITANNICUS,

and, beneath, the word

DIVISUS AB ORBE;

to shew that this empire is a world divided from the world; and alluding to that of Claudian, *De Mallii Theodor. cons. panegyr.*

—— *Et nostro diducta Britannia mundo;*

and Virgil,

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.[a]

The wreath denotes victory and happiness; the sceptre and crowns sovereignty; the shields the precedency of the countries, and their distinctions. At her feet was set

THEOSOPHIA,

or Divine Wisdom, all in white, a blue mantle seeded with stars, a crown of stars on her head. Her garments figured truth, innocence, and clearness. She was always looking up; in her one hand she sustained a dove, in the other a serpent: the last to shew her subtilty, the first her simplicity: alluding to that text of Scripture,[b] *Estote ergo prudentes sicut serpentes, et simplices sicut columbæ.* Her word,

[a] Eclog. 1. [b] Matt. x. 16.

PER ME REGES REGNANT,[c]

intimating, how by her all kings do govern, and that she is the foundation and strength of kingdoms: to which end, she was here placed upon a cube, at the foot of the monarchy, as her base and stay. Directly beneath her stood

GENIUS URBIS,[d]

a person attired rich, reverend, and antique: his hair long and white, crowned with a wreath of plane-tree, which is said to be *arbor genialis;* his mantle of purple, and buskins of that colour: he held in one hand a goblet, in the other a branch full of little twigs, to signify increase and indulgence. His word,

HIS ARMIS;

pointing to the two that supported him, whereof the one on the right hand was

BOULEUTES,

figuring the council of the city, and was suited in black and purple; a wreath of oak[e] upon his head; sustaining, for his ensigns, on his left arm a scarlet robe, and in his right hand the fasces,[f] as tokens of magistracy, with this inscription;

SERVARE CIVES.

[c] Prov. viii. 15.

[d] *Antiqui genium omnium gignendarum rerum existimarunt deum: et tam urbib. quam hominib. vel cæteris rebus natum.* Lil. Gr. Gyr. in Synt. Deor. 15. and Rosin. Antiq. Ro. l. 2. c. 14.

[e] *Civica corona fit è fronde querna, quoniam cibus victusque antiquissimus querceus capi solitus sit.* Ros. lib. 10. cap. 27.

[f] *Fasciculi virgarum, intra quas obligata securis erat, sic ut ferrum in summo fasce extaret.* Ros. lib. 7. cap. 3. *Ubi notandum est, non debere præcipitem et solutam iram esse magistratus. Mora*

The other on the left hand,

POLEMIUS,

the warlike force of the city, in an antique coat or armour with a target and sword; his helm on, and crowned with laurel, implying strength and conquest: in his hand he bore the standard of the city, with this word,

EXTINGUERE ET HOSTEIS,

expressing by those several mots, connexed, that with those arms of counsel and strength, the Genius was able to extinguish the king's enemies, and preserve his citizens, alluding to these verses in Seneca, Oct. act. 2.

Extinguere hostem maxima est virtus ducis.
Servare cives major est patriæ patri.

Underneath these, in an aback thrust out before the rest, lay

TAMESIS,

the river, as running along the side of the city; in a skin-coat made like flesh, naked and blue. His mantle of sea-green or water-colour, thin, and boln* out like a sail; bracelets about his wrists, of willow and sedge, a crown of sedge and reed upon his head, mixed with water-lilies; alluding to Virgil's description of Tyber;

enim allata, et cunctatio, dum sensim virgæ solvuntur, identidem consilium mutavit de plectendo. Quando autem vitia quædam sunt corrigibilia, deplorata alia; castigant virgæ, quod revocari valet, immedicabile secures præcidunt. Plut. Prob. Rom. 82.

* Boln.] i. e. swelled or puffed out. Mr. Malone, in his Supplement to Shakspeare, v. i. 553, has given us *blown* instead of boln; a mere corruption.

——Deus ipse loci, fluvio Tyberinus amœno,
Populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
Visus, eum tenuis glauco velabat amictu
Carbasus, et crineis umbrosa tegebat arundo.[g]

His beard, and hair long, and overgrown. He leans his arm upon an earthen pot, out of which, water, with live fishes, are seen to run forth, and play about him. His word,

FLUMINA SENSERUNT IPSA,

an hemistich of Ovid's: the rest of the verse being,

—— quid esset amor.[h]

affirming, that rivers themselves, and such inanimate creatures, have heretofore been made sensible of passions and affections; and that he now, no less partook the joy of his majesty's grateful approach to this city, than any of those persons, to whom he pointed, which were the daughters of the Genius, and six in number: who, in a spreading ascent, upon several grices, help to beautify both the sides. The first,

EUPHROSYNE,

or Gladness, was suited in green, a mantle of divers colours, embroidered with all variety of flowers: on her head a garland of myrtle, in her right hand a crystal cruse filled with wine, in the left a cup of gold; at her feet a timbrel, harp, and other instruments, all ensigns of gladness,

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis, &c.[i]

[g] Æn. lib. 8.
[h] Amor. 3. el. 5.
[i] Hor. car. i. ode 27.

And in another place,

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus, &c.[k]

Her word,

HÆC ÆVI MIHI PRIMA DIES.[l]

As if this were the first hour of her life, and the minute wherein she began to be; beholding so long coveted, and looked for a presence. The second,

SEBASIS,

or Veneration, was varied in an ash-coloured suit, and dark mantle, a veil over her head of ash-colour: her hands crossed before her, and her eyes half closed. Her word,

MIHI SEMPER DEUS.

Implying both her office of reverence, and the dignity of her object, who being as god on earth, should never be less in her thought. The third,

PROTHYMIA,

or Promptitude, was attired in a short tucked garment of flame-colour, wings at her back: her hair bright, and bound up with ribands; her breast open, virago-like; her buskins so ribbanded: she was crowned with a chaplet of trifoly, to express readiness and openness every way; in her right hand she held a squirrel, as being the creature most full of life and quickness: in the left a close round censer, with the perfume suddenly to be vented forth at the sides. Her word,

QUA DATA PORTA[m]

[k] Ode 37.
[l] Stat. Syl. 4. Ep. Domit.
[m] Virg. Ecl. 1.
[n] Æn. 1.

taken from another place in Virgil, where Æolus, at the command of Juno, lets forth the wind;

——*Ac venti velut agmine facto*
Quâ data porta ruunt, et terras turbine perflant.[o]

And shewed that she was no less prepared with promptitude and alacrity, than the winds were, upon the least gate that shall be opened to his high command. The fourth,

AGRYPNIA,

or Vigilance, in yellow, a sable mantle, seeded with waking eyes, and silver fringe: her chaplet of Heliotropium, or turnsole: in her one hand a lamp, or cresset; in her other a bell. The lamp signified search and sight, the bell warning; the Heliotropium care, and respecting her object. Her word,

SPECULAMUR IN OMNEIS,

alluding to that of Ovid, where he describes the office of Argus;

——*Ipse procul montis sublime cacumen*
Occupat, unde sedens partes speculatur in omneis.[p]

and implying the like duty of care and vigilance in herself. The fifth,

AGAPE,

or Loving Affection, in crimson fringed with gold, a mantle of flame-colour, her chaplet of red and white roses; in her hand, a flaming heart: the flame expressed zeal; the red and white roses, a mixture of simplicity with love; her robes freshness and fervency. Her word,

NON SIC EXCUBIÆ,

[o] Æn. 1. [p] Met. 1.

out of Claudian, in following

——Nec circumstantia pila
Quàm tutatur amor.[q]

Inferring, that though her sister before had protested watchfulness and circumspection, yet no watch or guard could be so safe to the estate or person of a prince, as the love and natural affections of his subjects: which she in the city's behalf promised. The sixth,

OMOTHYMIA,

or Unanimity, in blue, her robe blue, and buskins. A chaplet of blue lilies, shewing one truth and entireness of mind. In her lap lies a sheaf of arrows bound together, and she herself sits weaving certain small silver twists. Her word,

FIRMA CONCENSUS FACIT.

Auxilia humilia firma, &c.[r]

Intimating, that even the smallest and weakest aids, by consent, are made strong: herself personating the unanimity, or consent of soul, in all inhabitants of the city to his service.

¶ These are all the personages, or live figures, whereof only two were speakers, (Genius and Tamesis,*) the rest were mutes. Other dumb compliments there were, as the arms of the kingdom on the one side, with this inscription,

HIS VIREAS.

With these mayest thou flourish.

[q] De 4. cons. Hon. paneg. [r] Pub. Syr.

* *Tamesis* was represented by one of the children of his Majesty's Revels, and *Genius* by Mr. Allein, servant to prince Henry, who, as Decker says, "delivered his speeches with excellent action, and a well-tuned audible voice."

On the other side, the arms of the city, with,

HIS VINCAS.

With these mayest thou conquer.

In the centre, or midst of the pegme, there was an aback, or square, wherein this elogy was written:

MAXIMUS HIC REX EST ET LUCE SERENIOR IPSA
PRINCIPE QUÆ TALEM CERNIT IN URBE DUCEM;
CUJUS FORTUNAM SUPERAT SIC UNICA VIRTUS,
UNUS UT IS RELIQUOS VINCIT UTRAQUE VIROS.
PRÆCEPTIS ALII POPULOS, MULTAQUE FATIGANT
LEGE; SED EXEMPLO NOS RAPIT ILLE SUO.
CUIQUE FRUI TOTA FAS EST UXORE MARITO,
ET SUA FAS SIMILI PIGNORA NOSSE PATRI.
ECCE UBI PIGNORIBUS CIRCUMSTIPATA CORUSCIS
IT COMES, ET TANTO VIX MINOR *ANNA* VIRO.
HAUD METUS EST, REGEM POSTHAC NE PROXIMUS HÆRES,
NEU SUCCESSOREM NON AMET ILLE SUUM.

This, and the whole frame, was covered with a curtain of silk, painted like a thick cloud, and at the approach of the king was instantly to be drawn. The allegory being, that those clouds were gathered upon the face of the city, through their long want of his most wished sight: but now, as at the rising of the sun, all mists were dispersed and fled. When suddenly, upon silence made to the music, a voice was heard to utter this verse;

Totus adest oculis, aderat qui mentibus olim.[*]

Signifying, that he was now really objected to their eyes, who before had been only, but still, present in their minds.

[*] Claud. de laud. Stil. lib. 3.

Thus far the complimental part of the first; wherein was not only laboured the expression of state and magnificence (as proper to a triumphal arch) but the very site, fabric, strength, policy, dignity, and affections of the city were all laid down to life: the nature and property of these devices being, to present always some one entire body, or figure, consisting of distinct members, and each of those expressing itself in its own active sphere, yet all with that general harmony so connexed, and disposed, as no one little part can be missing to the illustration of the whole: where also is to be noted, that the symbols used are not, neither ought to be, simply hieroglyphics, emblems, or impreses, but a mixed character, partaking somewhat of all, and peculiarly apted to these more magnificent inventions: wherein the garments and ensigns deliver the nature of the person, and the word the present office. Neither was it becoming, nor could it stand with the dignity of these shews, (after the most miserable and desperate shift of the puppets) to require a truchman, or, with the ignorant painter, one to write, This is a dog; *or,* This is a hare: *but so to be presented, as upon the view, they might, without cloud, or obscurity, declare themselves to the sharp and learned: and for the multitude, no doubt but their grounded judgments did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.*

The Speeches of Gratulation.

GENIUS.

Time, Fate, and Fortune have at length conspired,
To give our age the day so much desired.

What all the minutes, hours, weeks, months and
years,
That hang in file upon these silver hairs,
Could not produce, beneath the Britain stroke,[t]
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman yoke,[u]
This point of time hath done. Now, London, rear
Thy forehead high, and on it strive to wear
Thy choicest gems; teach thy steep towers to rise
Higher with people: set with sparkling eyes
Thy spacious windows; and in ev'ry street,
Let thronging joy, love, and amazement meet.
Cleave all the air with shouts, and let the cry
Strike through as long, and universally,
As thunder; for thou now art bless'd to see
That sight, for which thou didst begin to be,
When Brutus'[x] plough first gave thee infant
bounds,
And I, thy Genius, walk'd auspicious rounds

[t] As being the first free and natural government of this island, after it came to civility.

[u] In respect they were all conquests, and the obedience of the subject more enforced.

[x] Rather than the city should want a founder, we chose to follow the received story of Brute, whether fabulous, or true, and not altogether unwarranted in poetry: since it is a favour of antiquity to few cities, to let them know their first authors. Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his, *Con. Tam. et Isis*,* celebrating London, hath this verse of her: *Æmula maternæ tollens sua lumina Trojæ.* Here is also an ancient rite alluded to in the building of cities, which was to give them their bounds with a plough, according to *Virg. Æn. lib.* 10 *Interea Æneas urbem designat aratro.* And *Isidore, lib.* 15. *cap.* 2. *Urbs vocata ab orbe, quod antiquæ civitates in orbem fiebant; vel ab urbo parte aratri, quo muri designabantur, unde est illud, Optavitque locum regno et concludere sulco.*

* *Besides, a learned poet of our time, in a most elegant work of his,* Con. Tam. et Isis.] That is, *Conjugium Tamesis et Isis*, or the wedding of the Thame and Isis: many parts of this poem are quoted in Camden's *Britannia*, and from the manner in which they are usually presented to the reader, the editor suspects that Camden himself was the author of it. WHAL.

In every furrow;[y] then did I forelook,
And saw this day[z] mark'd white in Clotho's[a] book.
The several circles,[b] both of change and sway,
Within this isle, there also figured lay:
Of which the greatest, perfectest, and last
Was this, whose present happiness we taste.—
Why keep you silence, daughters? what dull peace
Is this inhabits you? Shall office cease
Upon the aspect of him, to whom you owe
More than you are, or can be? Shall Time know
That article, wherein your flame stood still,
And not aspired? now heav'n avert an ill
Of that black look! Ere pause possess your breasts,
I wish you more of plagues: * zeal when it rests,

[y] *Primigenius sulcus dicitur, qui in condendâ novâ urbe, tauro et vaccâ designationis causâ imprimitur;* hitherto respects that of *Camd. Brit.* 368, speaking of this city, *Quicunque autem condiderit, vitali genio constructam fuisse ipsius fortuna docuit.*

[z] For so all happy days were, *Plin. cap.* 40. *lib.* 7. *Nat. Hist.* To which Horace alludes, *lib.* 1. *ode* 36. *Cressâ ne careat pulchra dies notâ.* And the other, *Plin. epist.* 11. *lib.* 6. *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo.* With many other in many places. *Mart. lib.* 8. *ep.* 45. *lib.* 9. *ep.* 53. *lib.* 10. *ep.* 38. *lib.* 11. *ep.* 37. *Stat. lib.* 4. *sy.* 6. *Pers. sat.* 2. *Catull epig.* 69, *&c.*

[a] The *Parcæ*, or *Fates*, Martianus calls them *scribas ac librarias superûm;* whereof *Clotho* is said to be the eldest, signifying in Latin *Evocatio.*

[b] Those beforementioned of the Britain, Roman, Saxon, &c. and to this register of the Fates allude those verses of Ovid. *Met.* 15.—

Cernes illic molimine vasto,
Ex ære, et solido rerum tabularia ferro:
Quæ neque concussum cæli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas tuta atque æterna ruinas.
Invenies illis incisa adamante perenni
Fata, &c.

* *I wish you more of plagues:*] There was little occasion for

Leaves to be zeal. Up, thou tame River, wake;
And from thy liquid limbs this slumber shake:
Thou drown'st thyself in inofficious sleep;
And these thy sluggish waters seem to creep,
Rather than flow. Up, rise, and swell with pride
Above thy banks: Now is not every tide.

TAMESIS.

To what vain end should I contend to show
My weaker powers, when seas of pomp o'erflow
The city's face: and cover all the shore
With sands more rich than Tagus' wealthy ore?
When in the flood of joys that comes with him,
He drowns the world; yet makes it live and swim,
And spring with gladness: not my fishes here,
Though they be dumb, but do express the cheer
Of those bright streams: no less may these and I[c]
Boast our delights, albeit we silent lie.

GENIUS.

Indeed true gladness doth not always speak:
Joy bred and born but in the tongue, is weak.
Yet (lest the fervor of so pure a flame
As this my city bears, might lose the name
Without the apt eventing of her heat)
Know, greatest JAMES, and no less good than great,
In the behalf of all my virtuous sons,
Whereof my eldest there thy pomp foreruns,[d]

this. The city was about this time suffering severely from the one they had. More than thirty thousand people, as we learn from Wilson, died of it this year in London only.

[c] Understanding Euphrosyne, Sebasis, Prothymia, &c.

[d] The lord mayor, who for his year hath senior place of the rest, and for this day was chief serjeant to the king.

(A man without my flattering, or his pride,
As worthy, as he's blest[e] to be thy guide)
In his grave name, and all his brethren's right,
Who thirst to drink the nectar of thy sight,
The council, commoners, and multitude;
Glad that this day, so long denied, is view'd,
I tender thee the heartiest welcome, yet,
That ever king had to his empire's seat:[f]
Never came man more long'd for, more desired;
And being come, more reverenced, loved, admired:
Hear and record it: "In a prince it is
"No little virtue, to know who are his."
With like devotions,[g] do I stoop t'embrace
This springing glory of thy godlike race;[h]
His country's wonder, hope, love, joy, and pride:
How well doth he become the royal side
Of this erected and broad-spreading tree,
Under whose shade may Britain ever be!
And from this branch may thousand branches more
Shoot o'er the main, and knit with every shore
In bonds of marriage, kindred and increase;
And style this land the navel of their peace;[i]
This is your servants wish, your cities vow,
Which still shall propagate itself, with you;

[e] Above the blessing of his present office, the word had some particular allusion to his name, which is *Bennet*, and hath (no doubt) in time been the contraction of *Benedict*. [Sir Thomas Bennet was now Lord Mayor.]

[f] The city, which title is touched before.

[g] To the Prince.

[h] An attribute given to great persons, fitly above other humanity, and in frequent use with all the Greek poets, especially Homer, *Iliad* α.—διῖ Ἀχιλλευς. And in the same book—*και αντιθεον Πολυφημον.*

[i] As Luctatius calls Parnassus, *umbilicum terræ.*

And free from spurs of hope, that slow minds move:
"He seeks no hire, that owes his life to love."
And here she comes that is no less a part[k]
In this day's greatness, than in my glad heart.
Glory of queens, and glory of your name,[l]
Whose graces do as far outspeak your fame,
As fame doth silence, when her trumpet rings
You daughter, sister, wife of several kings:[m]
Besides alliance, and the style of mother,
In which one title you drown all your other.
Instance, be that fair shoot, is gone before,[n]
Your eldest joy, and top of all your store,
With those,[o] whose sight to us is yet denied,
But not our zeal to them, or aught beside
The city can to you: for whose estate
She hopes you will be still good advocate
To her best lord. So, whilst you mortal are,
No taste of sour mortality once dare
Approach your house; nor fortune greet your grace,
But coming on, and with a forward face.

[k] To the queen.

[l] An emphatical speech, and well reinforcing her greatness; being, by this match, more than either her brother, father, &c.

[m] Daughter to Frederick II. king of Denmark and Norway, sister to Christierne IV. now there reigning, and wife to James, our sovereign.

[n] The prince Henry Frederick.

[o] Charles duke of Rothsey, and the lady Elizabeth.

AT TEMPLE-BAR.

The Scene carried the frontispiece of a temple,* the walls of which and gates were brass; their pillars silver, their capitals and bases gold: in the highest point of all was erected a Janus' head, and over it written,

JANO QUADRIFRONTI SACRUM.[p]

Which title of *Quadrifrons* is said to be given him, as he respecteth all climates, and fills all parts of the world with his majesty: which Martial would seem to allude unto in that hendecasyllable,

Et linguâ pariter locutus omni.[q]

Others have thought it by reason of the four elements, which brake out of him, being Chaos: for Ovid is not afraid to make Chaos and Janus the same, in these verses,

Me Chaos antiqui (nam sum res prisca) vocabant,
Adspice, &c.[r]

But we rather follow, and that more particularly, the opinion of the ancients,[s] who have entitled him Quadrifrons, in regard of the year, which, under his sway, is divided into four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and

* *Carried the frontispicce of a temple.*] "The height of the whole edifice, from the ground-line to the top, was fifty-seven foot, the full breadth of it eighteen foot; the thickness of the passage twelve." *Decker.*

[p] Bassus apud Macrob. l. i. Satur. cap. 9.

[q] Lib. 8. ep. 2. [r] Fast. lib. 1.

[s] Lege Marlianum, lib. 4. cap. 8. *Alb. in deorum.*

ascribe unto him the beginnings and ends of things. See M. Cic.[t] *Cumque in omnibus rebus vim haberent maximam prima et extrema, principem in sacrificando* Janum *esse voluerunt, quod*[u] *ab eundo nomen est deductum: ex quo transitiones perviæ* Jani, *foresque in liminibus prophanarum ædium, Janua nominatur, &c.* As also the charge and custody of the whole world, by Ovid:

Quicquid ubique vides, cœlum, mare, nubila, terras,
Omnia sunt nostra clausa patentque manu.
Me penes est unum vasti custodia mundi,
Et jus vertendi cardinis omne meum est.[x]

About his four heads he hath a wreath of gold, in which was graven this verse,

TOT VULTUS MIHI NEC SATIS PUTAVI.[y]

Signifying, that though he had four faces, yet he thought them not enough, to behold the greatness and glory of that day: beneath, under the head, was written,

ET MODO SACRIFICO CLUSIUS ORE VOCOR.[z]

For being open, he was styled Patulcius, but then upon the coming of his majesty, being to be shut, he was to be called Clusius. Upon the outmost front of the building was placed the entire arms of the kingdom, with the garter, crown, and supporters, cut forth as fair and great as the life, with an hexastic written underneath, all expressing the dignity and power of him that should close that Temple.

[t] De nat. deorum, lib. 2.
[u] *Quasi Eanus.*
[x] Fast. ibid.
[y] Mart. lib. 8. *ep.* 2.
[z] Ov. Fast. 1.

QUI DUDUM ANGUSTIS TANTUM REGNAVIT IN ORIS
PARVOQUE IMPERIO SE TOTI PRÆBUIT ORBI
ESSE REGENDO PAREM, TRIA REGNA (UT NULLA DEESSET
VIRTUTI FORTUNA) SUO FELICITER UNI
JVNCTA SIMUL SENSIT: FAS UT SIT CREDERE VOTIS
NON JAM SANGUINEA FRUITUROS PACE BRITANNOS.

In a great frieze, below, that ran quite along the breadth of the building, were written these two verses out of Horace,[a]

JURANDASQUE SUUM PER NOMEN PONIMUS ARAS,
NIL ORITURUM ALIAS, NIL ORTUM TALE FATENTES.

The first and principal person in the temple, was

IRENE,

or Peace; she was placed aloft in a cant, her attire white, semined with stars, her hair loose and large: a wreath of olive on her head, on her shoulder a silver dove: in her left hand she held forth an olive branch, with an handful of ripe ears, in the other a crown of laurel, as notes of victory and plenty. By her stood

PLUTUS,

or Wealth,[b] a little boy, bare-headed, his locks curled, and spangled with gold, of a fresh aspect, his body almost naked, saving some rich robe cast over him; in his arms a heap of gold ingots to express riches, whereof he is the god. Beneath his feet lay

ENYALIUS,

or Mars, groveling, his armour scattered upon

[a] Lib. 2. epist. 1. ad. Aug.

[b] So Cephisiodotus hath feigned him. See *Paus. in Bœot. et Phil. in Imag.* contrary to Aristoph. Theogn. Lucian, and others, who make him blind and deformed.

him in several pieces, and sundry sorts of weapons broken about him. Her word to all was

UNA TRIUMPHIS INNUMERIS POTIOR.

——— *pax optima rerum*
Quas homini novisse datum est, pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior.[c]

Signifying that peace alone was better, and more to be coveted than innumerable triumphs. Besides, upon the right hand of her, but with some little descent, in a hemicycle was seated

ESYCHIA,

or Quiet, the first handmaid of Peace; a woman of a grave and venerable aspect, attired in black, upon her head an artificial nest, out of which appeared storks heads, to manifest a sweet repose. Her feet were placed upon a cube, to shew stability, and in her lap she held a perpendicular or level, as the ensign of evenness and rest: on the top of it sat an halcyon, or king's-fisher. She had lying at her feet

TARACHE,

or Tumult, in a garment, of divers but dark colours, her hair wild, and disordered, a foul and troubled face; about her lay staves, swords, ropes, chains, hammers, stones, and such like, to express turmoil. The word was,

PERAGIT TRANQUILLA POTESTAS.

Quod violenta nequit: mandataque fortius urget
Imperiosa quies.[d]

To shew the benefit of a calm and facile power, being able to effect in a state that which no

[c] Sil. Ital. [d] Claud. de Malii Theo. cons. paneg.

violence can. On the other side the second handmaid was,

ELEUTHERIA,

or Liberty, her dressing white, and somewhat antique, but loose and free: her hair flowing down her back and shoulders: in her right hand she bare a club, on her left a hat, the characters of freedom and power: at her feet a cat was placed, the creature most affecting and expressing liberty. She trod on

DOULOSIS,

or Servitude, a woman in old and worn garments, lean and meagre, bearing fetters on her feet and hands; about her neck a yoke, to insinuate bondage, and the word

NEC UNQUAM GRATIOR,

alluding to that other of Claud.

Nunquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub rege pio.[*]

And intimated that liberty could never appear more graceful and lovely, than now under so good a prince. The third handmaid was

SOTERIA,

or Safety, a damsel in carnation, the colour signifying cheer, and life; she sat high: upon her head she wore an antique helm, and in her right hand a spear for defence, and in her left a cup for medicine: at her feet was set a pedestal, upon which a serpent rolled up did lie. Beneath was

PEIRA,

or Danger, a woman despoiled, and almost naked;

[*] De laud. Stil. l. 3.

the little garment she hath left her, of several colours, to note her various disposition. Besides her lies a torch out, and her sword broken, (the instrument of her fury) with a net and wolf's-skin (the ensigns of her malice) rent in pieces. The word,

TERGA DEDERE METUS,

borrowed from Mart.[f] and implying that now all fears have turned their backs, and our safety might become security, danger being so wholly depressed, and unfurnished of all means to hurt. The fourth attendant is,

EUDAIMONIA,

or Felicity, varied on the second hand, and apparelled richly in an embroidered robe, and mantle: a fair golden tress. In her right hand a Caduceus, the note of peaceful wisdom: in her left, a Cornucopiæ filled only with flowers, as a sign of flourishing blessedness; and crowned with a garland of the same. At her feet,

DYSPRAGIA,

or Unhappiness, a woman bare-headed, her neck, arms, breast, and feet naked, her look hollow and pale; she holds a Cornucopiæ turned downward, with all the flowers fallen out and scattered; upon her sits a raven, as the augury of ill fortune: and the soul was

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA,

out of Virgil,[g] to shew that now those golden times were returned again, wherein Peace was with us so advanced, Rest received, Liberty restored, Safety assured, and all blessedness

[f] Lib. 12. ep. 6. [g] Eclog. v.

appearing in every of these virtues, her particular triumph over her opposite evil. This is the dumb argument of the frame, and illustrated with this verse of Virgil, written in the under frieze,

NULLA SALUS BELLO:
PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.[h]

The speaking part was performed, as within the temple, where there was erected an altar, to which, at the approach of the king, appears the Flamen

MARTIALIS.[i]

And to him,

GENIUS URBIS.

The Genius we attired before: to the Flamen we appoint this habit. A long crimson robe to witness his nobility, his tippet and sleeves white, as reflecting on purity in his religion, a rich mantle of gold with a train to express the dignity of his function. Upon his head a hat of delicate wool,[k] whose top ended in a cone, and was thence called *apex*, according to that of Lucan, lib. 1,

Attollensque apicem generoso vertice flamen.

This apex was covered with a fine net of yarn, which they named apiculum, and was sustained[l]

[h] Æn. l. 11.

[i] One of the three Flamines that, as some think, Numa Pompilius first instituted; but we rather, with Varro, take him of Romulus's institution, whereof there were only two, he, and Dialis: to whom he was next in dignity. He was always created out of the nobility, and did perform the rites to Mars, who was thought the father of Romulus.

[k] *Scaliger in conject. in Var.* saith, *Totus pileus, vel potius velamenta, flammeum dicebatur, unde flamines dicti.*

[l] To this looks that other conjecture of Varro, *lib.* 4. *de lingua Latina: Flamines quod licio in capite velati erant semper, ac caput cinctum habebant filo, flamines dicti.*

with a bowed twig of pomegranate tree; [m] it was also in the hot time of summer to be bound with ribands, and thrown behind them, as Scaliger [n] teacheth. In his hand he bore a golden censer with perfume, and censing about the altar, (having first kindled his fire on the top) is interrupted by the Genius.

GENIUS.

Stay, what art thou, that in this strange attire,
Dar'st kindle stranger and unhallow'd fire
Upon this altar?

FLAMEN.

Rather what art thou
That dar'st so rudely interrupt my vow?
My habit speaks my name.

GENIUS.

A Flamen?

FLAMEN.

Yes,
And Martialis call'd.[o]

GENIUS.

I so did guess
By my short view; but whence didst thou ascend
Hither? or how? or to what mystic end?

[m] Which in their attire was called *Stroppus*, in their wives' *Inarculum*.

[n] *Scal. ibid.* in con. *Ponè enim regerebant apicem, ne gravis esset summis æstatis caloribus. Amentis enim, quæ offendices dicebantur sub mentum abductis, religabant; ut cum vellent, regererent, et ponè pendere permitterent.*

[o] Of Mars, whose rites (as we have touch'd before) this Flamen did specially celebrate.

FLAMEN.

The noise, and present tumult of this day,
Roused me from sleep, and silence, where I lay
Obscured from light; which when I wak'd to see,
I wondering thought what this great pomp might be.
When, looking in my kalendar, I found
The Ides of March [p] were enter'd, and I bound
With these, to celebrate the genial feast
Of Anna styled Perenna,[q] Mars's guest,[r]
Who, in this month of his, is yearly call'd
To banquet at his altars; and install'd
A goddess with him,[s] since she fills the year,
And knits [t] the oblique scarf that girts the sphere.

[p] With us the fifteenth of March, which was the present day of this triumph: and on which the great feast of *Anna Perenna* (among the Romans) was yearly, and with such solemnity remembered. *Ovid. Fast.* 3,

Idibus est, Annæ festum geniale Perennæ,
Haud procul à ripis, &c.

[q] Who this Anna should be (with the Romans themselves) hath been no trifling controversy. Some have thought her fabulously the sister of Dido, some a nymph of Numicius, some Io, some Themis. Others an old woman of Bovilla, that fed the seditious multitude in Monte Sacro, with wafers, and fine cakes, in time of their penury: to whom, afterwards (in memory of the benefit) their peace being made with the nobles, they ordained this feast. Yet they that have thought nearest, have missed all these, and directly imagined her the moon: and that she was called ANNA, *Quia mensibus impleat annum*, Ovid, *ib.* To which the vow that they used in her rites, somewhat confirmingly alludes, which was, *ut Annare, et Perennare commode liceret*, *Macr. Sat. lib.* 1. *cap.* 12.

[r] So Ovid, *ibid. Fast.* makes Mars speaking to her,

Mense meo coleris, junxi mea tempora tecum.

[s] *Nuper erat dea facta, &c. Ibid.*

[t] Where is understood the meeting of the zodiac in March, the month wherein she is celebrated.

Whilst four-faced Janus turns his vernal look[u]
Upon their meeting hours, as if he took
High pride and pleasure.

GENIUS.

Sure thou still dost dream,
And both thy tongue, and thought rides on the stream
Of phantasy: behold here he nor she,
Have any altar, fane, or deity.
Stoop: read but this inscription:[x] and then view
To whom the place is consecrate. 'Tis true
That this is Janus' temple, and that now
He turns upon the year his freshest brow;
That this is Mars's month; and these the Ides,
Wherein his Anne was honour'd; both the tides,
Titles, and place, we know: but these dead rites
Are long since buried; and new power excites
More high and hearty flames. Lo, there is he,
Who brings with him a greater Anne than she:[y]
Whose strong and potent virtues have defaced[z]
Stern Mars's statues, and upon them placed
His,[a] and the world's best blessings: this hath brought
Sweet peace to sit in that bright state she ought,
Unbloody, or untroubled; hath forced hence
All tumults, fears, or other dark portents

[u] That face wherewith he beholds the spring.

[x] Written upon the altar, for which we refer you to page 455.

[y] The queen: to which in our inscription we spake to the king *MARTE MAJORI.*

[z] The temple of Janus we apprehend to be both the house of war and peace: of war, when it is open; of peace, when it is shut: and that there, each over the other is interchangeably placed, to the vicissitude of times.

[a] Which are peace, rest, liberty, safety, &c. and were his actively, but the world's passively.

That might invade weak minds; hath made men see
Once more the face of welcome liberty:
And doth in all his present acts restore
That first pure world, made of the better ore.
Now innocence shall cease to be the spoil
Of ravenous greatness, or to steep the soil
Of raised peasantry with tears and blood;
No more shall rich men, for their little good,
Suspect to be made guilty; or vile spies
Enjoy the lust of their so murdering eyes:
Men shall put off their iron minds, and hearts;
The time forget his old malicious arts
With this new minute; and no print remain
Of what was thought the former age's stain.
Back, Flamen, with thy superstitious fumes,
And cense not here; thy ignorance presumes
Too much in acting any ethnic rite
In this translated temple: here no wight
To sacrifice, save my devotion, comes,
That brings, instead of those thy masculine gums,[b]
My city's heart; which shall for ever burn
Upon this altar, and no time shall turn
The same to ashes: here I fix it fast,
Flame bright, flame high, and may it ever last.
Whilst I, before the figure of thy peace,
Still tend the fire; and give it quick increase
With prayers, wishes, vows; whereof be these
The least, and weakest: that no age may leese

[b] Somewhat a strange epithet in our tongue, but proper to the thing: for they were only masculine odours, which were offered to the altars, *Virg. Ecl.* 8. *Verbenasque adole pingueis, et mascula thura.* And *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib.* 12. *cap.* 14. speaking of these, saith, *Quod ex rotunditate guttæ pependit, masculum vocamus, cum alias non ferè mas vocetur, ubi non sit fœmina: religioni tributum ne sexus alter usurparetur. Masculum aliqui putant à specie testium dictum.* See him also *lib.* 34. *cap.* 11. And *Arnob. lib.* 7. *advers. gent. Non si mille tu pondera masculi thuris incendas, &c.*

The memory of this so rich a day;
But rather that it henceforth yearly may
Begin our spring, and with our spring the prime,
And first account of years, of months,[c] of time:[d]
And may these Ides as fortunate appear
To thee, as they to Cæsar fatal were.[e]
Be all thy thoughts born perfect, and thy hopes
In their events still crown'd beyond their scopes.
Let not wide heav'n that secret blessing know
To give, which she on thee will not bestow.
Blind Fortune be thy slave; and may her store,
The less thou seek'st it, follow thee the more.
Much more I would: but see, these brazen gates
Make haste to close, as urged by thy fates.
Here ends my city's office, here it breaks:
Yet with my tongue, and this pure heart, she speaks
A short farewell: and lower than thy feet,
With fervent thanks, thy royal pains doth greet.
Pardon, if my abruptness breed disease;
"He merits not to offend, that hastes to please."

[c] According to Romulus his institution, who made March the first month, and consecrated it to his father, of whom it was called *Martius. Varr. Fest. in frag. Martius mensis initium anni fuit, et in Latio, et post Romam conditam, &c.* And *Ovid. Fast.* 3. *A te principium Romano dicimus anno: Primus de patrio nomine mensis erit. Vox rata fit, &c.* See *Macr. lib.* 1. *cap.* 12. and *Solin. in Polyhist. cap.* 3. *Quod hoc mense mercedes exolverint magistris, quas completas annus deberi fecisse, &c.*

[d] Some, to whom we have read this, have taken it for a tautology, thinking Time enough expressed before in years and months. For whose ignorant sakes we must confess to have taken the better part of this travail, in noting a thing not usual, neither affected of us, but where there is necessity, as here, to avoid their dull censures. Where in years and months we alluded to that is observed in our former note: but by Time we understand the present, and that from this instant we should begin to reckon, and make this the first of our time. Which is also to be helped by emphasis.

[e] In which he was slain in the senate.

Over the Altar was written this Inscription:

D. I. O. M.

BRITANNIARUM. IMP. PACIS. VINDICI. MARTE. MAJORI. P. P. F. S. AUGUSTO. NOVO. GENTIUM. CONJUNCTARUM. NUMINI. TUTELARI.

D. A.

CONSERVATRICI. ANNÆ. IPSÆ. PERENNÆ. DEABUSQUE. UNIVERSIS. OPTATIORI. SUI. FORTUNATISSIMI. THALAMI. SOCIÆ. ET CONSORTI. PULCHERRIMÆ. AUGUSTISSIMÆ. ET

H. F. P.

FILIO. SUO. NOBILISSIMO. OB. ADVENTUM. AD. URBEM. HANC. SUAM. EXPECTATISSIMUM. GRATISSIMUM. CELEBRATISSIMUM. CUJUS. NON. RADII. SED. SOLES. POTIUS. FUNESTISSIMAM. NUPER. AERIS. INTEMPERIEM. SERENARUNT.

S. P. Q. L.

VOTIS. X. VOTIS. XX. ARDENTISSIMIS.

L. M.

HANC. ARAM.

P.

And upon the Gate, being shut,

IMP. JACOBUS MAX.
CÆSAR. AUG. P. P.
PACE POPULO BRITANNICO
TERRA MARIQUE PARTA
JANUM CLUSIT. S. C.

IN THE STRAND.

The invention was a rainbow, the moon, sun, and those seven stars, which antiquity hath styled the Pleiades or Vergiliæ, advanced between two magnificent pyramids of seventy foot in height, on which were drawn his majesty's several pedigrees Eng. and Scot. To which body (being framed before) we were to apt our soul. And finding that one of these seven lights, Electra, is rarely or not at all to be seen, as Ovid. *lib.* 4. *Fast.* affirmeth

Pleiades incipient humeros relevare paternos;
Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent.

And by and by after,

Sive quod Electra Trojæ spectare ruinas
Non tulit; ante oculos opposuitque manum.

And *Festus Avien.*[f]

Fama vetus septem memorat genitore creatas
Longævo: sex se rutila inter sidera tantum
Sustollunt, &c.

And beneath,

——Cerni sex solas carmine Mynthes
Asserit: Electram cælo abscessisse profundo, &c.

We ventured to follow this authority, and made her the speaker: presenting her hanging in the air, in figure of a comet; according to Anonymus. *Electra non sustinens videre casum pronepotum*

[f] Paraph. in Arat. Phænom.

fugerit; unde et illam dissolutis crinibus propter luctum ire asserunt, et propter comas quidam Cometen appellant.

THE SPEECH.

ELECTRA.

The long laments[g] I spent for ruin'd Troy,
Are dried; and now mine eyes run tears of joy.
No more shall men suppose Electra dead,
Though from the consort of her sisters fled
Unto the arctic circle,[h] here to grace,
And gild this day with her serenest face:[i]
And see, my daughter Iris[k] hastes to throw
Her roseat wings, in compass of a bow,
About our state, as sign[l] of my approach:
Attracting to her seat from Mithra's coach,[m]

[g] *Fest. Avi. paraph. Pars ait Idææ deflentem incendia Trojæ, Et numerosa suæ lugentem funera gentis, Electram tetris mœstum dare nubibus orbem.* Besides the reference to antiquity, this speech might be understood by allegory of the town here, that had been so ruined with sickness, &c.

[h] *Hyginus. Sed postquam Troja fuit capta, et progenies ejus quæ à Dardano fuit eversa, dolore permotam ab his se removisse, et in circulo qui arcticus dicitur constitisse, &c.*

[i] *Electra* signifies serenity itself, and is compounded of ἥλιος, which is the sun, and ἀθρις, that signifies serene. She is mentioned to be *Anima sphæræ solis*, by *Proclus. Com. in Hesiod.*

[k] She is also feigned to be the mother of the rain-bow. *Nascitur enim Iris ex aqua et serenitate, à refractione radiorum scilicet. Arist. in meteorol.*

[l] *Val. Flac. Argonaut.* 1. makes the rainbow *indicem serenitatis.*

Emicuit reserata dies cælumque resolvit
Arcus, et in summos redierunt nubila montes.

[m] A name of the sun, *Stat. The. l.* 1. *torquentem cornua Mithran.* And *Martian. Capel. l.* 3. *de nup Mer. et Phil. Te Serapim. Nilus, Memphis veneratur Osirin; Dissona sacra Mithran, &c.*

A thousand different and particular hues,
Which she throughout her body doth diffuse.
The sun, as loth to part from this half sphere,
Stands still; and Phœbe labours to appear
In all as bright, if not as rich, as he:
And, for a note of more serenity,
My six[n] fair sisters hither shift their lights,
To do this hour the utmost of her rites.
Where lest the captious, or profane might doubt,
How these clear heavenly bodies come about
All to be seen at once; yet neither's light
Eclips'd, or shadow'd by the other's sight:
Let ignorance know, great king, this day is thine,
And doth admit no night; but all do shine
As well nocturnal, as diurnal fires,
To add unto the flame of our desires.
Which are, now thou hast closed up Janus' gates,[o]
And given so general peace to all estates,
That no offensive mist, or cloudy stain,
May mix with splendor of thy golden reign;
But, as thou'st freed thy Chamber from the noise[p]
Of war and tumult; thou wilt pour those joys
Upon this place,[q] which claims to be the seat[r]
Of all the kingly race: the cabinet
To all thy counsels; and the judging chair
To this thy special kingdom. Whose so fair

[n] *Alcyone, Celæno, Taygete, Asterope, Merope, Maia*, which are also said to be the souls of the other spheres, as *Electra* of the sun *Proclus, ibi in com. Alcyone Veneris, Celæno Saturni, Taygete Lunæ, Asterope Jovis, Merope Martis, Maia Mercurii.*

[o] Alluding back to that of our temple.

[p] London.

[q] His city of Westminster, in whose name, and at whose charge, together with the dutchy of Lancaster, this arch was erected.

[r] Since here, they not only sat being crowned, but also first received their crowns.

And wholesome laws, in every court, shall strive
By equity, and their first innocence to thrive;
The base and guilty bribes of guiltier men
Shall be thrown back, and justice look, as when
She loved the earth, and fear'd not to be sold
For that,[s] which worketh all things to it, gold.
The dam of other evils, avarice,
Shall here lock down her jaws, and that rude vice
Of ignorant and pitied greatness, pride,
Decline with shame; ambition now shall hide
Her face in dust, as dedicate to sleep,
That in great portals wont her watch to keep.
All ills shall fly the light: thy court be free
No less from envy, than from flattery;
All tumult, faction, and harsh discord cease,
That might perturb the music of thy peace:
The querulous nature shall no longer find
Room for his thoughts: one pure consent of mind
Shall flow in every breast, and not the air,
Sun, moon, or stars shine more serenely fair.
This from that loud, blest oracle, I sing,
Who here, and first, pronounced thee Britain's king.
Long may'st thou live, and see me thus appear,
As ominous a comet,[t] from my sphere,
Unto thy reign; as that did auspicate[u]
So lasting glory to Augustus' state.

[s] *Hor. Car. lib.* 4. *ode* 9. *Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.*

[t] For our more authority to induce her thus, see *Fest. Avien. paraph. in Arat.* speaking of *Electra*, *Nonnunquam oceani tamen istam surgere ab undis, In convexa poli, sed sede carere sororum; Atque os discretum procul edere, detestatam: Germanosque choros sobolis lacrymare ruinas Diffusamque comas cerni, crinisque soluti Monstrari effigie*, &c.

[u] All comets were not fatal, some were fortunately ominous, as this to which we allude; and wherefore we have Pliny's testimony, *Nat. Hist. lib.* 2. *cap.* 25. *Cometes in uno totius orbis*

loco colitur in templo Romæ, admodum faustus Divo Augusto judicatus ab ipso: qui incipiente eo, apparuit ludis quos faciebat Veneri Genetrici, non multo post obitum patris Cæsaris, in collegio ab eo instituto. Namque his verbis id gaudium prodidit. Iis ipsis ludorum meorum diebus, sydus crinitum per septem dies in regione cœli, quæ sub septentrionibus est, conspectum. Id oriebatur circa undecimam horam diei, clarumque et omnibus terris conspicuum fuit. Eo sydere significari vulgus credidit, Cæsaris animam inter Deorum immortalium numina receptam: quo nomine id insigne simulacro capitis ejus, quod mox in foro consecravimus, adjectum est. *Hæc ille in publicum, interiore gaudio sibi illum natum seque in eo nasci interpretatus est. Et si verum fatemur, salutare id terris fuit.*

There is a considerable degree of fancy as well as learning displayed in this laboured show, of which the reader has here but two-fifths. The remaining three may be found in Decker, who has also given an abridgement of Jonson's share of the pageant. We have heard much of the expenses incurred by the temporary erections for the celebration of the late peace; but they shrink to nothing before the cost of the "Entertainments" prepared for the reception of James.

Many of the platforms were of an enormous bulk and height, as were several of the arches. It appears that the citizens began their preparations immediately on the decease of Elizabeth: they were interrupted by the plague, but resumed as soon as the danger was over, and continued to the period of the royal entry. Exclusively of the moulders, plumbers, painters, smiths, &c. who were very numerous, there were employed 80 joiners, 60 carpenters, 30 sawyers, and about 70 common labourers who wrought without intermission.

The whole of the machinery was under the direction of Stephen Harrison, the chief joiner, as he is called. The name of Inigo Jones does not occur in the list of architects given by Decker.

A PANEGYRE

ON THE

HAPPY ENTRANCE

OF

JAMES, OUR SOVEREIGN,

TO HIS

FIRST HIGH SESSION OF PARLIAMENT IN THIS HIS KINGDOM, THE 19th OF MARCH, 1603.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui. Mart.

HEAVEN now not strives, alone, our breasts to fill
With joys; but urgeth his full favours still.
Again, the glory of our western world
Unfolds himself; and from his eyes are hurl'd
To-day, a thousand radiant lights that stream
To every nook and angle of his realm.
His former rays did only clear the sky;
But these his searching beams are cast, to pry
Into those dark and deep concealed vaults,
Where men commit black incest with their faults,
And snore supinely in the stall of sin:
Where murther, rapine, lust, do sit within,
Carousing human blood in iron bowls,
And make their den the slaughter-house of souls:
From whose foul reeking caverns first arise
Those damps, that so offend all good men's eyes,
And would, if not dispers'd, infect the crown,
And in their vapour her bright metal drown.

To this so clear and sanctified an end,
I saw, when reverend Themis did descend
Upon his state: let down in that rich chain,
That fast'neth heavenly power to earthly reign:
Beside her stoop'd on either hand, a maid,
Fair Dicè, and Eunomia, who were said
To be her daughters; and but faintly known
On earth, till now, they come to grace his throne.
Her third, Irene, help'd to bear his train;
And in her office vow'd she would remain,
Till foreign malice, or unnatural spight
(Which fates avert) should force her from her right.
With these he pass'd, and with his people's hearts,
Breath'd in his way; and souls, their better parts,
Hasting to follow forth in shouts, and cries,
Upon his face all threw their covetous eyes,
As on a wonder: some amazed stood,
As if they felt, but had not known their good.
Other would fain have shewn it in their words;
But, when their speech so poor a help affords
Unto their zeal's expression, they are mute;
And only with red silence him salute.
Some cry from tops of houses; thinking noise
The fittest herald to proclaim true joys;
Others on ground run gazing by his side,
All, as unwearied, as unsatisfied:
And every window grieved it could not move
Along with him, and the same trouble prove.
They that had seen, but four short days before,
His gladding look, now long'd to see it more.
And as of late, when he through London went,
The amorous city spared no ornament,
That might her beauties heighten; but so drest,
As our ambitious dames, when they make feast,
And would be courted: so this town put on
Her brightest tire; and in it equal shone

To her great sister; save that modesty,
Her place, and years, gave her precedency.
The joy of either was alike, and full;
No age, nor sex, so weak, or strongly dull,
That did not bear a part in this consent
Of heart, and voices. All the air was rent,
As with the murmur of a moving wood;
The ground beneath did seem a moving flood;
Walls, windows, roofs, tow'rs, steeples, all were set
With several eyes, that in this object met.
Old men were glad their fates till now did last;
And infants, that the hours had made such haste,
To bring them forth: whilst riper aged, and apt
To understand the more, the more were rapt.
This was the people's love, with which did strive
The nobles zeal, yet either kept alive
The other's flame, as doth the wick and wax,
That, friendly temper'd, one pure taper makes.
Meanwhile the reverend Themis draws aside
The king's obeying will, from taking pride
In these vain stirs, and to his mind suggests
How he may triumph in his subjects' breasts,
With better pomp. She tells him first, "That kings
"Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:
"That they, by heav'n are placed upon his throne,
"To rule like heav'n; and have no more their own,
"As they are men, than men. That all they do
"Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into:
"And being once found out, discover'd lies
"Unto as many envies there, as eyes.
"That princes, since they know it is their fate,
"Oft-times, to have the secrets of their state
"Betray'd to fame, should take more care, and fear
"In public acts what face and form they bear.

" She then remember'd to his thought the place
" Where he was going; and the upward race
" Of kings, preceding him in that high court;
" Their laws, their ends; the men she did report:
" And all so justly, as his ear was joy'd
" To hear the truth, from spight or flattery void.
" She shew'd him who made wise, who honest acts;
" Who both, who neither: all the cunning tracts,
" And thriving statutes, she could promptly note;
" The bloody, base, and barbarous she did quote;
" Where laws were made to serve the tyrant's will;
" Where sleeping they could save, and waking kill;
" Where acts gave license to impetuous lust
" To bury churches in forgotten dust,
" And with their ruins raise the pander's bowers:
" When public justice borrow'd all her powers
" From private chambers; that could then create
" Laws, judges, counsellors, yea, prince and state.
" All this she told, and more, with bleeding eyes;
" For Right is as compassionate as wise."
Nor did he seem their vices so to love,
As once defend, what Themis did reprove.
For though by right, and benefit of times,
He own'd their crowns, he would not so their crimes.
He knew that princes, who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name;
And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be
An evil king: and so must such be still,
Who once have got the habit to do ill.
One wickedness another must defend;
For vice is safe, while she hath vice to friend.

He knew that those who would with love command,
Must with a tender, yet a stedfast, hand
Sustain the reins, and in the check forbear
To offer cause of injury, or fear;
That kings, by their example, more do sway
Than by their power; and men do more obey
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.
In all these knowing arts our prince excell'd.
And now the dame had dried her dropping eyne,
When, like an April Iris, flew her shine
About the streets, as it would force a spring
From out the stones, to gratulate the king.
She blest the people, that in shoals did swim
To hear her speech; which still began in him,
And ceas'd in them. She told them what a fate
Was gently fall'n from heaven upon the state;
How dear a father they did now enjoy,
That came to save, what discord would destroy,
And entering with the power of a king,
The temperance of a private man did bring,
That wan affections ere his steps wan ground;
And was not hot, or covetous to be crown'd
Before men's hearts had crown'd him. Who (unlike
Those greater bodies of the sky, that strike
The lesser fires dim) in his access
Brighter than all, hath yet made no one less;
Though many greater: and the most, the best.
Wherein his choice was happy with the rest
Of his great actions, first to see, and do
What all men's wishes did aspire unto.
Hereat the people could no longer hold
Their bursting joys; but through the air was roll'd

The lengthen'd shout, as when th' artillery
Of heaven is discharg'd along the sky.
And this confession flew from every voice,
"Never had land more reason to rejoice,
"Nor to her bliss could aught now added be,
"Save, that she might the same perpetual see."
Which when time, nature, and the fates denied,
With a twice louder shout again they cried,
"Yet let blest Britain ask, without your wrong,
"Still to have such a king, and this king long."

Solus rex et poeta non quotannis nascitur.[1]

[1] Jonson seems pleased with this vigorous panegyric, of which, to speak modestly, he has no reason to be ashamed. Advice is judiciously mixed with praise; and seldom has an English prince been addressed with language at once so manly, so free, and yet so skilfully complimentary.—In the poet's time there was no example of it—yet he is never mentioned by the commentators, but as the parasite of kings—he, who gave them more judicious counsel and told them more wholesome truths, than all the dramatic writers of the age, together.

THE SATYR.

THE SATYR.] The title stands thus in the folio 1616. "A Particular Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althrope, at the Right Honourable the Lord Spencer's, on Saturday, being the 25th of June, 1603, as they came first into the Kingdom." The Queen, and prince Henry, in their journey from Edinburgh to London, came from Holdenby to Northampton, where they were received in great state by the municipal magistrates. James, who had joined them at Eaton, the seat of sir G. Fermor, in Northamptonshire, passed forward, but the Queen and Prince were prevailed upon to take up their residence for a few days at the seat of sir Robert Spencer, about four miles from the town. It was on this occasion that this exquisite "Entertainment" was presented to them as they entered the park and grounds at Althorpe.

It is easy, or rather, it is not easy, to conceive the surprise and delight with which queen Anne, who had a natural taste for these elegant and splendid exhibitions, must have witnessed the present; she who in Denmark had seen perhaps no royal amusement but drinking-bouts, and in Scotland been regaled with nothing better than "ane goodly ballad called Philotas," or the ribaldry of the Lion King, as his countrymen delight to call sir David Lyndsay, in the interminable "Satyre of the three Eistatis."

In somewhat less than a month after the date of this Entertainment, sir Robert Spencer was advanced to the dignity of a baron. "He was," says Fuller, "the fifth knight of his family in an immediate succession, well allied and well extracted, being descended from the Spencers, earls of Gloucester and Winchester. In the first year of king James (21st July, 1603,) he was created baron Spencer of Warmleiton in the county of Warwick. He was a good patriot, of a quick and clear spirit." Fuller might have extended his panegyric without any violation of truth.

THE SATYR.

A Satyr, *lodged in a little spinet,*[1] *by which her Majesty and the Prince were to come, at the report of certain cornets that were divided in several places of the park, to signify her approach, advanced his head above the top of the wood, wondering, and, with his pipe in his hand, began as followeth:*

HERE! there! and every where!
Some solemnities are near,
That these changes strike mine ear.
My pipe and I a part shall bear.
[*After a short strain with his pipe;*

Look, see!—beshrew this tree!
What may all this wonder be?
Pipe it who that list for me:
I'll fly out abroad, and see.
[*Here he leaped down, and gazed the Queen and the Prince in the face.*

That is Cyparissus' face![2]
And the dame hath Syrinx' grace!

[1] *A little* spinet.] i. e. a *copse* of *young wood.* WHAL.

[2] *That is Cyparissus' face.*] This is not mere compliment, for the Prince, if we may trust the writers of those times, was a very handsome youth.

Milton has numerous obligations to this little piece, as, indeed, he has to most of those which follow, in the present, and subsequent volume.

O that Pan were now in place—
Sure they are of heavenly race.

Here he ran into the wood again, and hid himself, whilst to the sound of excellent soft music, that was concealed in the thicket, there came tripping up the lawn a bevy of Fairies, attending on Mab their queen, who falling into an artificial ring, began to dance a round, while their mistress spake as followeth.

Mab. Hail and welcome, worthiest queen!
Joy had never perfect been,
To the nymphs that haunt this green,
Had they not this evening seen.
Now they print it on the ground
With their feet in figures round;
Marks that will be ever found,
To remember this glad stound.[3]

Sat. [*Peeping out of the bush.*]
Trust her not, you bonnibell,
She will forty leasings tell;
I do know her pranks right well.

Mab. Satyr, we must have a spell
For your tongue, it runs too fleet.

Sat. Not so nimbly as your feet,
When about the cream-bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet.
[*Here he came hopping forth, and mixing himself with the Fairies, skipped in, out, and about their circle, while they made many offers to catch at him.*

[3] *To remember this glad* stound.] i. e. *time* or *season*. It is so used by our old poets. WHAL.

This is Mab, the mistress Fairy,[4]
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
And can hurt or help the cherning,
As she please, without discerning.

1 *Fai.* Pug, you will anon take warning?[5]

Sat. She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nails remembers
When they rake not up their embers:
But if so they chance to feast her,
In a shoe she drops a tester.

2 *Fai.* Shall we strip the skipping jester?

Sat. This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles:
Trains forth midwives in their slumber,
With a sieve the holes to number;
And then leads them from her burrows,
Home through ponds and water-furrows.

1 *Fai.* Shall not all this mocking stir us?

[4] *This is Mab*, &c.] This fairy mythology, which has been copied by Milton, and which has sufficient beauty to make it familiar to every reader of poetry, is quoted by Mr. Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," from a *scarce book* in his possession! This is also the case with many other passages of Jonson, which are given with all due mystery, at the hundreth hand, from some "*rare treatise in the author's collection.*"

[5] *Pug, you will anon take warning.*] Mr. Malone says in his Second Appendix.—"There is, I believe, *no* instance of a triplet being used in Shakspeare's time." p. 57. To go no further; there are at least half a dozen instances in this little piece. But Mr. Malone was grossly ignorant of Jonson: ignorance, however, is but a wretched apology for calumny.

Sat. She can start our Franklin's daughters,
In her sleep, with shrieks and laughters;
And on sweet St. Anna's night,[6]
Feed them with a promised sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

1 *Fai.* Satyr, vengeance near you hovers.

Sat. And in hope that you would come here
Yester-eve, the lady Summer[a]
She invited to a banquet—
But (in sooth) I con you thank yet,
That you could so well deceive her
Of the pride which gan up-heave her!
And, by this, would so have blown her
As no wood-god should have known her.
[*Skips into the wood.*

1 *Fai.* Mistress, this is only spite:
For you would not yesternight
Kiss him in the cock-shut light.[8]

[6] *And on sweet St.* Anna's *night.*] The old copy reads Ann, which is evidently imperfect. The feat it alludes to is sometimes said to be performed upon *St. Agnes' night;* and 'tis possible this might have been the original reading. WHAL.

[a] For she was expected there on Midsummer-day at night, but came not till the day following.

Here and every where in these volumes, the notes marked by the letters of the alphabet are Jonson's.

[8] *Kiss him in the* cock-shut light.] That is, in the *twilight.* Thus Shakspeare:

"Thomas the earl of Surry, and himself,
Much about *cock-shut* time went thro' the army."
RICH. III, A. 5. S. 3.

Here the speaker evidently means the *evening*, or *shutting in of*

Sat. [*returning.*]
By Pan, and thou hast hit it right.

Mab. Fairies, pinch him black and blue,
Now you have him, make him rue.
[*They lay hold on him, and nip him.*

Sat. O, hold, [mistress] Mab! I sue.[9]

1 *Fai.* Nay, the devil shall have his due.
[*Here he ran quite away, and left them in a confusion.*

Mab. Pardon, lady, this wild strain,
Common with the sylvan train,
That do skip about this plain:—
Elves, apply your gyre again.[1]

day. There is a method of catching *woodcocks*, in a kind of clap-net, which is called a *cock-shut;* and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, *cock-shut* light may very properly express the evening. WHAL.

I have considerably abridged Whalley's note, which yet contains sufficient for the purpose of explanation, unless it may be thought not impertinent to add that the cock-shut is a large net suspended between two long poles, and stretched across a glade, or riding, in a wood, where a man is placed to watch when the birds rise, or strike against it. "In the *Treatise of Fyshinge*, by Juliana Barnes, 1496, is the following direction to make a rod, 'Take thenne and frette him faste with a *cocke-shote* corde, &c.' but, says Steevens, from whom this is taken, I cannot interpret the word." The word is plain enough; it means that sort of twine of which the cock-shut was made: but indeed, the commentators on Shakspeare have trifled egregiously over this simple expression.

[9] *O hold, [mistress] Mab! I sue.*] Mistress was inserted by Whalley. Something is evidently necessary, and this may serve; though I should have preferred another word.

[1] *Elves, apply your* gyre *again.*] i. e. renew your rondels: It is well known that the fairies always danced in a circle: thus was formed the *green sward ringlet, whereof the ewe not bites.*

And whilst some do hop the ring,
Some shall play, and some shall sing:
We'll express, in ev'ry thing,
Oriana's well-coming.[b]

SONG.

This is she, this is she
In whose world of grace
Every season, person, place,
That receive her happy be;
For with no less,
Than a kingdom's happiness,[c]
Doth she private Lares bless,[d]
And ours above the rest;
By how much we deserve it least.
Long live Oriana[a]
T' exceed, whom she succeeds, our late Diana.

Mab. Madam, now an end to make,
Deign a simple gift to take;
Only for the Fairies' sake,
Who about you still shall wake.

'Tis done only to supply
His suspected courtesy,

[b] *Quasi Oriens ANNA.*

[c] Bringing with her the prince, which is the greatest felicity of kingdoms.

[d] For households.

[a] *Long live Oriana.*] This is taken from the *Triumphs of Oriana*, a collection of madrigals published in 1601, and intended to commemorate the beauty, and inflexible virginity of Elizabeth, then only in the sixty-eighth year of her age. *Long live faire Oriana*, is the burthen of several of these little pieces. Jonson's derivation of this word, as applied to Anne, is not unhappy: Elizabeth's title to it could only have originated in the old court maxim—*Quicquid conspicuum pulchrumque—Res fisci est.*

Who, since Thamyra did die,[3]
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,

Nor allow'd about his place,
Any of the female race.
Only we are free to trace
All his grounds, as he to chase.

For which bounty to us lent,
Of him unknowledg'd, or unsent,
We prepared this compliment,
And as far from cheap intent,
[*Gives her a jewel.*[4]

In particular to feed
Any hope that should succeed,
Or our glory by the deed,
As yourself are from the need.

Utter not, we you implore,
Who did give it, nor wherefore:
And whenever you restore
Your self to us, you shall have more.

Highest, happiest queen, farewell;
But beware you do not tell.[5]

[3] *Who, since Thamyra did die,* &c.] Thamyra (the beloved consort of this nobleman,) was the daughter of sir Francis Willoughby; she died August 17th, 1597, leaving several children. There is nothing strained or exaggerated in what is here said of lord Spencer's attachment to his lady's memory; for though he survived her nearly thirty years, he took no second wife.

[4] *A jewel.*] i. e. a brooch or other ornament for the person. The marginal note is from the old copy.

[5] *But beware you do not tell.*] This solemn injunction, which is twice given, alludes to the received notion of the danger of betraying the partiality of the fairies, who were extremely

Here the Fairies hopt away in a fantastic dance, when, on a sudden, the Satyr discovered himself again.

Sat. Not tell? ha! ha! I could smile
At this old and toothless wile.
Lady, I have been no sleeper;
She belies the noble keeper.
Say, that here he like the groves,
And pursue no foreign loves:
Is he therefore to be deem'd
Rude, or savage? or esteem'd
But a sorry entertainer,
'Cause he is no common strainer,
After painted nymphs for favours,
Or that in his garb he savours
Little of the nicety,
In the sprucer courtiery;
As the rosary of kisses,
With the oath that never misses,
This, "believe me on the breast,"
And then telling some man's jest,
Thinking to prefer his wit,
Equal with his suit by it,
I mean his clothes? No, no, no;
Here doth no such humour flow.
He can neither bribe a grace,
Nor encounter my lord's face
With a pliant smile, and flatter,
Though this lately were some matter [6]

delicate on this head, and never allowed their favours to be boasted of with impunity. See vol. iii. p. 476.

[6] *Though this lately were some matter*, &c.] There is probably something of private history in this gentle gird at the ministers of Elizabeth; but I cannot explain it. If flattery was at all necessary to gain the favourite, sir Robert Spencer would never have succeeded at court; but, indeed, he seems to have been

To the making of a courtier.
Now he hopes he shall resort there,
Safer, and with more allowance;
Since a hand hath governance,
That hath given these customs chace,
And hath brought his own in place.
O that now a wish could bring,
The god-like person of a king!
Then should even envy find,
Cause of wonder at the mind
Of our woodman: but lo, where
His kingly image doth appear,[7]
And is all this while neglected.
Pardon, lord, you are respected,
Deep as is the keeper's heart,
And as dear in every part.
See, for instance, where he sends
His son, his heir;[8] who humbly bends

[*Fetches out of the wood the lord Spencer's eldest son, attired and appointed like a huntsman.*

Low as is his father's earth,
To the womb that gave you birth:

a man of retired habits. "Like the old Roman dictator," says Wilson, "Spencer made the country a virtuous court, where his fields and flocks brought him more calm and happy contentment than the various and irritable dispensations of a court can contribute."

Why sir Robert was now absent from Althorpe does not appear: perhaps (though this is not very likely) he had been selected by James to accompany him to Theobalds. He was at Hampton Court in July this year, and in the September following, was appointed ambassador to the reigning duke of Wirtemburg; so that there was something prophetic in the "hope" that he should now "resort to court with more allowance."

[7] *His kingly image.*] i. e. Prince Henry.

[8] John Spencer: he was now in his twelfth year. He died in France at the age of nineteen.

So he was directed first,
Next to you, of whom the thirst
Of seeing takes away the use
Of that part, should plead excuse
For his boldness, which is less
By his comely shamefacedness.
Rise up, sir, I will betray
All I think you have to say;
That your father gives you here
(Freely as to him you were)
To the service of this prince:
And with you these instruments
Of his wild and sylvan trade.
Better not Actæon had;
The bow was Phœbe's, and the horn,
By Orion often worn:
The dog of Sparta breed,[9] and good,
As can RING within a WOOD;
Thence his name is: you shall try
How he hunteth instantly.
But perhaps the queen, your mother,
Rather doth affect some other
Sport, as coursing: we will prove
Which her highness most doth love.—
Satyrs, let the woods resound;
They shall have their welcome crown'd
With a brace of bucks to ground.

[9] *The dog of* Sparta *breed.*] Thus Shakspeare:

"I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete, they bayed the boar
With hounds of *Sparta*."

Both from Ovid's——

Spartana gente Melampus.

Jonson's dog, it appears, was called *Ringwood.*

At that the whole wood and place resounded with the noise of cornets, horns, and other hunting music, and a brace of choice deer put out, and as fortunately killed, as they were meant to be, even in the sight of her majesty.

This was the first night's show.[1]

The next day being Sunday, the Queen rested, and on Monday till after dinner; where there was a speech suddenly thought on, to induce a morris of the clowns thereabout, who most officiously presented themselves; but by reason of the throng of the country that came in, their speaker could not be heard, who was in the person of NOBODY, *to deliver this following speech, and attired in a pair of breeches which were made to come up to his*

[1] *This was the first night's show.*] And every way worthy of the presenter and the guests. The rich and beautiful scenery the music, soft or loud as the occasion required, dispersed through the wood, the sweetness of the vocal performers, the bevy of fairies, composed of the young ladies "of the country," (whose brothers appeared in the succeeding "sports,") the gay and appropriate dialogue, the light, airy, and fantastic dances which accompanied it, the foresters, headed by the youthful heir, starting forward to chase the deer at force at the universal opening of hound and horn, together with the running down of the game in sight, must have afforded a succession of pleasures as rare as unexpected.

It is very easy to stigmatize all this with the name of "pedantry," and to rave with Mr. Malone, at "the wretched taste of the times," which could tolerate it:—But there are still some who affect to think that this taste was not altogether so deplorable; and that nearly as much judgment was displayed in engaging the talents of a man of genius and learning to produce an Entertainment which should not disgrace the rational faculties of the beholders, as in procuring the assistance of a pastry cook to honour a general festival by scrawling unmeaning flourishes on a ball-room floor, at an expense beyond that of the graceful and elegant hospitality of Althorpe.

neck, with his arms out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.

If my outside move your laughter,
Pray Jove, my inside be thereafter.

Queen, prince, duke, earls,
Countesses, you courtly pearls!
(And I hope no mortal sin,
If I put less ladies in)
Fair saluted be you all!
At this time it doth befall,
We are the huisher to a morris,
A kind of masque, whereof good store is
In the country hereabout,
But this, the choice of all the rout,
Who, because that no man sent them,
Have got Nobody to present them.
These are things have no suspicion
Of their ill-doing; nor ambition
Of their well: but as the pipe
Shall inspire them, mean to skip:
They come to see, and to be seen,
And though they dance afore the queen,
There's none of these doth hope to come by
Wealth to build another Holmby:[a]

[a] *And though they dance afore the queen,*
There's none of these doth hope to come by
Wealth to build another Holmby:] *Holmby*, or *Holdenby* house, was a magnificent structure in the neighbourhood of Althorpe, built by sir Christopher Hatton, lord chancellor in the time of queen Elizabeth, as the last and noblest monument of his youth. Sir Christopher Hatton was taken notice of by queen Elizabeth for his gracefulness in dancing before her at court, which proved the first step to his future preferments. To this circumstance the first of these lines alludes. Whal.

In Bishop Corbett's *Iter Boreale* there is a pleasant apostrophe to the tutelar Lars, the giants, with whom sir Christopher had ornamented this magnificent mansion. The traveller

All those dancing days are done,
Men must now have more than one

had just witnessed the ruins of Nottingham Castle, notwithstanding the two giants, which still stood at the gates; and he reproaches them with the fidelity of their brethren at Holmeby and Guildhall, who had carefully kept the respective buildings intrusted to them.

"Oh you that doe Guild-hall and Holmeby keepe
Soe carefully, when both the founders sleepe,
You are good giants, and partake no shame
With those two worthlesse trunkes of Nottinghame;
Look to your several charges!" *Gilchrist's edit.* p. 183.

The praise was not ill bestowed; and the Giants of Holmeby would still perhaps have preserved their charge, if they had had only to contend with ordinary enemies; but they fell by a lawless force, before which not only castles, but empires have disappeared. It was here that Charles was seized by the vulgar miscreant Joyce, and here, to gratify at once their malice and rapacity, the rebels, soon after his murder, broke in, levelled the mansion with the ground, and stole or sold the materials.

The Giants of Guildhall, thank heaven, yet defend their charge: it only remains to wish that the citizens may take example by the fate of Holmeby, and not expose them to an attack to which they will assuredly be found unequal. It is not altogether owing to their wisdom that this has not already taken place. For twenty years they were chained to the car of a profligate buffoon, who dragged them through every species of ignominy to the verge of rebellion; and their Hall is even yet disgraced with the statue of a worthless negro-monger, in the act of insulting their sovereign with a speech, of which (factious and brutal as he was) he never uttered one syllable.

To return to the text. Dancing, as Jonson says, is *a graceful quality where graces meet;* and it was remarkably so in sir Christopher, who was found fully equal to the exigencies of his great office. He died in 1591, and was followed to the grave by the praise of Camden, and many others. A sumptuous monument was erected to his memory, in or near the choir of St. Paul's, which was long regarded with peculiar respect by those whom business or pleasure brought to the metropolis. To this Jonson alludes in *Every Man out of his Humour,* "When shall I put off to the Lord Chancellor's tomb," &c.

There were those, however, who regarded this stately pile with less complacency. Either from its unusual bulk, or more

Grace, to build their fortunes on,
Else our soles would sure have gone,[3]
All by this time to our feet.—
I not deny where graces meet
In a man, that quality
Is a graceful property:
But when dancing is his best,
Beshrew me, I suspect the rest.
But I am Nobody, and my breath,
Soon as it is born, hath death.
Come on, clowns, forsake your dumps,
And bestir your hob-nail'd stumps,
Do your worst, I'll undertake,
Not a jerk you have shall make
Any lady here in love.
Perhaps your fool, or so, may move
Some lady's woman with a trick,
And upon it she may pick

probably, from its projection into the walk of the south aisle, it is very splenetically mentioned on many occasions. On a pillar near it hung two humble tablets to the memories of sir P. Sidney and sir F. Walsingham; this gave birth to the pleasing couplet:

"Philip and Francis have no tombe,
Great Christopher *takes* all the roome."

Its size too is noticed by Bishop Corbet;

"Nor need the Chancellor boast, whose pyramis
Above the Host and Altar raised is."

It is singular that sir Christopher's heirs should have found money enough for this costly monument; since it appears that he had so embarrassed his circumstances by erecting the noble structure of Holmeby, that he fell in arrears with the queen, whose ceaseless importunity for payment, (for Elizabeth never gave nor took credit,) is said to have depressed his spirits and hastened his death.

[3] *Else our* soles, &c.] The 4to reads soules, the folio *soles*; an equivoque was probably designed; and, what cannot be said of all equivoques, the sense is good either way.

A pair of revelling legs, or two,
Out of you, with much ado.
But see, the hobby-horse is forgot.
Fool, it must be your lot,
To supply his want with faces,
And some other buffoon graces,
You know how; piper, play,
And let Nobody hence away.
[*Here the morris-dancers entered.*

There was also another parting speech, which was to have been presented in the person of a youth, and accompanied with divers gentlemen's younger sons of the country: but by reason of the multitudinous press, was also hindered. And which we have here adjoined.

And will you then, mirror of queens, depart?
Shall nothing stay you? not my master's heart,
That pants to lose the comfort of your light,
And see his day, ere it be old, grow night?
You are a goddess, and your will be done:
Yet this our last hope is, that as the sun
Cheers objects far removed, as well as near;
So, wheresoe'er you shine, you'll sparkle here.
And you, dear lord, on whom my covetous eye
Doth feed itself, but cannot satisfy,
O shoot up fast in spirit, as in years;
That when upon her head proud Europe wears
Her stateliest tire, you may appear thereon
The richest gem, without a paragon.
Shine bright and fixed as the arctic star:
And when slow time hath made you fit for war,
Look over the strict ocean, and think where
You may but lead us forth, that grow up here

Against a day, when our officious swords
Shall speak our actions, better than our words.
Till then, all good event conspire to crown
Your parents hopes, our zeal, and your renown.
Peace usher now your steps, and where you come,
Be Envy still struck blind, and Flattery dumb.

"Thus much," the 4to. adds, "which was the least of the entertainment in respect of the reality, abundance, delicacy, and order of all things else, to do that serviceable right to his noble friend, which his affection owes, and his lordship's merit may challenge, the author hath suffered to come out, and encounter censure; and not here unnecessarily adjoined, being performed to the same queen and prince, who were no little part of these more laboured and triumphal shews. And to whose greatest part, he knows, the honourable lord, had he been so blest as to have seen him at his lodge, would have stretcht in observance, though he could not in love and zeal."

It would be unjust to the author to conclude without noticing the merits of this singularly elegant and poetic address. That it was not prophetic, Jonson lived to see, and perhaps to deplore; for prince Henry was a youth of great promise.

THE PENATES.

THE PENATES.] Sir William Cornwallis, at whose house this exquisite little drama (which I have called the *Penates*) was presented, was the elder brother of sir Charles Cornwallis, who, on the establishment of prince Henry's household, was appointed his treasurer, and son of sir Thomas Cornwallis, of Brome Hall, in Suffolk. He accompanied the earl of Essex in his expedition against the rebels in Ireland, in 1599, and was knighted, the same year, at Dublin. The title in the folio is as follows: "A Private Entertainment of the King and Queen, on May Day in the morning, at Sir William Cornwallis's House, at Highgate, 1604."

THE PENATES.

The King and Queen being entered in at the gate, the PENATES, *or household gods, received them, attired after the antique manner, with javelins in their hands, standing on each side of the porch.*

1 *Pen.* Leap, light hearts, in ev'ry breast,
Joy is now the fittest passion;
Double majesty hath blest
All the place, with that high grace
Exceedeth admiration!

2 *Pen.* Welcome, monarch of this isle,
Europe's envy, and her mirror;
Great in each part of thy style;
England's wish, and Scotland's bliss,
Both France and Ireland's terror.

1 *Pen.* Welcome are you; and no less,
Your admired queen: the glory
Both of state, and comeliness.
Every line of her divine
Form, is a beauteous story.

2 *Pen.* High in fortune, as in blood,
So are both; and blood renowned
By oft falls, that make a flood
In your veins: yet all these strains
Are in your virtues drowned.

1 *Pen.* House, be proud: for of earth's store
These two only are the wonder:
In them she's rich, and is no more.
Zeal is bound their praise to sound
As loud as fame, or thunder.

2 *Pen.* Note, but how the air, the spring
Concur in their devotions;
Pairs of turtles sit and sing
On each tree, o'er-joy'd to see
In them like love, like motions.

1 *Pen.* Enter, sir, this longing door,
Whose glad lord nought could have blessed
Equally: I'm sure not more,
Than this sight: save of your right,
When you were first possessed.

2 *Pen.* That, indeed, transcended this.
Since which hour, wherein you gain'd it,
For this grace, both he and his,
Every day, have learn'd to pray,
And now they have obtain'd it.

Here the Penates lead them in, thorough the house, into the garden, where Mercury received them, walking before them.

Mer. Retire, you household-gods, and leave these excellent creatures to be entertained by a more eminent deity. [*Exeunt Pen.*] Hail, king and queen of the Islands, called truly Fortunate, and by you made so. To tell you who I am, and wear all these notable and speaking ensigns about me, were to challenge you of most impos-

sible ignorance, and accuse myself of as palpable glory: it is enough that you know me here, and come with the license of my father Jove, who is the bounty of heaven, to give you early welcome to the bower of my mother Maia, no less the goodness of earth. And may it please you to walk, I will tell you no wonderful story. This place, whereon you are now advanced (by the mighty power of poetry, and the help of a faith that can remove mountains) is the Arcadian hill Cyllene, the place where myself was both begot and born: and of which I am frequently called Cyllenius: Under yond' purslane tree stood sometime my cradle. Where now behold my mother Maia, sitting in the pride of their plenty, gladding the air with her breath, and cheering the spring with her smiles. At her feet, the blushing Aurora, who, with her rosy hand, casteth her honey-dews on those sweeter herbs, accompanied with that gentle wind Favonius, whose subtile spirit, in the breathing forth, Flora makes into flowers, and sticks them in the grass, as if she contended to have the embroidery or the earth richer than the cope of the sky. Here, for her month, the yearly delicate May keeps state; and from this mount takes pleasure to display these valleys, yond' lesser hills, those statelier edifices and towers, that seem enamoured so far off, and are rear'd on end to behold her, as if their utmost object were her beauties. Hither the Dryads of the valley, and nymphs of the great river come every morning to taste of her favours; and depart away with laps filled with her bounties. But, see! upon your approach, their pleasures are instantly remitted. The birds are hush'd, Zephyr is still, the morn forbears her office, Flora is dumb, and herself amazed, to

behold two such marvels, that do more adorn place than she can time: pardon, your majesty, the fault, for it is that hath caused it; and till they can collect their spirits, think silence and wonder the best adoration.

Here Aurora, Zephyrus, and Flora, began this Song in three parts.

See, see, O see who here is come a maying!
The master of the ocean;
And his beauteous Orian:
Why left we our playing?
To gaze, to gaze,
On them, that gods no less than men amaze.
Up, nightingale, and sing
Jug, jug, jug, jug, &c.
Raise, lark, thy note, and wing,
All birds their music bring,
Sweet robin, linet, thrush,
Record from every bush
The welcome of the king;
And queen:
Whose like were never seen,
For good, for fair;
Nor can be; though fresh May,
Should every day
Invite a several pair,
No, though she should invite a several pair.

Which ended, Maia (seated in her bower, with all those personages about her, as before described) began to raise herself, and, then declining, spake.

Mai. If all the pleasures were distill'd
Of every flower in every field,

And all that Hybla's hives do yield,
Were into one broad mazer fill'd;
If, thereto, added all the gums,
And spice that from Panchaia comes,
The odour that Hydaspes lends,
Or Phœnix proves before she ends;
If all the air my Flora drew,
Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew;[1]
Were put therein; and all the dew
That ever rosy morning knew;
Yet all diffused upon this bower,
To make one sweet detaining hour,
Were much too little for the grace,
And honour, you vouchsafe the place.
But if you please to come again,
We vow, we will not then, with vain,
And empty pastimes entertain
Your so desired, tho' grieved pain.

[1] *Or spirit that Zephyre ever blew.*] i. e. breath. It may not be amiss to notice here, once for all, that our old poets, with few exceptions, pronounced this word, as if it were written sprite. It rarely occurs as a dissyllable in the writers of Jonson's age.

There is scarcely to be found, in the compass of English verse, a piece of equal brevity, that for richness, melody, elegance, and taste can be at all compared with this gay lyrical effusion. How long will the readers of our old poets suffer themselves to be misled by wanton malevolence, and believe, on the faith of Steevens, Malone, &c. with the stupid herd that nuzzle in obloquy after them, that this great poet had neither harmony nor grace; and that his writings exhibit little besides "scraps of murdered ancients" and "clumsy sarcasms on Shakspeare!"

It is to the credit of Milton's taste, that he has borrowed largely from this Entertainment; his obligations to Jonson are indeed incessant; and his editors might be more judiciously employed in pointing some of them out, than in running, upon every occasion, to the Italian writers, of whom he probably knew nothing, at the time he is suspected of copying them from line to line and from word to word.

For we will have the wanton fawns,
That frisking skip about the lawns,
The Panisks, and the Sylvans rude,
Satyrs, and all that multitude,
To dance their wilder rounds about,
And cleave the air, with many a shout,
As they would hunt poor Echo out
Of yonder valley, who doth flout
Their rustic noise. To visit whom
You shall behold whole bevies come
Of gaudy nymphs, whose tender calls
Well-tuned unto the many falls
Of sweet, and several sliding rills,
That stream from tops of those less hills,
Sound like so many silver quills,
When Zephyre them with music fills.
For these, Favonius here shall blow
New flowers, which you shall see to grow,
Of which each hand a part shall take,
And, for your heads, fresh garlands make.
Wherewith, whilst they your temples round,
An air of several birds shall sound
An Io Pæan, that shall drown
The acclamations, at your crown.—

All this, and more than I have gift of saying,
May vows, so you will oft come here a maying.

Mer. And Mercury, her son, shall venture the displeasure of his father, with the whole bench of heaven, that day, but he will do his mother's intents all serviceable assistance. Till then, and ever, live high and happy, you, and your other you; both envied for your fortunes, loved for your graces, and admired for your virtues.

[*This was the morning's entertainment.*

After dinner, the king and queen coming again into the garden, Mercury the second time accosted them.

Mer. Again, great pair, I salute you; and with leave of all the gods, whose high pleasure it is, that Mercury make this your holiday. May all the blessings, both of earth and heaven, concur to thank you: for till this day's sun, I have faintly enjoyed a minute's rest to my creation. Now I do, and acknowledge it your sole, and no less than divine benefit. If my desire to delight you might not divert to your trouble, I would intreat your eyes to a new and strange spectacle; a certain son of mine, whom the Arcadians call a god, howsoever the rest of the world receive him: it is the horned Pan, whom in the translated figure of a goat I begot on the fair Spartan Penelope; May, let both your ears and looks forgive it; these are but the lightest escapes of us deities. And it is better in me to prevent his rustic impudence, by my blushing acknowledgment, than anon by his rude, and not insolent claim, be inforced to confess him. Yonder he keeps, and with him the wood nymphs, whose leader he is in rounds and dances, to this sylvan music. The place, about which they skip, is the fount of laughter, or Bacchus' spring; whose statue is advanced on the top; and from whose pipes, at an observed hour of the day, there flows a lusty liquor, that hath a present virtue to expel sadness; and within certain minutes after it is tasted, force all the mirth of the spleen into the face. Of this is Pan the guardian. Lo! the fountain begins to run, but the nymphs at your sight are fled, Pan and his satyrs wildly

stand at gaze. I will approach, and question him: vouchsafe your ear, and forgive his behaviour, which even to me, that am his parent, will no doubt be rude enough, though otherwise full of salt, which except my presence did temper, might turn to be gall and bitterness; but that shall charm him.

Pan. O, it is Mercury! hollow them, agen.
What be all these, father, gods, or men?
Mer. All human. Only these two are deities on earth, but such, as the greatest powers of heaven may resign to.
Pan. Why did our nymphs run away, can you tell?
Here be sweet beauties love Mercury well;
I see by their looks. How say you, great master?[a]
[*Advances to the king.*
Will you please to hear? shall I be your taster?
Mer. Pan, you are too rude.
Pan. It is but a glass,
By my beard, and my horns, 'tis a health, and shall pass.

[a] *How say you, great master?*] This part of the Entertainment was after dinner, when more freedom was allowed. We should also recollect that it was presented on May day, a great holiday in the city, and admitting, from time immemorial, of great familiarity among all ranks.

It appears that a fountain in the garden, which was decorated and laid out for the occasion, flowed with wine; from this Pan filled his glasses, and carried them round to the company. James was accompanied by the lords and ladies of his court; others were probably introduced by Sir William: but whoever they might be, they were known to Jonson, (who was always present on these occasions,) and much merriment was unquestionably excited by the characteristic traits with which Pan prefaced the tender of the wine to every guest. The king is very strongly marked: in the address to the queen, there is an allusion to her Danish extraction. The humour of the rest is lost to us, as we cannot appropriate the circumstances.

Were he a king, and his mistress a queen,
This draught shall make him a petulant spleen.
But trow, is he loose, or costive of laughter?
I'd know, to fill him his glass, thereafter.
Sure either my skill, or my sight doth mock,
Or this lording's look should not care for the smock;
And yet he should love both a horse and a hound,
And not rest till he saw his game on the ground:
Well, look to him, dame; beshrew me, were I
'Mongst these bonnibells, you should need a good eye.
Here, mistress; all out. Since a god is your skinker:
By my hand, I believe you were born a good drinker.
They are things of no spirit, their blood is asleep,
That, when it is offer'd them, do not drink deep.
Come, who is next? our liquor here cools.
Ladies, I'm sure, you all have not fools
At home to laugh at. A little of this,
Ta'en down here in private, were not amiss.
Believe it, she drinks like a wench that had store
Of lord for her laughter, then will you have more?
What answer you, lordings? will you any or none?
Laugh, and be fat, sir, your penance is known.
They that love mirth, let them heartily drink,
'Tis the only receipt to make sorrow sink.
The young nymph that's troubled with an old man,
Let her laugh him away, as fast as she can.
Nay drink, and not pause, as who would say, Must you?
But laugh at the wench, that next doth trust you.

To you, sweet beauty; nay, 'pray you come hither
Ere you sit out, you'll laugh at a feather.
I'll never fear you, for being too witty,
You sip so like a forsooth of the city.[3]
Lords, for yourselves, your own cups crown,
The ladies, i'faith, else will laugh you down.
Go to, little blushet, for this, anan,
You'll steal forth a laugh in the shade of your fan.
This, and another thing, I can tell ye,
Will breed a laughter as low as your belly.
Of such sullen pieces, Jove send us not many,
They must be tickled, before they will any.
What! have we done? they that want let 'em call,
Gallants, of both sides, you see here is all
Pan's entertainment: look for no more;
Only, good faces, I read you, make store
Of your amorous knights, and 'squires hereafter,
They are excellent sponges, to drink up your laughter.
Farewell, I must seek out my nymphs, that you frighted;
Thank Hermes, my father, if aught have delighted. [*Exit.*

Mer. I am sure, thy last rudeness cannot; for it makes me seriously ashamed —I will not labour his excuse, since I know you more ready to pardon, than he to trespass: but for your singular patience, tender you all abundance of thanks; and, mixing with the master of the

[3] *a* forsooth *of the city.*] By this petty oath, which was probably familiar to the merchants' and tradesmen's wives, the city ladies are characterised in many of our old dramas.

place in his wishes, make them my divinations: That your loves be ever flourishing as May, and your house as fruitful: that your acts exceed the best, and your years the longest of your predecessors: that no bad fortune touch you, nor good change you. But still, that you triumph in this facility over the ridiculous pride of other princes; and for ever live safe in the love, rather than the fear, of your subjects.

AND THUS IT ENDED.

THE

ENTERTAINMENT

OF THE

TWO KINGS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK,

AT THEOBALDS, JULY 24, 1606.

THE ENTERTAINMENT, &c.] "The king of Denmark (Christian IV.) arrived in England on a visit to his sister, Queen Anne, on Thursday the 17th of July; and on the Thursday following, the 24th, the royal brothers rode together to Theobalds, in Hertfordshire, where the earle of Salisbury, for four days together, feasted them and all their traine according to their estates and dignities, shewing them many signs of love, duty, and heartie welcome." *Stowe.*

This visit was a political misfortune. The arrival of his Danish majesty was the signal for

———"heavy-headed revel east and west."

The Danes brought with them their habitual propensity to drinking, and James and his courtiers complimented the strangers, by partaking of their debaucheries.

In allusion to the Entertainment before us, Sir John Harrington says, (*Nugæ Ant.* vol. i. p. 348.) "The lord of the mansion is overwhelmed in preparations at Theobalds, and doth marvellously please both kings with good meat, good drink, and good speeches."

THE

ENTERTAINMENT, &c.

The Kings being entered the Inner Court; above, over the porch, sat the three Hours, upon clouds, as at the ports of heaven; crowned with several flowers: of which one bore a sun-dial; the other, a clock; the third, an hour-glass; signifying as by their names, Law, Justice, and Peace: and for those faculties chosen to gratulate their coming with this speech.

ENTER, O long'd-for princes,[1] bless these bowers,
And us, the three, by you made happy, Hours:[2]
We that include all time, yet never knew
Minute like this, or object like to you.
Two kings, the world's prime honours, whose access
Shews either's greatness, yet makes neither less:
Vouchsafe your thousand welcomes in this shewer;
The master vows, not Sybil's leaves were truer.

[1] *Enter, O long'd for princes.*] This alludes to the anxiety with which Christian had been expected, and which is noticed by Stow and others; though Camden, I know not on what authority, says that the king came unexpectedly.

[2] *And us, the three, by you made happy,* Hours:] The Greek names of the *Hours*, were *Eunomie*, *Dice*, and *Irene*, the English of which the poet gave us above. They are said (by Hesiod) to be the daughters of Jupiter and Themis: their station was at the gates of heaven: and therefore our author, consonant to poetic story, hath placed them over the porch of the house.

WHAL.

Expressed to the king of Denmark, thus:

Qui colit has ædeis, ingentia gaudia adumbrans,
Cernendo reges pace coire pares,
Nos tempestivas, ad limina, collocat Horas,
Quòd bona sub nobis omnia proveniant.
Unum ad lætitiæ cumulum tristatur abesse,
Quòd nequeat signis Lætitiam exprimere.
Sed quia res solùm ingentes hac parte laborant,
Utcunque expressam credidit esse satis.
At, quod non potuit dominus, supplevit abundè
Frondoso tellus munere facta loquax.
Eccos quam grati veniant quos terra salutat!
Verior his foliis nulla Sybilla fuit.

The inscriptions on the walls were,

DATE VENIAM SUBITIS.

DEBENTUR QVÆ SUNT, QUÆQUE FUTURA.

Epigrams hung up.

Ad Reges Serenissimos.

Sæpe Theobaldæ (sortis bonitate beatæ)
Excepere suos sub pia tecta deos;
Haud simul at geminos: sed enim potuisse negabant:
Nec fas est tales posse putare duos.
Fortunata antehac, sed nunc domus undique fœlix,
At dominus quanto (si licet usque) magis!
Et licet, ô Magni, foliis si fiditis istis,
Queis Hora summam contribuere fidem.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Cujus ad obsequium non satis annus erat?
Nempe quod adveniant ingentia gaudia rarò,
Et quando adveniant vix datur hora frui.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Miraris, cur hospitio te accepimus Horæ,
Quas Solis famulas Græcia docta vocat?
Talis ab adventu vestro lux fulsit in ædeis,
Ut dominus solem crederet esse novum.

Others, at their departure.

Ad Serenissimum Jacobum.

Hospitio qui te cepit, famulantibus Horis,
Cedere abhinc, nulla concomitante, sinit;
Nempe omneis horas veniendi duxit amicas,
Sed discedendi nulla minuta probat.

Ad Serenissimum Christianum.

Te veniente, novo domus hæc frondebat amictu;
Te discessuro, non prout ante viret:
Nempe, sub accessu solis, novus incipit annus,
Et, sub discessu squalida sævit hyems.

* These epigrams, which have the wit without the point of Martial, and which approach to the manner of the Greek anthologies, are very creditable to the talents and learning of our author. He was indeed the best latin poet we then possessed, and few of his contemporaries, on the continent, wrote latin verse with more taste or elegance. Of Owen's epigrams, which were little better than strings of puns, Jonson always spoke with contempt.

AN

ENTERTAINMENT

OF

KING JAMES AND QUEEN ANNE,

AT THEOBALDS,

When the House was delivered up, with the possession, to the Queen, by the Earl of SALISBURY, the 22d of May, 1607.

The Prince JANVILE, Brother to the Duke of GUISE, being then present.

ENTERTAINMENT AT THEOBALDS.] Norden, in his Survey of Hartfordshire, speaks of "Thebauldes as a most stately house erected from the first foundation, by the Rt. Hon. syr Will: Cecyl, Kt. Lord Theasorer of England. To speake of the state and beauty thereof at large, as it deserveth, for curious buildings, delightful walkes, and pleasant conceits within and without, and other things very glorious and ellegant to be seene, would challenge a greate portion of this little treatise; and therefore leaste I should come short of that due commendation that it deserveth, I leave it, as indeed it is, a princely seate."

James appears to have been sensible of its beauties, and to have lost little time in becoming master of the residence. In 1607, (the year after the king of Denmark was "Entertained" there,) he exchanged the manor of Hatfield for Theobalds, when Ben's poetical talents were again exerted. As Salisbury was a wary man, it is probable he was no loser by the bargain.' The court in which Jonson's verses were "sung or said" is described in a survey made in 1650, preserved in the Augmentation Office, "as a quadrangle of 110 feet square, on the south of which were the queen's chapel, (with windows of stained glass,) her presence chamber, privy chamber, bed chamber, and coffee chamber. The princes' lodgings were on the north side; on the east side was a cloister, over which was the green gallery 109 feet by 12, excellently well painted round with the several shires in England, and the armes of the Noblemen and gentlemen in the same. Over this gallery was a leaded walk, (looking eastward towards the dial-court and the highway,) on which were two lofty arches of bricke of no small ornament to the house, and rendering it comely and pleasant to all that passed by." The greater part of this mansion was destroyed by order of the parliament the year after this survey was made, (1651,) and every vestige was removed in 1765.

The prince Joinville was Charles de Lorraine; eldest son of Henry de Lorraine, first duke of the branch of Guise and Chevreuse, surnamed bald-pate; he was born the 20th of August, 1571. He was arrested with many others on the day of the execution of Blois, and confined in the castle of Tours, whence he escaped in 1591. He was received at Paris with loud acclamations of joy by the populace, who, it is said by L'Advocat, would have elected him king, but for the jealousy of the duke de Mayence, his uncle. It was this prince who slew with his own hand the brave St. Pol. He submitted to Henry IV. in 1594, and obtained the government of Provence;

afterwards he was employed by Louis XIII, but the Cardinal de Richelieu, fearing the power of the house of Guise, obliged him to quit France. Charles retired into Provence, and died at Cuna in the Siennois, 30th of September, 1640, leaving a numerous family by his wife, Henrietta Catherine de Joyeuse.

GILCHRIST.

AN

ENTERTAINMENT, &c.

The King and Queen, with the princes of Wales and Lorrain, and the nobility, being entered into the gallery, after dinner there was seen nothing but a traverse of white across the room: which suddenly drawn, was discovered a gloomy obscure place, hung all with black silks, and in it only one light, which the Genius of the house held, sadly attired; his Cornucopiæ ready to fall out of his hand, his gyrland drooping on his head, his eyes fixed on the ground; when, out of this pensive posture, after some little pause, he brake and began.

GENIUS.

Let not your glories darken, to behold
The place, and me, her Genius here, so sad;
Who, by bold rumour, have been lately told,
That I must change the loved lord I had.
And he, now, in the twilight of sere age,[1]
Begin to seek a habitation new;
And all his fortunes, and himself engage
Unto a seat, his fathers never knew.
And I, uncertain what I must endure,
Since all the ends of destiny are obscure.

[1] *And he, now, in the twilight*, &c.] The earl of Salisbury was now in his forty-fourth year; somewhat early for the *twilight* of sere age: but his constitution was broken by labour, and he died of a complication of disorders about five years after this period.

MERCURY. [*From behind the darkness.*]

Despair not, Genius, thou shalt know thy fate.

And withal, the black vanishing, was discovered a glorious place, figuring the Lararium, or seat of the household gods, where both the Lares and Penates were painted in copper colour; erected with columns and architrave, frieze and cornice, in which were placed divers diaphanal glasses, filled with several waters, that shewed like so many stones of orient and transparent hues. Within, as farther off, in landscape, were seen clouds riding, and in one corner, a boy figuring Good Event attired in white, hovering in the air, with wings displayed, having nothing seen to sustain him by, all the time the shew lasted. At the other corner, a Mercury descended in a flying posture, with his caduceus in his hand, who spake to the three Parcæ, that sate low in a grate, with an iron roof, the one holding the rock, the other the spindle, and the third the sheers, with a book of adamant lying open before them. But first the Genius, surprized by wonder, urged this doubt.

GENIUS. [*Aside.*]

What sight is this, so strange, and full of state!
The son of Maia, making his descent
Unto the fates, and met with Good Event?—

MERCURY.

Daughters of Night and Secrecy, attend;
You that draw out the chain of destiny,
Upon whose threads, both lives and times depend,
And all the periods of mortality;

The will of Jove is, that you straight do look
The change, and fate unto this house decreed,
And speaking from your adamantine book,
Unto the Genius of the place it read;
That he may know, and knowing bless his lot,
That such a grace beyond his hopes hath got.

CLOTHO. [reads.]

When underneath thy roof is seen
The greatest king, the fairest queen,
With princes an unmatched pair,
One, hope of all the earth, their heir;
The other styled of Lorrain,
Their blood; and sprung from Charlemaine:
When all these glories jointly shine,
And fill thee with a heat divine,
And these reflected, do beget
A splendent sun, shall never set,
But here shine fixed, to affright
All after-hopes of following night,
Then, Genius, is thy period come,
To change thy lord: thus fates do doom.

GENIUS.

But is my patron with this lot content,
So to forsake his father's monument?
Or is it gain, or else necessity,
Or will to raise a house of better frame,
That makes him shut forth his posterity
Out of his patrimony, with his name?

MERCURY.

Nor gain, nor need; much less a vain desire,
To frame new roofs, or build his dwelling higher;
He hath, with mortar, busied been too much,
That his affections should continue such.

GENIUS.

Do men take joy in labours, not t'enjoy?
Or doth their business all their likings spend?
Have they more pleasure in a tedious way,
Than to repose them at their journey's end?

MERCURY.

Genius, obey, and not expostulate;
It is your virtue: and such Powers as you,
Should make religion of offending fate,
Whose dooms are just, and whose designs are true.

LACHESIS.

The person for whose royal sake,
Thou must a change so happy make,
Is he, that governs with his smile
This lesser world, this greatest isle.
His lady's servant thou must be;
Whose second would great nature see,
Or Fortune, after all their pain,
They might despair to make again.

ATROPOS.

She is the grace of all that are:
And as Eliza, now a star,
Unto her crown, and lasting praise,
Thy humbler walls, at first, did raise,
By virtue of her best aspect;
So shall Bel-Anna them protect:
And this is all the Fates can say;
Which first believe, and then obey.

GENIUS.

Mourn'd I before? could I commit a sin
So much 'gainst kind, or knowledge, to protract
A joy, to which I should have ravish'd been,
And never shall be happy, till I act?

Vouchsafe, fair queen, my patron's zeal in me;
Who fly with fervor, as my fate commands,
To yield these keys: and wish, that you could see
My heart as open to you, as my hands.
There might you read my faith, my thoughts—
But oh!
My joys, like waves, each other overcome;
And gladness drowns where it begins to flow.
Some greater powers speak out, for mine are dumb.

At this, was the place filled with rare and choice music, to which was heard the following SONG, *delivered by an excellent voice, and the burden maintained by the whole quire.*

O blessed change!
And no less glad than strange!
Where we that lose have won;
And, for a beam, enjoy a sun.

Cho. *So little sparks become great fires,*
And high rewards crown low desires.

Was ever bliss
More full, or clear, than this!
The present month of May
Ne'er look'd so fresh, as doth this day.

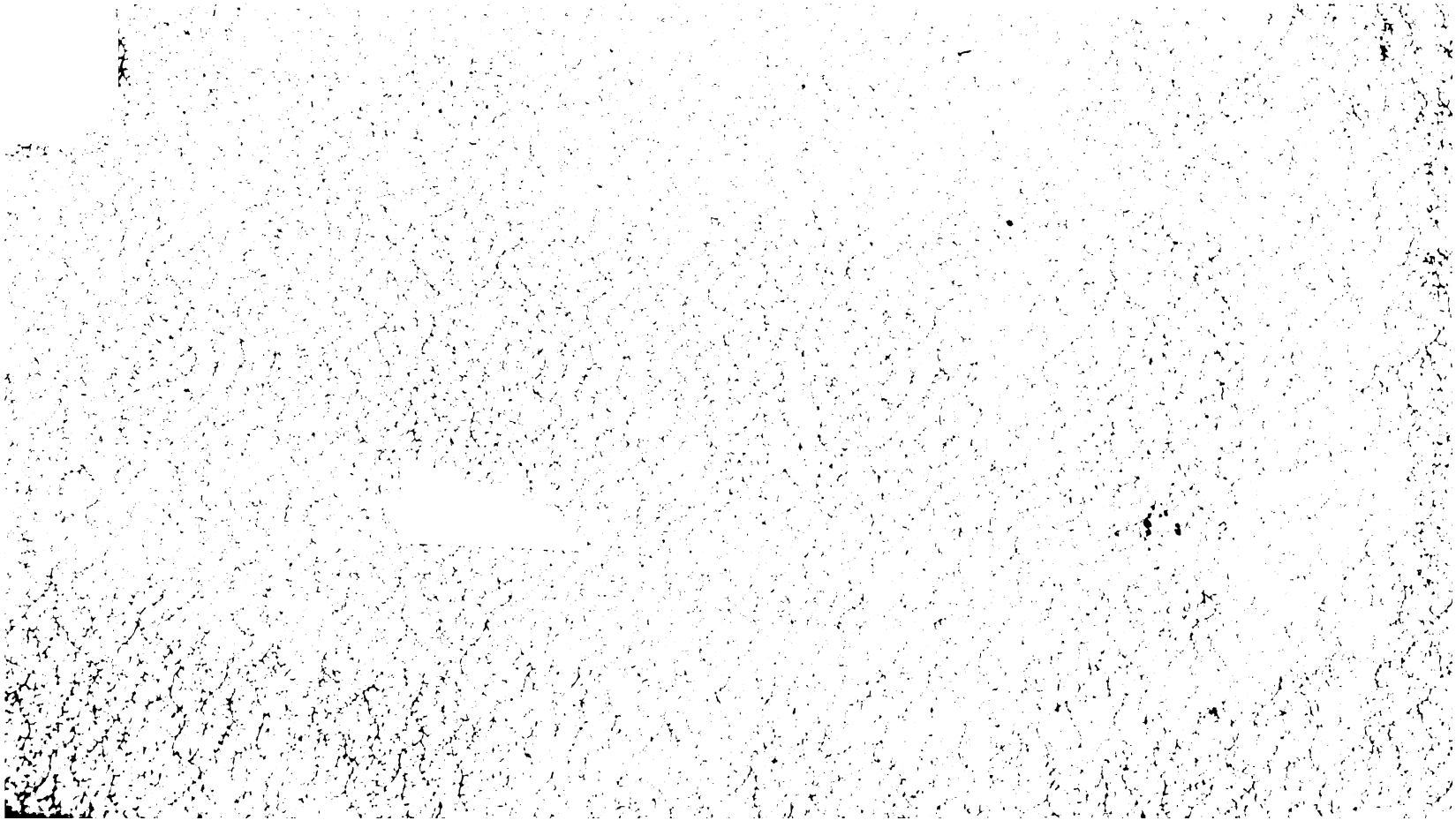
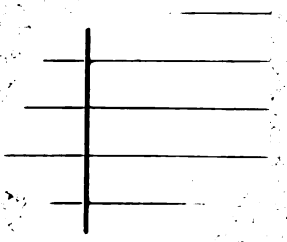
Cho. *So gentle winds breed happy springs,*
And duty thrives by breath of kings.

In that despicable tissue of filth and obscenity, of falsehood and malignity, by sir Antony Weldon, called the "Court of king James," and lately dragged from obscurity by the Scotch booksellers, Cecil is said "to have made so good an exchange that

he sold his house for fifty years purchases, and that so cunningly, as hardly to be discerned but by a curious sight"—which, of course, this wretched scribbler possessed. The fact is, that he got Hatfield chase in exchange, a manor of little value to the king, as it was then a mere waste or common. Cecil inclosed it to the ruin of his popularity, but the ultimate advantage of the country, and raised upon it a structure which, says Camden, "for situation, contrivance, prospects, and other necessaries fit for a complete seat, gives way to few in England."

With respect to Theobalds, James seems to have had an early predilection for it. Here he resided some time before his coronation; here, as we have seen, he entertained his royal guest, here he frequently retired from the cares of state, and here he closed his mortal career on the 27th March, 1625.

The Editors of Weldon term this Entertainment one of the most ingenious of Jonson's Masques. It is certainly an ingenious little piece; but they cannot have gone far in our poet, who speak of it in such terms.

END OF VOL. VI.

London: Printed by W. Bulmer and Co.
Cleveland-row, St. James's.